

BRUSH AND PENCIL

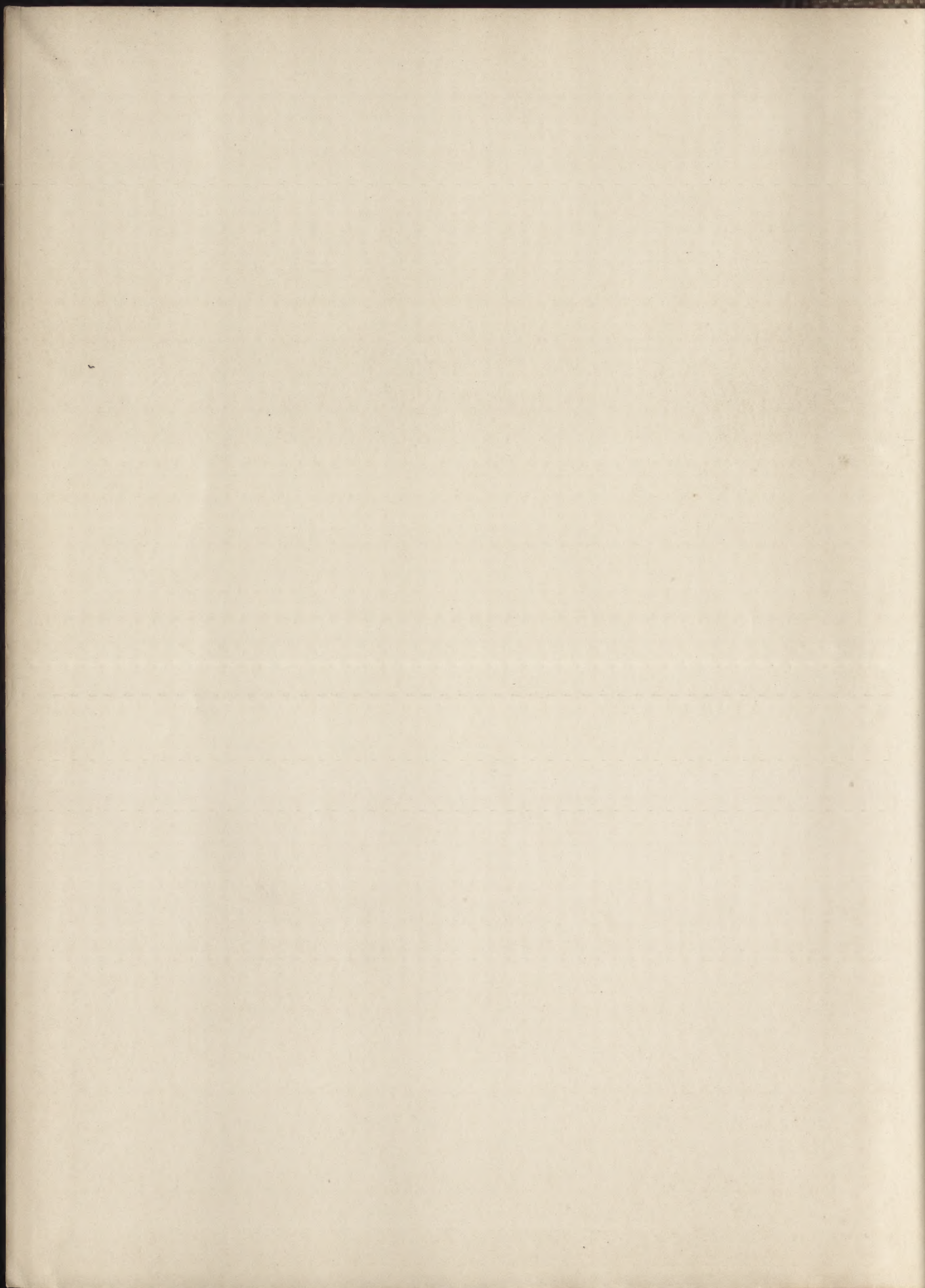


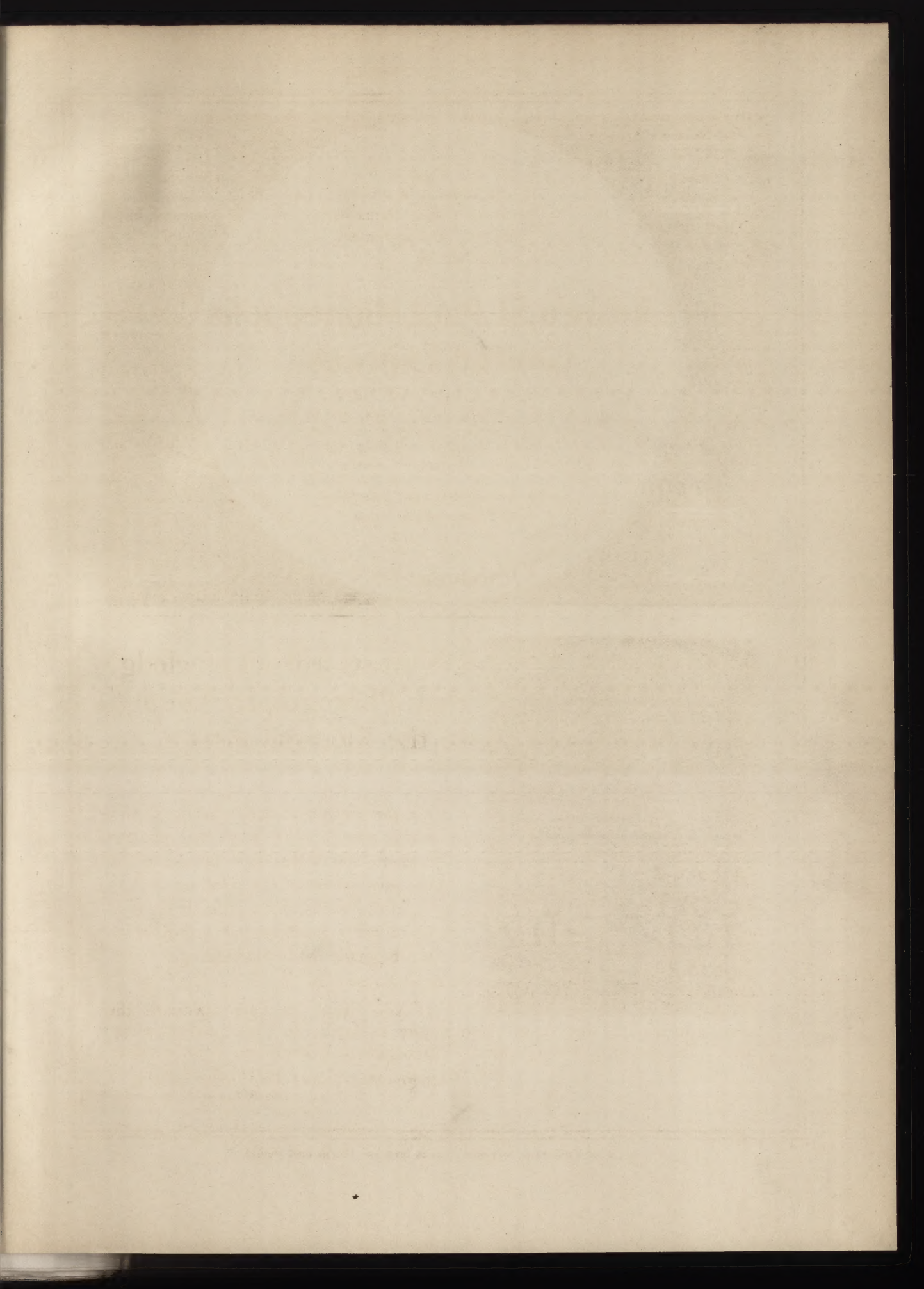
✻✻ AN ILLUSTRATED INTER-
NATIONAL RECORD OF THE
FINE AND APPLIED ARTS ✻✻



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STUDY HEAD
By W. B. Dyer



Artistic Photography
Plate Twelve

BRUSH AND PENCIL

*AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE
ARTS OF TO-DAY*

EDITED BY
FREDERICK W. MORTON

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BRUSH AND PENCIL

VOL. IX

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 1

THE VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY

Some centuries ago the Chinese produced and perfected the dead glaze which gave to their ware a finish so beautiful that it has been the most admired of all pottery by ceramic critics for generations, and valued everywhere as the treasured product of a lost art. Many workers, inspired by the beauty of the ware, labored over processes which they hoped might reproduce it, and several approaches to its finish were reached. The best known of the modern dead glazes has been the beautiful Grueby ware of Boston, but Parisian ceramists found even this too "sec." It was not until a young American, A. Van Briggles, sent the results of his tireless research to Paris that it was realized the lost art had been found, and that the dead glaze was no longer a thing of the past.

Mr. Van Briggles, to whom alone belongs the credit for restoring this beautiful pottery, was for many years a Rookwood worker, a designer and modeler of great ability; and in Paris, where he studied under Laurens and Constant, he took several prizes at the Julian Art Academy for drawing and painting. But although he worked in Rookwood for a long time, it is by no method of artistic genealogy that his ware is traceable back to the painted, glassy vases which surrounded his early training. From the first he felt that there should be something more beautiful than the unrelenting glossiness of the dead finish; and when he saw the ancient Chinese pottery, he recognized it as his ideal, and knew no rest until he had reproduced it.



POTTER AT THE WHEEL

Instant recognition met his triumph. In the Rookwood display at the Paris Exposition his ware was the most admired of all, and a celebrated German critic went so far as to pronounce it technically the finest dead glaze on exhibition. Since then it has been much sought after in Paris; and Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the founder of Rookwood, has consented to mount some of the finest pieces in the various metals for the Salon of 1902.



DECORATIVE MODELING
By A. Van Briggie

Encouraged by this recognition, Mr. Van Briggie has started a pottery of his own, having selected for its location the little city of Colorado Springs, which has a growing reputation as an art center. The pottery is just completed, equipped with the most convenient of apparatus and a commodious brick-kiln, which would delight any potter's heart. After many years of experimenting under unfavorable conditions, Mr. Van Briggie can now devote himself entirely to the production of his ware. Although he employs an assistant, he is capable of doing any part of the work himself—a remarkable versatility—thoroughly understanding every process from the first refining of the clay to the final glazing and firing of the vase.

It is a recognized principle in art that the greatest refinement, and consequently the greatest beauty, exists in quiet and simple effects rather than in the loud and garish, no matter how brilliant and striking the latter may be; and there is all the difference between the dead finish and the dead glaze that there is between the color and texture of a barbarian blanket and a piece of Flemish tapestry. The former is brilliant, but tires one; while the latter is

subdued and restful, and at the same time arouses one's keenest instinct of beauty.

This distinction applies when the Rookwood and Van Briggles pottery are compared, and it can more readily be appreciated when the processes by which the two are produced are briefly explained.



VASE
By A. Van Briggles

In the case of the dead finish, the biscuit ware is soured in a vessel of glaze, and after withdrawing it, all the glaze which can be removed is taken off with a brush of stiff bristles. That which remains, however, is sufficient to give to the piece, after the second firing, the peculiar glassy appearance which becomes an annoyance rather than a rest to the eye. The dead glaze, on the other hand, is a "fat" solution of glass, which, when applied to the biscuit ware, undergoes

a devitrification in the second firing, and the result is a finish which seems to possess the depth and softness of velvet, and which is a constant rest and delight to the eye.

The decoration of the Van Briggles pottery is something entirely new, and in one sense lends it a distinction which even the dead glaze cannot impart; for the finish has been used before, even though centuries ago, but the decoration is Mr. Van Briggles's own. It con-



EXAMPLES OF VAN BRIGGLE WARE

sists of a low relief work skillfully modeled onto the ware, and in the peculiar effect in colors which is obtained with the glaze itself.

It has been customary to paint the biscuit ware before it was glazed. Formal designs, figures, and flowers have been done in various colorings, which show through the glassy finish after it has been applied and the piece fired. This method is familiar to those who know Rookwood, and indeed expresses the most important part of Rookwood, decoration. Mr. Van Briggles takes the clay ware before the first firing and models on it in the same clay of which the piece is composed, in low relief, the designs, flowers, and figures which are only painted on the other ware, and does it with an artistic success never reached before.

Specimens of pottery decorated with figures in relief will be recalled readily enough to make it understood that this work is usually extraneous to the vase. A figure set on one side, where it could as well have been placed on the other, or perched on the brim, is not a living part of that to which it is supposed to contribute an additional beauty, but a separate entity, causing the piece to consist of a figure and a vase. Not only that, but the mere fact of its haphazard existence intrudes upon and destroys every finer sense of proportion. Mr. Van Briggie believes that the decoration should be a living part of the vase or have no legitimate right there, and his work is a constant and successful exposition of this theory.

On a slender vase he will model the figure of a woman; her arms are clasped around its rim and she is gazing into the depths of it—a splendid conception, the working out of which none but a master would dare to undertake, for if unskillfully done the figure will be extraneous and so make the effort a failure. But Mr. Van Briggie makes the two one. Remove the figure of the woman, and there is no longer a vase,

for her arms and head form the rim; her body, her hair, her drapery, make up the contour. With the most perfect feeling for form, he sees to it that the angles of her arms balance, that there is no salient point on one side of the vase without its complement on the other. The sweep of her hair balances the folds of her drapery; every line contributes to and preserves the harmony. Yet nowhere does this fine adjustment interfere one iota with the verisimilitude of the figure and pose, for then all would be lost.

Almost the same care is taken with the modeling of the formal



VASE
By A. Van Briggie



FIGURE MODELING
By A. Van Briggie

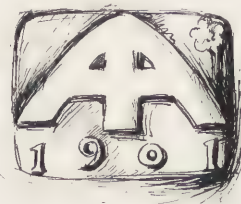
of art, appears as simple and natural as if it were easier to make it that way than any other.

But if this were all, the ware would find its perfection after the biscuit bake, for the modeling is all done previous to that process. A photograph will represent the pottery at this time as well as at any other, for a camera is blind to the softness of texture and rich color in which the form is clothed. A geologist can see the skeleton of a landscape, and perhaps nothing more; but Ruskin saw it arrayed in all the richness and color of field, woods, and atmosphere; and it is this verdant

designs and flowers. Each line is drawn with regard to the contour of the vase as much as to the completion of the design. The balance must be maintained, and yet the design left beautiful; the contour of the vase must contribute to the grace of outline, but must not interfere with the harmony of the pattern itself.

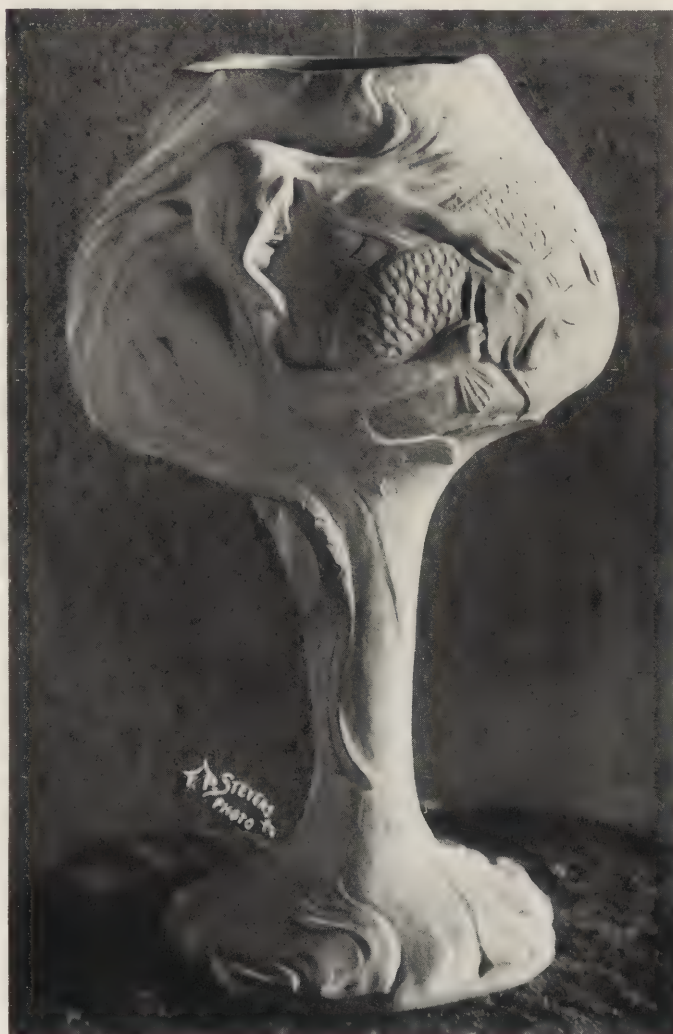
Modeled on the contour of a perfect vase, the leaf, flower, or design in relief gives a variety of charm high above that of the merely painted ware; the decoration has a full roundness of grace, a voluptuousness of form which mere outlines can never possess, and which on these vases is irresistible. So splendidly does Mr. Van Briggie accomplish this relief work, that it alone would make a name for the ware.

It is not a mathematical sense which enables him to keep the harmony between the vase and its decoration, but the keenest artistic perception; and for this reason the person who finds delight in the ware has no feeling of the effort and care which went into its making. "Grace," George MacDonald said, "is the result of forgotten toil"; and this ware, like all great works



MARK OF THE VAN
BRIGGLE WARE

raiment which the dead glaze adds to the Van Briggles pottery, and gives it the supreme beauty that characterizes it from other ware.



VASE
By A. Van Briggles

The glaze, which has been made up with the desired color, is applied by means of an atomizer operated with compressed air. Like a cloud at sunrise the spray issues, and in this iridescent vapor the vase is bathed. Another color is often added to the one first applied,

or by holding the article at an angle to the spray one color is vignetted into another in exquisite blending; and if afterwards it be desired that certain lines be accentuated with darker or lighter tones, the glaze is rubbed off in those places and the desired color put in

with a brush, but always employing the glaze itself, for in this ware no paint is used.

The finished Van Briggles vase, graceful in shape, fascinating in decoration, and lovely in finish, stands by itself without even an imitation in the world of pottery. The most daring designs are modeled with complete success, the charm of which would not in the least be indicated in an attempted description; while the blending of colors in the glaze is something of which the rainbow itself need not be ashamed. Some of the most felicitous glazing is done in the different tones of green, where sea and surf and sea-maidens are modeled on the vase. In other pieces there are



VASE
By A. Van Briggles

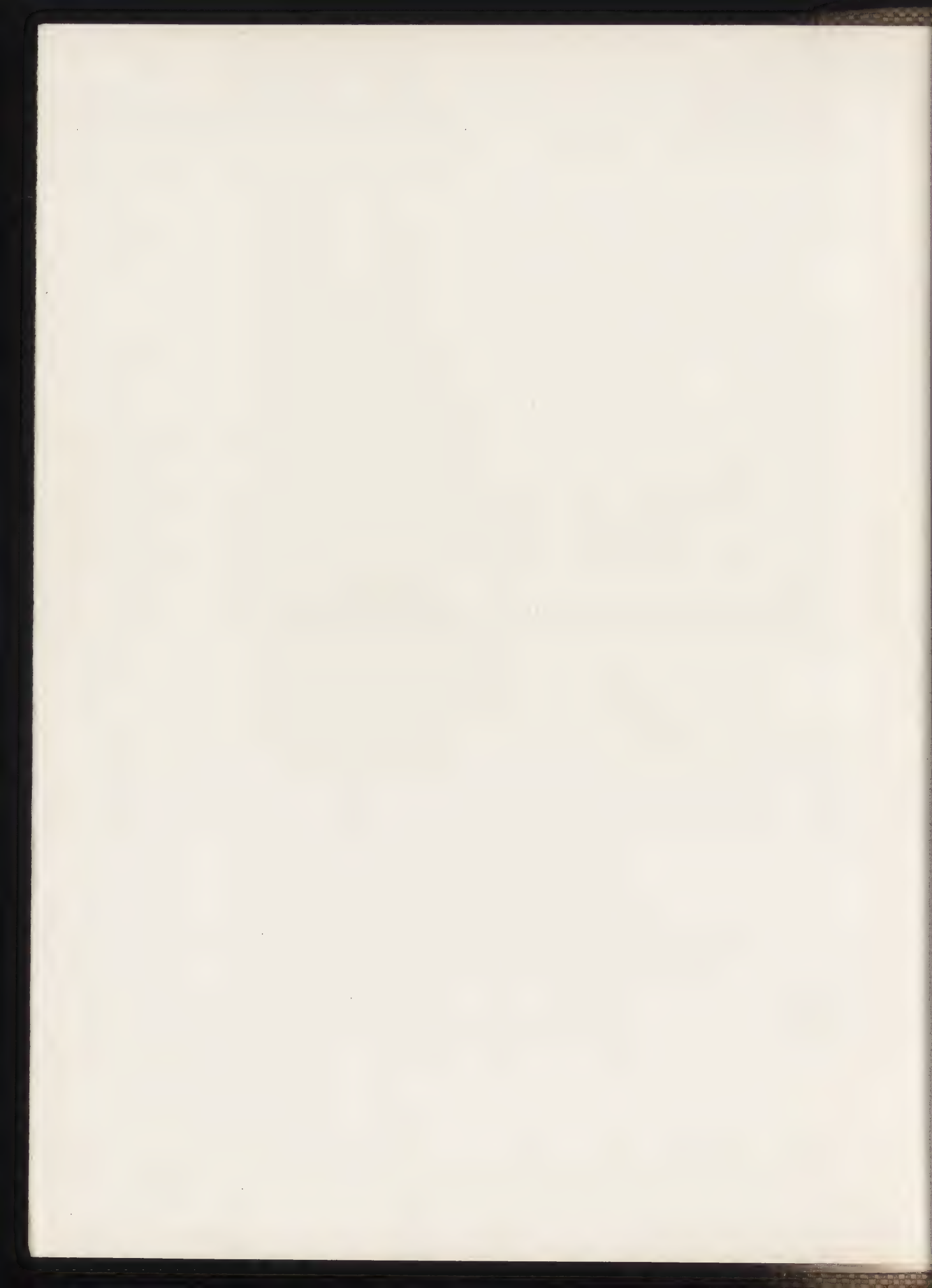
brown and yellow blendings worthy of the autumn woods. There is always the richness of texture, the exquisite semi-transparency of the quiet hues, which is restful to look upon.

The Van Briggles pottery is a product of the present—a present which is often credited with sterility in art; but it belongs to the



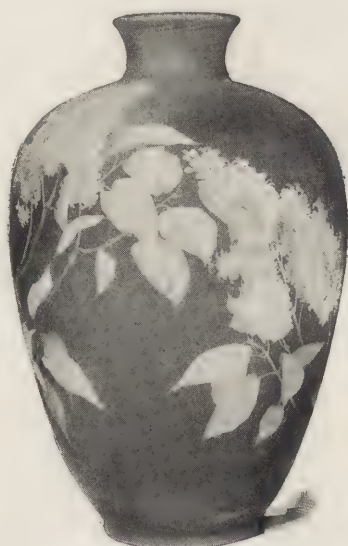
AN EARLY RISER
By Seymour Haden
Courtesy of Albert Roullier





future even more than to us. Its lien on favor is written in every outline and color, and generations will doubtless love and cherish this beautiful ware. Its charm is all its own—one would never suspect it was an emanation from the Rookwood pottery pictured below. It has the impress of individual genius, and hence one of the special characteristics that give immortality to a work of art. In a word, it is the enduring "result of forgotten toil."

GEORGE D. GALLOWAY.



SPECIMENS OF ROOKWOOD POTTERY
Showing Differentiation of Van Briggie Ware



MARCH

By F. E. Monteverde

SECOND CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

It may be set down as a preface to a review of the second Salon of the Chicago Society of Amateur Photographers that there is no longer any doubt as to the field which the camera workers propose to possess, or any question as to the standards by which they assent to be judged. In former times it was regarded as quite proper to apologize for badly composed pictures on the ground that they were technically perfect photographs, or to condone faulty technique in matters of photography on the ground that artistic and not mechanical excellence had been sought. There was a confused idea of the principles which ought to be considered paramount in the product of the camera.

Happily there is no longer any uncertainty. The photographers have elected to be classed with the artists, and not with the opticians and chemists exclusively. They express their willingness to stand by the canons of art, for better or for worse, now and hereafter. They call to the seat of judgment over their works juries in which the artists are a majority and the photographers a minority.

They submit works which are as variant as possible from the traditional manner of photography. They obviously seek to conceal as far as they may the distinctive traits of the optical instrument which they employ. They resort to the use of special papers and pigments

in seeking to approximate the effects of the painter. Their ideal confessedly is the ideal of the painter, and not of the copyist or of the translator-etcher.

In considering the present Salon, this view of the matter has been taken. It is regarded as it stands, without reference to previous exhibitions of a similar character, without consideration for any limitations of the methods and media used—precisely as if it were a collection of works in gouache, charcoal, or black-and-white oils. And it may be said at the outset, and without equivocation, that the dominant note of the Salon is truly artistic.

For once we have a collection of more than one hundred and thirty photographs, not one of which demands an apology for its presence in the Art Institute. A large proportion of them might honorably grace the sketch-book of any versatile artist. Not a few of them, if translated to a larger scale, would be eligible as cartoons for the mural painter. And some may fairly claim, not the relative merit of an artist's preliminary study, but the positive distinction accorded to a perfect work of art—an achievement which neither addition nor subtraction could possibly better.



WHEN THE SUMMER FIELD IS MOWN

By A. E. Becker

As might be supposed, the salient defect of the pictures here collected is their want of spontaneity. If they were in oils, one would call them "painty." They convey the feeling that their production was often an arduous work, whereas the masterpieces of the greatest artists seem to have been done unconsciously, or at least without premeditation and contrivance. To be quite precise, we may say that there is in these pictures somewhat of the same experimental quality that we often observe in the etchings of men who "played on copper" for diversion from painting.

The fault just referred to is a natural defect in view of the devel-



MORNING ON THE DESPLAINES
By Herman Kuntzen

opmental stage of pictorial photography. It was conspicuous in the beginnings of the school of impressionists, and the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood never quite outgrew it. It is a mark of the intense effort which characterizes the apprentice period in any art or craft. Greater familiarity with the means and media will correct it.

As a natural concomitant of the difficulty just mentioned—this preoccupation with the technical part—there is not a little innocent affectation among these pictures. Some of them impress one as having been wrought with no higher purpose than to be superficially effective. They frequently lack the saving grace of ideality—that spiritual element which differentiates art from fine art. There is a tendency to conventionalize too far, a disposition to accord to the merely deco-

rative precedence over more vital beauty. They err in being too synthetical and too little analytical—seeking rather to throw a veil of beauty around things than to reveal the beauty which is inherent in things.

In fine, there is a somewhat theatrical flavor about a good deal of the work of this Salon. Effects are forced. You cannot well escape the conviction that much of what you find here was designed scrupulously with reference to the connoisseurs who were to judge it. It fails to impress you as the intensely sincere outpouring of hearts and minds full of the conviction of beauty and truth. But we have ample ground for the belief that all these faults are merely incidental to the growth of the new school of pictorial photography.

From the evidences at hand, one may confidently assert that each succeeding year will show its increment of all the higher qualities of art, and one may foresee for no remote time the exaltation of photography to the plane of the supremely creative arts.

After this rather extended arraignment of the Salon, the reader may be inclined to ask whether any good thing can come out of further study of it. Why assert in the beginning that the collection is artistic, only to add a long category of the points in which it falls short of the best in art? The answer is, that we have undertaken a criticism of the Salon according to the absolute canons of the fine arts, none excepted. To determine at once wherein there is a general departure from the highest principles is to simplify further discussion of the purely technical laws. The average of the Salon is extremely good in this respect. To quote one of the painter-jurors will give a clear idea of the general excellence of the entire body of the submitted work. He said:



PEACE ON EARTH
By Laura M. Adams

"It has been my privilege to serve on several juries of selection for exhibitions of paintings. I will say that the average quality of the rejected pictures of this Salon is much above the average of the



STUDY HEAD AND HAND
By Arnold Genthe

paintings which I have seen declined by juries. There is scarcely a work among the rejected photographs which is radically bad, very few which might not have passed if the conditions had been slightly less rigid; but I have seen many paintings submitted in competition which were absolutely bad, even ridiculous."

No one will seriously debate the doctrine that the prime essential of a work of art is unity of conception and expression. There must be a dominant idea or motive to the realization of which everything contributory maintains a subordinate relation. In the most commonplace product of the "art for art's sake" doctrine, this is no less true than in the noblest of masterpieces. Whether the conception be true or false does not now con-

cern us, but we may demand as a *sine qua non* that the central idea must be a supreme unit.

No more striking advance could be noted between the Salon of 1901 and that of 1900 than we observe in this respect. It is one of the most hopeful features of the present exhibition. A close



MIDST STEAM AND SMOKE
By Prescott Adamson



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
Plate Thirteen



corollary of this proposition is the second point we would advance: This Salon gives evidence of high average power in the matter of composition and great excellence in arrangement. It goes without saying that there can be no unity in a work which is badly composed, for the faults of its arrangement tend primarily to destroy unity.

To say that there is great finesse or originality in the organic schemes of the Salon generally would be to give it a rank too high for its deserts; but we may frankly assert that the time-honored structural motives have been employed without serious impairment, and in many instances with surprising effectiveness. In landscape, where composition is a problem of comparatively easy solution, the pictorial photographers have done admirably almost without exception. But it is much more conspicuous that some of the exhibitors have displayed positive mastery of the infinitely more subtle science of the figure and also of the nude.



"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE"
By Henry S. Williams

We find works here which remind us of Dagnan-Bouveret at his best, and symphonies quite as delicious in their way as their prototypes by Whistler and Sargent. There is no want of the dynamic and dramatic elements in the best of the *genre* pieces, and there is, in a few conspicuous pictures, genuine inspirational quality, which any practiced eye will trace in due measure to the skill with which lines, masses, and values have been correlated. Delicate feeling of the limits and directions of lines and fine appreciation of the valency of



CONSOLATION
By Virginia M. Prall

masses may be said to characterize the Salon.

We cannot fail to note, also, that there is a very tangible sensibility to the beauty which attaches to the position of an object in a given space. Scarcely any attention was paid to this matter by the old school of photography, but its vast importance will be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to study the portraits of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Valasquez, or Franz Hals.

When composition enters the sphere of three dimensions we have to reckon with prob-

lems of ever-increasing intricacy and subtlety—chiaroscuro, aerial effects, tonality, and value. Here we might fear that the pictorial camerist would encounter fatal difficulties. Grave and manifold

indeed are the handicaps which the lens and chemical plate impose on the photographer. The painter and the musician may transpose or modulate the keys of natural harmony without sacrifice of truth or of effect, but the photographer is the slave of the deadly "ultra violet spectrum." He cannot transpose. He must wait until nature chooses the proper key and is "in tune." And this involves no less science than the make-up of a palette or the orchestration of pigments. Whether the camerist resort to ray screens during exposure, or manipulations of negative or print afterward, has nothing to do with our present discussion. All that concerns us is, that the results which are shown in the Salon evidence very complete mastery of the infinite problems of air and light.

There is not a picture among the one hundred and thirty of which it can be charged that it was "done in vacuo." Several interpret with superb truth those moods of nature in which "poetry clothes the earth as with a veil." Some casual critics have taken exception to the rendering of fog, rain, and snow exemplified in the Salon, but we venture the opinion that it is entirely consistent alike with natural phenomena and with the interpretation thereof by the greatest mas-



AN OFF-SHORE BREEZE

By S. Stockton Hornor



IN SUNNY MAY
By E. M. Blaine

ters of atmosphere. It is at least safe to assume that Corot, Cazin, Monet, and Bastien-Lepage are legitimate exponents of aerial phenomena, and we may find among these photographs effects which will compare favorably with the models of these masters.

In point of tonality, therefore, we contend that the achievements of the new school of photography may justly claim artistic laurels. But the landscapists lead in this respect.

If anything is insisted on in art, it is nicety of adaptation of the means to the end. Here, too, we must concede that the photographers have acquired superior discrimination. The Salon presents pictures which are closely analagous in their treatment to the oil paintings of the old Dutch and Flemish schools. Others conform to the limitations of the aquarellists. Still others partake of the quality of etchings or mezzotints, and some have the sketchy character of chalk drawings. That the photographers are keenly appreciative of the just relation between the result sought and the means employed is a most significant fact, and one worthy of due consideration. It wellnigh justifies the postulate that photography has become, not a craft merely, but a fine art.

The instinctive exclusion of the extraneous and incidental, and the insistence on the unity and supremacy of the motive, have been referred to in justification of the contention that the photographers have added artistry to their artisanship.

We may venture a hope that the artists of the new mode of

expression will speedily gain that facility in its exercise which will permit them to enter the field of subjective art—the truly creative sphere; that they may become analysts of the beautiful as well as synthesists; that they may make their language more transcendental; that they may conceive loftier and profounder purposes; that they may make their art a force for the uplifting of humanity.

It is pleasant to believe that the Chicago Salon of 1901 may be an epoch-marker in such an evolution. In any event, the management and all the exhibitors, successful and otherwise, are to be congratulated. They have furthered a grand forward movement.

LOUIS ALBERT LAMB.



THE NET-MAKERS
By S. Hudson Chapman

TWO CLEVER COLLABORATORS IN ILLUSTRATION



AP on a studio door in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, on which are two names, Troy S. Kinney and Margaret West Kinney, and one will daily find two artists hard at work. But the products of this studio bear but one signature—"Kinney." This apparent mathematical discrepancy causes no small amount of comment. When either Mr. or Mrs. Kinney—for the indefatigable workers are husband and wife—are asked who executed a particular illustration of a set of illustrations, one or the other will answer, "Both of us did it." While it is not unusual for an artist to marry another artist, one rarely finds these artistic copartnerships using a unified firm name, each member of the combination willing to forswear personal glory in devotion to artistic success.

But how do these two artists jointly make an illustration? They surely cannot work on the same picture at the same time? Yes and no. In planning all the details of a picture, the matter is thought over and discussed, and a scheme is agreed upon. Then, in actual execution, they collaborate in the fullest sense of the term, and each criticises the other's work and makes suggestions. Thus each has the benefit of a broader point of view than either could possibly have without the other's assistance. Then, besides the "two-heads-better-than-one idea," they also have the advantage of both feminine and masculine ideas and temperaments. In much work this latter is of great importance, especially in illustrating the emotional subtleties of a novel.

The possibilities of the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Kinney are



CHAPTER HEAD FOR HENRIK IBSEN

By the Kinneys

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further enhanced by the broad and rather diverse training of each. Mrs. Kinney, born Margaret W. West, a daughter of John A. West,



ILLUSTRATION FROM "MARGOT"

By the Kinneys

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is a native of Peoria, Illinois. She began to use a pencil very early, but her first serious art-study was done in the Art Students' League

in New York. After a year there she went with the famous Du Mond class to Crécy-en-Brie, and spent a summer painting French landscapes and drawing from the figure. Then she went to Paris, where she studied four years, at first under Lefebvre and Fleury, and after-



OVERTURN OF A CRUCIBLE
By the Kinneys

ward Merçon, Collin, and Whistler. Holland landscapes and Dutch peasants then attracted her brush for a time. Returning to America, she came to Chicago and applied herself to portraits and landscapes. Then followed a short period of inactivity.

Mr. Kinney was born in Chicago. As a boy, animals, soldiers, and ships especially interested him, and he drew them cleverly on his slate. Having been encouraged to draw by his mother, when college was suggested a family dilemma arose. But a compromise was effected, and he entered the academical department of Yale. While there he did extra work in the Yale Art School under Professor John F. Weir.

Art and literature

were the specialized courses in which he chiefly worked. After graduating he returned to Chicago and devoted himself to the further study of art in the Art Institute, and to designing and illustrating. In his case, too, there ensued a short period of inactivity, which ended in June, 1900, with his marriage to Miss West, in the studio which they occupy at present. Since that time they have both been actively engaged in the work of illustrating and decorating.

The union of forces resulting from the marriage of the two artists manifests itself in many ways. The university-trained mind and the Paris-trained mind regularly work on the same pictures. If the influences of Yale and Paris, the experience of painting portraits and landscapes, of designing and illustrating, are added together, and the masculine and feminine elements are further considered, one does not wonder that the work of the Kinneys displays unusual versatility.

In addition to this union of abilities, it has been the good fortune of both these artists to have inherited strong constitutions. With these as a foundation, and ambition as a spur, they have developed a degree of endurance that approaches the phenomenal. Among the vicissitudes of the work of illustration is the "rush job"—the demand for such pictures as the artist can, by the omission of other duties or by self-punishment, produce in a few days or even a few hours. I have known the Kinneys to work sixty continuous hours on a set of illustrations that had to be "hurried," stopping only for meals that were brought into the studio. Again, on the proscenium decorations for the Chicago Grand Opera House, they worked twenty hours every day for two weeks. Whether or not this idyllic decoration shows the tension under which it was produced, those who have seen it may answer. I can see no indications of such tension.



BURNING OF THE FACTORY
By the Kinneys

In order to obtain such results under conditions so trying, one must work with enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is an easy mood to counter-



ILLUSTRATION FROM "MARGOT"

By the Kinneys

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feit for a few hours, but to retain it for weeks and even months, it must belong to one's temperament. One must keep it and carry it

with him, to be drawn on when needed. Those who know the Kinneys need not be told that they are enthusiasts of a most pronounced type.

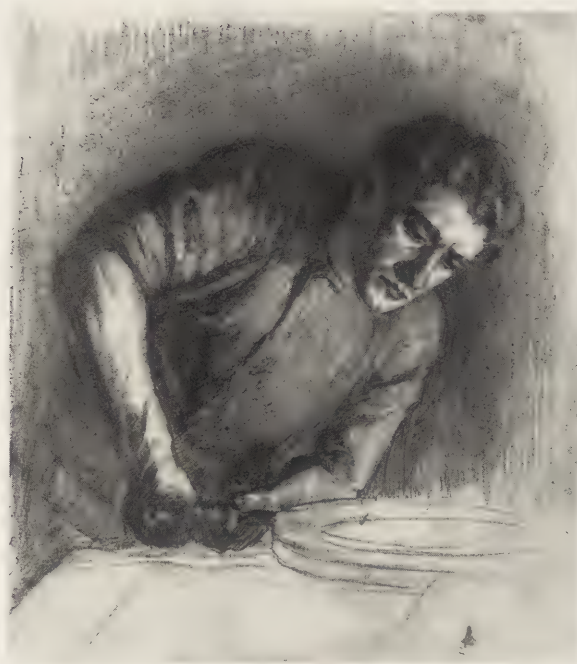


ILLUSTRATION FROM "MARGOT"

By the Kinneys

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On the school which an artist follows depends largely the sort of picture he paints. Innumerable are the styles, the schools, and the



STUDY FOR ILLUSTRATION
By the Kinneys

theories of art. But neither of the Kinneys claim allegiance to any mode or master of art. To represent truth in a charming manner is the aim of each. They hold that one of the essential elements of an artistic temperament is a highly developed capability of enjoyment. A true artist of any training not only sees more clearly than the person lacking artistic proclivities, but is more than ordinarily quickened by what he sees. It is the privilege of the artist to transmit to

others the record of his keener sight and fuller enjoyment through his pictures or illustrations.

This, of course, is a recognized truth, or authors and publishers would not go to the expense of obtaining illustrations for their books. If truth alone were needed, diagrams with explanatory charts, to assist the reader to understand the author's meaning, would suffice. We have all seen illustrations, by the way, that reminded us of this sort of primitive truth presentation.

When actors make a study of a new rôle, they frequently dress the part and live (by study and thought) in the period of the story. A similar practice is followed in the studio and home of the Kinneys each time a new manuscript is received. The book is generally read aloud, a course which takes more time and energy than silent reading, but which insures a more comprehensive knowledge of the story. Then discussion of



STUDY OF HANDS
By Troy Kinney

the manuscript, its period of history, its characters, and so forth follows. Once it was a novel on present economic conditions, and in the first reading as much time was spent in discussion of one character and a single speech, as would have sufficed to read the whole book through. As long as the work on a set of pictures lasts the study and discussions continue.

Live with a novel for even a month, and one will have a fair idea of all it portrays. A month, of course, is a short time for an illustrator to work on a full set of pictures, the time required is generally much longer, and consequently a more

intimate knowledge of plot and characters is gained. Every iota of information an artist attains in this manner shows in the pictures with which he enriches a manuscript. One can no more supply a substitute for such knowledge and its results than he can supply a satisfactory substitute for enthusiasm if he does not possess it.

Naturalism as practiced by the Kinneys is something added to a compromise between that which is commonly called realism and that which is termed impressionism. I understand realism to be the elaboration of all details within the scope of the picture, with drawing values and colors based strictly upon an accurate reproduction of the people and things which serve as models for the picture in hand. Impressionism, on the other hand, while it has its basis of sound logic, has come, by a perversion, to be accepted, by some, as meaning a



IN A DYNAMITE FACTORY
By the Kinneys



HOME OF THE NEWLY RICH
By the Kinneys



A HAPPY DISCOVERY
By the Kinneys

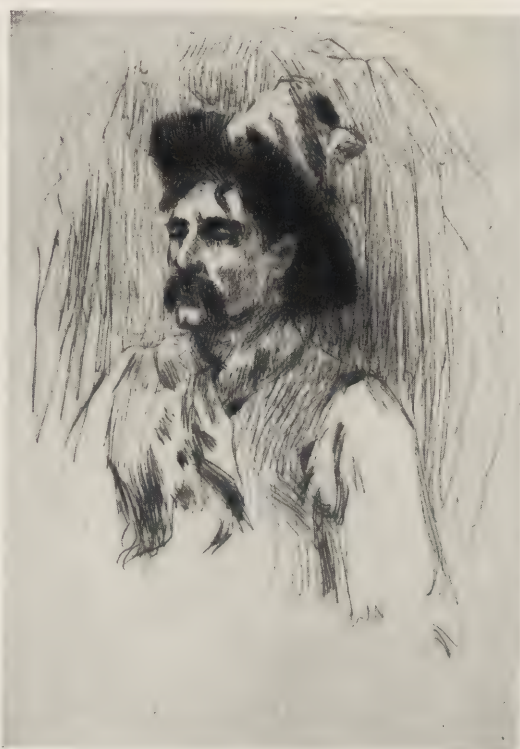
clumsy disregard of drawing, along with exaggeration of color oppositions.

I like the term "naturalism," as the most nearly adequate expression of something which aims to embody the beauties of both realism and impressionism. As contrasted with realism, it eliminates detail which does not add interest or charm to the picture. In the matter of drawing, it renders each character and object as pleasingly as may be, without violation of the broad facts of nature, and in illustration, of the restriction imposed by the manuscript.

This drawing overlooks the accidental defects of the model, tries to make a character as attractive as the facts supplied will permit. Especially does it make the most scrupulous effort to lose none of the beauty that may exist in the smallest and most unimportant object in the composition.

The fact that every artist has his own fancies as to what is beautiful gives each student of nature his own individuality; and the effort to find a rendering which will best express his impression of the beauty

of things gives each his characteristic technique. The artist of limited scope of appreciation is liable to see as the beauty of a thing something of the minor and non-essential element of its beauty: the delicacy, for instance, of some of the material which is used in the expression of a motive whose real beauty is in its power. The person of wider scope of appreciation looks in each case for beauty which is peculiarly its own. Consequently he will avoid mixing motives, and his work will show a versatility as broad as the range of subjects which have come under his treatment. Versatility of this sort is a marked quality of the work of the Kinneys.



DRY-POINT ETCHING
By Troy Kinney



PORTRAIT SKETCH
 By Margaret West Kinney



IN THE PARK
 By the Kinneys

The Kinneys are comparatively little known in the circles of annual exhibitors at shows and Salons. They have been engrossed in their work as decorators and illustrators, and have had little time since the establishment of the copartnership for the preparation of display canvases. I may say in passing, that Mrs. Kinney's "Huija," a characteristic Holland interior, attracted the most favorable attention at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1896-97, and other specimens of her work shown at local exhibitions have won for her



STUDY

By Margaret West Kinney



STUDY

By Margaret West Kinney

no stinted measure of well-merited praise.

As an oil-painter, the many portraits she has executed show her at her best. One of her special fortes is the depiction of children, and the little tots have furnished her the motive for many of her most exquisite illustrations. For exemplification of this class of drawing the reader is referred to the three accompanying pictures from the



STUDY

By Margaret West Kinney

recently published "Margot," in which the grace and beauty of the little figures have rarely been excelled.

Reference has been made to the decorations executed by the Kinneys for the Chicago Grand Opera House. These consist of three panels surrounding the proscenium arch. The uppermost, approximately ten by forty feet, is a fanciful composition representing Orpheus and the Muses, and the two upright panels on either side, each approximately ten by fourteen feet, represent respectively Music and Poetry. On a large panel in the foyer of the same house they have a decorative landscape. This work is all characterized by good composition and fine coloring, and is notable as an exemplification of lively imagination and delicate feeling. These four panels are perhaps the most pretentious work of the kind yet attempted by the artists.

Among smaller designs they have successfully undertaken a wide range of subjects. These include book-plates, dainty etchings, eminently successful book covers, but more especially interpretative drawings illustrative of the sentiment and action of books, particularly novels. Among the books illuminated by them may be mentioned "Margot," "A Parfit Gentile Knight," "Swedish Fairy Tales," "Bernardo and Laurette," and "Smoldering Fires."

Illustration is a gift that comparatively few artists possess. It is a peculiar fact that many really eminent workers in other lines of pictorial expression have made a most lamentable failure when they have essayed to interpret the thoughts and feelings of an author, and produce in black and white pictures calculated to enforce

or vivify the text of a poem or novel.

A publisher of my acquaintance recently commissioned an artist

of high repute both as a painter and as a teacher to execute a series of drawings for a book. The work was done and plates were made from the drawings, but only the reputation of the artist prevented the rejection of the whole series. The pictures were used, but to the detriment of the volume and to the chagrin of author and publisher.

The cause of failure may in many cases be hard to seek. The success of the Kinneys I think I have adequately explained. The union of diverse qualities, the free exchange of ideas, and the harsh but helpful criticism of each other's work have given them a many-sidedness, and saved them from mistakes that have been fatal to many another who has undertaken the same sort of work.

HARLOW HYDE.



STUDY
By Troy Kinney

BIONDI'S SATURNALIA GROUP

One of the most notable works of sculpture at the Pan-American Exposition is stowed away in a corner of the Midway, and has hardly received a passing notice. This is Biondi's remarkable group representing the Saturnalia, which received the grand prize and diploma of honor at the International Exposition of 1900 at Paris.



ERNESTO BIONDI
From a Photograph

It was placed on exhibition in "The Venice of America," on the Pan-American Midway, for the reason that works of art not produced by American artists and sculptors were barred from the regular fine arts exhibition, and it has been almost denied a notice for the reason that the exposition being a Pan-American affair, practically only American work has been exploited. This wonderful production, however, is worthy of a fuller presentation to the public, both on account of the historic picture it presents and on account of the rare skill with which the sculptor has worked out his conception.

Biondi was eleven years in making the Saturnalia. There are ten figures in the group, which is cast in bronze, and weighs 200,000 pounds. Its value is estimated at from \$100,000 to \$500,000. The freight charges on the work alone, from Italy to the United States, was \$3,897. As this masterpiece is the property of the Italian government, its removal to the United States for exhibition purposes could only be effected by special permission of his majesty, King Victor Emanuel, and on the condition that it be exhibited in an Italian portion of the grounds, and that the two officers sent with it by the government of Italy be maintained and sent back at the close of the exposition, without expense to the government.

The group gives a vivid picture of a most interesting period of the Roman empire. The time chosen by the sculptor is that shortly after the introduction of Christianity into Rome, when the empire was on its decline, and the Roman warriors were unable to oppose the invasion of barbarians, who wreaked their revenge on the citizens of Rome by petty depredations.

It is the Feast of the Saturnalia, and we are in the midst of a night of orgies. A number of plebeians have met some intoxicated priests on the Appian Way, the ancient sacred street of Rome. These three priests are the incarnation of the pagan world. The plebeian group includes a gladiator; and in his company is a woman, whom one of the priests recognizes as of patrician blood. These two are accompanied by their child. One of the priests makes a slurring remark to the woman, who is too intoxicated to realize its purport; but her gladiator husband flashes an angry glance, and his whole attitude shows that he is conscious of his superior strength, and hints at a challenge. The woman, half intoxicated though she is, leans upon him, confident of his ability to protect her. The face and attitude of the child express resentment at the insult to his mother.

On the right of the gladiator is a courtesan, very much intoxicated. Beyond her are a slave, a drunken soldier, and a player of the tibici, a flute-like instrument. The three priests present the three stages of intoxication. One has become a com-



THE SATURNALIA
By Ernesto Biondi



HEAD OF SOLDIER
Detail from the Saturnalia

plete imbecile from over-indulgence in wine, and is stretched out upon the ground, with no regard for his appearance. The next priest is still sufficiently himself to be ashamed of his companions, and is apparently trying to get them home. The third priest is in that stage of intoxication in which the subject is inclined to be insulting and quarrelsome.

The features of all the ten figures, and their attitudes and every detail, are worthy of study. On the whole the group is a picture of great interest, and a remarkable portrayal of a period

which will never cease to have an extraordinary fascination for the student of history and of human character.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.



RECENT WORK OF ILLUSTRATORS— ALBERT FLEURY

The following four plates are representative of one class of illustrative work done by Albert Fleury, specimens of whose street and bridge scenes have heretofore appeared in *BRUSH & PENCIL*. The pictures are part of a portfolio of water-colors executed last summer during a brief sojourn at the Buffalo exposition.



TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
 From Water-Color by A. Fleury
 Courtesy of "The Outlook"





GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT NIGHT, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
From Water-Color by A. Fleury
Courtesy of "The Outlook"





ELECTRIC TOWER, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
From Water-Color by A. Fleury
Courtesy of "The Outlook"





TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND WEST ESPLANADE, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
From Water-Color by A. Fleury
Courtesy of "The Outlook "





BRIDGE IN VALLEY OF ST. NICHOLAS, SWITZERLAND

BRIDGES, ARTISTIC AND INARTISTIC

(CONCLUDED)

Whatever be the form of construction, the prevailing fault in American bridges—and it is one that competent critics declare to be as needless in the steel age as in the stone—is the presumption of engineers in rejecting architectural principles and requirements. Mr. Russell Sturgis once made a pregnant suggestion to the American Society of Civil Engineers. He said that bridge-builders should concentrate their attention less on the question whether their work would stand than on the question whether it was fit to stand. When the time comes that American engineers recognize the truth of these words—when, in other words, they recognize that they owe to the public adequate reference to art in their work—we may hope to see fewer monstrosities in the way of American bridges, and more structures approximating in beauty the Old World bridges of antiquity and their modern successors.

Apropos of this deliberate renunciation of the æsthetic principles by American bridge-builders, and the crying need of a different régime, Montgomery Schuyler pertinently remarks: "Undoubtedly the desire for beauty, the desire for expression, is the root and starting-point of the matter. Until this is felt, no progress is possible.

And as among American engineers there are many who pay no attention to how their work looks, it might be expected, since 'man's philosophy is the supplement of his practice,' that there should be some to maintain that it does not matter how it looks. One such has declared in public that a bridge, being merely a 'tool of transportation,' is to be

judged like any other tool by its efficiency, without reference to its appearance, 'without reference to art.'

"To a stalwart vandal of this temper, a Gradgrind-Attila, discussions of the æsthetics of engineering naturally seem frivolous and vexatious. He might be expected to find a stern joy in shocking the weaklings who trouble themselves about such trifles, and when he had executed some especially revolting work, to paint it a triumphal red, and exult over the insulted land-



KENTUCKY HIGH BRIDGE

scape or the disfigured city like a conquering savage. But the practice of the profession has been to treat its æsthetics, not so much with animosity as with contempt. 'Unless the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature,' says one authority, 'it is rarely if ever considered by contractors.' And even when it is imposed, we have seen that there is nothing in the training of an American engineer, as an engineer, that enables him to supply it."

It is a principle, commonly accepted in theory, and as commonly

disregarded in practice, that, be it in the construction of a bridge, a building, or an article of ornament, the design, the primary form, is the essential element necessary for artistic effect. If this be ignored, no amount of decoration can make a beautiful result, any more than brilliant technique and fine coloring can make an acceptable picture out of a canvas characterized by faulty drawing and bad composition.

In the matter of bridge-building, it has been said with truth that a stone arch never lacks, and never can lack, grace and charm. It is equally true that if the abutments and supporting towers are properly constructed, the drooping curves of a suspension bridge rarely if ever offend the eye. On the other hand, the pivotal swing bridge or the straight truss bridge, no matter what be its construction, is bound to be an eyesore wherever it is erected.

In confirmation of this, the Menai Strait furnishes two illustrations that have become proverbial as a warning against the disregard of artistic principles. Stephenson's Britannia tubular bridge is a monstrosity of ugliness for which the world has few bridges to offer in comparison, while Telford's suspension bridge over the same estuary to-day ranks among the beautiful bridges of the world. The conditions imposed upon the two engineers were not essentially different. The contractor whose sole interest is to furnish an effective means of transit will doubtless recognize Stephenson's bridge as the greater feat of engineering ability. The man, however, who likes to in-



BRIDGE OVER MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT ST. LOUIS

corporate an element of the beautiful in things purely utilitarian will pay homage to Telford.

One of the most notable successes in bridge-building in America is the great Washington bridge over the Harlem River, in New York, whose two steel arches cover a span of one thousand and twenty feet. The accompanying illustration will show the beauty that can be attained by a skillful modern engineer working with the new present-day material, steel—but studying fitness of construction with the same scrupulous care that was observed by the “rule of thumb” workers of



BRIDGE AT SPOLETO, ITALY

antiquity. This great public work is notable as an engineering feat pure and simple, and it becomes doubly notable when consideration is taken of the beauty of its lines, and the fact that, vast as are its proportions, it seems to fit naturally into the landscape. When artistic results can be and are attained under really adverse conditions, there seems to be little excuse for the minor abominations with which our cities and landscapes are disfigured.

In Chicago, for instance, there are something over fifty bridges crossing the narrow river that intersects the city, most of which are of the pivotal, swinging type. There is not a single line of beauty in the whole aggregation. The bridges are simply cumbersome make-shifts; the supporting piers on which they are poised are an obstruc-



ORIENTAL RUG
From "Rugs Oriental and Occidental"
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tion to navigation; they are merely tools for traffic, ungainly and an offense to the eye. One unsightly structure was erected and was found to subserve the purpose of transit, and soon the river was spanned from harbor to city limits with other eyesores, built after the pattern of the first, as

nearly alike as peas in the pod, and all alike suggestive of the shop. They look as though they were designed by a foundryman, and erected to spite the very name of beauty.



POMARET BRIDGE, VAL ST. MARTIN



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, CANTON URI, SWITZERLAND

And so throughout the length and breadth of the country. Wherever nature has offered the fewest difficulties for a pleasing solution of the bridge question, man, with an utter disregard of taste and fitness, has spanned canal, river, and gorge with makeshifts of the baldest and most unattractive character. To cite a specific instance, no stream in the world offered better opportunity, in a small way, to bridge-builders for pleasing and varied treatment than the Erie canal, whose slender ribbon of water traverses the entire length of New York state. And yet, of the hundreds of bridges that cross the canal, there is not one that does not offend every prin-



CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA RIVER

ciple of beauty and canon of good taste. The structures are all of the baldest foundry-made type, one serving practically as the prototype of all.

Had the state authorities done so much as to employ a competent engineer and an architect jointly to make a number of artistic designs, and then place the different styles supplied along the line of the canal where they would best fit into the landscape, the most admirable effects could have been obtained. As it is, cross-road, village, and city, from Albany to Buffalo, are disfigured by these horrors of economy, utility, and bad taste. The Empire State, that has spent millions on its capitol, seems to have relegated its minor interests to blacksmiths and foundrymen who have had no higher conception of public works than mere use.

It may be that a country must reach a certain age before æsthetic tastes are sufficiently developed for the populace to crave in public works what it craves in its homes. If so, it would seem that America has reached that point where consideration should be had of the æsthetic quality of such public utilities as bridges. That civic pride is false which demands public buildings costing millions, and is willing to brook under the eaves of these structures crude apologies for bridges that should be as artistic in their construction and as educational in their influence as the other public works of the municipality. It is false pride for a railroad corporation to grace a city with a million-dollar depot and erect within that city's limits an unsightly bridge structure that can be but a reproach to its perpetrator.

As a rule, the greater the enterprise the higher the order of talent engaged to carry it through, and the more requirements are imposed upon the men engaged to execute it. Minor matters are intrusted to minor men, and are often left to the tender graces of chance. The special evils of American bridge-building are absolute indifference to æsthetic qualities on the part of the builders in particular and the public in general, and a tendency to let novelty of construction or greatness of feat override every consideration of fitness and beauty. It seems to lie close to the American engineer's heart to produce a span a few feet wider than anything heretofore attempted; and the public, with foolish pride in such achievements, has usually abetted the enterprises. The smaller bridges, which should be as beautiful as any of the Old World's structures, have been signally overlooked.

In Europe, the present is as much an age of steel as in America, but, as we have seen, with the beautiful bridges of antiquity before them as models, and with the taste that is fostered by the presence of these old structures, engineers and architects have sought to shape the new material on some such lines as were followed with the old. Steel is not intractable, and the efforts of the Old World bridge-builders of the present day have been eminently successful. On the other hand, with the same opportunities, the efforts of our bridge-builders have been for the most part deplorable.

When crusades are made, as they now are, to effect reforms in the interest of æstheticism by straightening the sky lines of our streets, by removing billboards and other obnoxious signs, and so forth, it is eminently fitting that a reform should be inaugurated in the matter of bridge-building. As with the removal of objectionable



STONE ARCH BRIDGE AT MINNEAPOLIS



BRIDGE AT DUNKELD, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

its engineers and contractors conditions and requirements that will make the finished structures conform to the principles of beauty. In the mean time it is well to remember the words of Mr. Schuyler, and make provisions accordingly. He says:

"There are, of course, many questions arising in every engineering work—countless questions of detail and of degree—the answers to which make or mar its ultimate success, that are in fact appeals to artistic sensibility and tact—the tact that comes of artistic training. The mere desire for expression no more involves the power of expression in this art than in any other. In order to express a construction intelligibly, much more to express it with power and with grace, a course of special training is requisite, which, as we see all about us, is not involved in the education of an engineer. For this training no systematic or comprehensive provision is made in our technical schools.

"They manage these things better in France, where a professor of architecture is attached to the national department of engineering, with results that may be judged by a comparison of the Pont Mirabeau with the best of our own works of the

buildings, the removal of unsightly bridge structures will doubtless be a slow task. The evil done will endure for decades, since decay alone will probably condemn and banish the monstrosities now in existence. But every corporation or municipality proposing to erect bridges can at least impose on



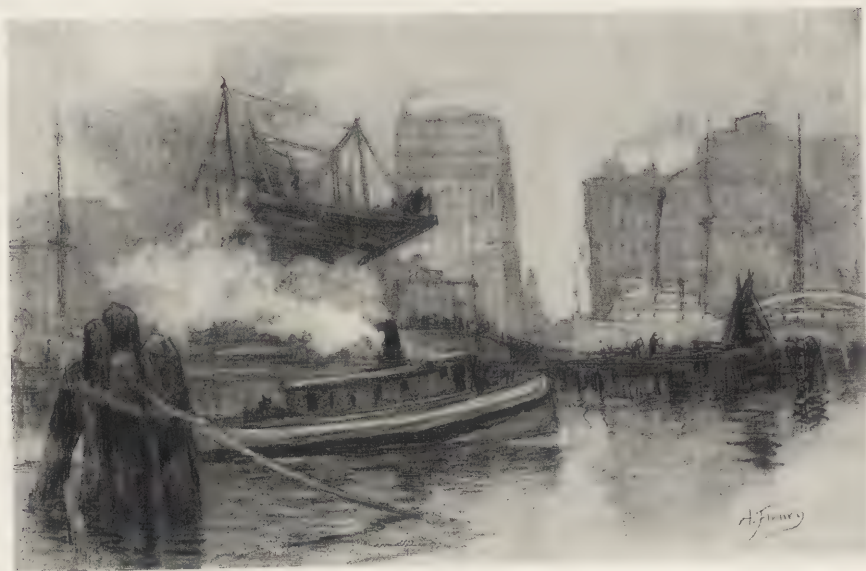
BATTINA BRIDGE, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND

same kind. They manage them better in Germany, which no doubt has its share of ugly bridges, but in which the ugliness of the ugly bridges is more or less masked and the beauty of the beautiful bridges enhanced by the evidences they bear in their accessories of architectural training or of architectural co-operation. . . .

"Where 'the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature,' the engineers are on their defense, and the signs multiply that they feel themselves to be so. It is for themselves to convert their new science into a new and glorious art, by reuniting, with the new methods and new material, the scientific building and the artistic building that since the Middle Ages



WASHINGTON BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY, SPANNING THE HARLEM RIVER



STATE STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO
From a Drawing by A. Fleury

have been divorced." These are strong words, well worthy of consideration in any measure of reform that may be proposed.

Mr. Schuyler is not the only acute critic of our public institutions and public works who deploras the absence of the necessary provisions for "reference to art," in theory and practice. There is certainly no lack of educational institutions in this country of the highest character, and it seems an unpardonable oversight on the part of the management of such institutions to let the purely practical or mechanical part of the instruction they impart so dominate as virtually to exclude æsthetics from consideration. And it is no less an unpardonable offense for the projectors of enterprises to impose upon the public at this time unsightly works of engineering that by proper care could be made to contribute to the beauty of city and country.

In pioneer days there might have been some excuse for suborning everything in the interest of utility pure and simple, but there certainly is no excuse now for perpetuating the crude makeshifts or blundering contrivances of earlier days. Most of the abuses from which the more cultured portion of the populace suffer are the direct outgrowth of negligence that is little less than criminal.

America has taught Europe many things, but it has many things yet to learn from Europe. And in the matter of bridge-building, the sooner we adopt Old World methods the better, making æsthetics a necessary part of engineering training, and insistence on the incorpo-

ration of beauty in public works a matter of universal practice. Until this is done we can reasonably expect no change for the better. An awakened æsthetic sense—and perhaps an awakened conscience—are prime requisites in the matter. Since the foregoing was written it is reported that Kaiser Wilhelm has rejected the plans for two bridges designed to be erected in Berlin, on the ground that they were not artistic. The Kaiser's position is logical and good. He wishes to make Berlin a beautiful city, and properly begins by putting his ban on unbeautiful objects. It would be well if our own powers that be would adopt a similar policy.

HENRY T. WOODBRIDGE.



NOTRE DAME AND THE SEINE

Successful Solution of River and Bridge Treatment for a Large City

REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

Despite the growing popular interest in rugs, especially the rich output of the Orient, there has been a singular lack of authoritative literature on this form of art product. Until a year ago there was practically no one work in the English language dealing directly with the subject of rugs, and students and buyers were forced to be content with such information as they could glean from newspaper and magazine articles. Under the category of Oriental carpets, it is true,

a few volumes of some importance were listed, but these, for the most part, were too expensive to be accessible to the general reader.

Those wishing to make a study, therefore, of the subject, will welcome the superb volume "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern," by Rosa Belle Holt, just issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. The work is in a special sense a handbook for ready reference, and pains have been taken to make it authoritative in every particular. As a specimen of sumptuous book-making it has had few superiors in recent years. The subject lent itself to rich treatment, and the publishers, in electing to use heavy deckle-edge paper for the letter-press and illuminate the volume with twelve beautiful reproductions in color of what may be termed representative or typical rugs, and other equally choice reproductions in half-tone, have followed a wise policy.

Apart, however, from any consideration of attractive-



THE MUSIC IN THE PINES
By George H. Boughton
From "Royal Academy Pictures"

ness, the special value of the book lies in its comprehensiveness and accuracy. The volume is in no sense a résumé of what has been printed before on the subject. The author has been a close student of her theme, as is evidenced by the bibliography which she appends to her work; but the existing literature on the subject has been supplemented with an intimate acquaintance with the best Oriental and Occidental rug products, and with information gleaned directly from rug dealers and rug-makers in various cities. What is more, she has told her story concisely and entertainingly.

She recounts the history of rug-making and the details of manufacture the world over, explaining lucidly the special characteristics of the products of Egypt, Persia, Turkey, India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, China, the Caucasus, and other Oriental sources from which the West draws its rug supply, and discusses no less clearly and fully the rug-weaving industry of the Occident, particularly of Great Britain and the United States. Something of the interest that attaches to rug-making was set forth in a recent issue of *BRUSH & PENCIL*, and need not here be repeated. Suffice it to say, that the volume under review considers the subject in all its phases, and leaves little to be desired either by the student who wishes to trace the hidden meaning of



IN THE VENUSBERG
By John Collier
From "Royal Academy Pictures"

patterns and colors or the conditions under which the product is turned out, or by the purchaser who wishes a practical guide in the selection of rugs that are offered for sale in the western market.

The text is admirably enforced by the illustrations, since the rugs



THE NIMBLE GALLIARD

By J. Seymour Lucas

From "Royal Academy Pictures"

selected for reproduction have been chosen with the distinct purpose of giving the reader an idea of the colors and patterns of representative rugs that could not well be conveyed by words. The volume as a whole is the most satisfactory work yet published on the subject, and with all its elegance is issued to the public at a reasonable price.*

* See colored insert.

The Royal Academy does not present to the visitor a complete survey of the national art of the year in the sense that the British Museum offers a complete survey of British literature, but it does reflect, probably more accurately than any other institution, the tendency of the art which appeals to the greatest number. It is the privilege of the chosen few to attend the exhibitions of the Academy. "Royal Academy Pictures," however, published by Cassell & Co., gives the unprivileged many a fair and comprehensive idea of the wealth of pictorial art exhibited.

The reader is presented with the great majority of the more noteworthy works, and barring a short preface by M. H. Spielmann, the editor, and a few introductory notes, he is left to draw his own conclusions as to the quality of the pictures, and institute his own comparisons. A few of the leading pictures, of course—but only a few—are missing from the pages of the volume, through commercial considerations on the part of artists or owners of copyrights; but the publishers claim, and with justice, that they offer a Royal Academy in black-and-white, fairly and fully representative of the exhibition.

It is mainly upon portraiture and landscape that the great traditions of the British school rest, and though the "problem landscape" seems a little more obtruded than usual, the national traditions, generally speaking, are followed in this last exhibition of 1901 with the same devotion as in former years. The school of Constable is full of vigor. Marine painting shows some falling off in point of numbers, but many of the pictures displayed are works of unusual power.

The reproductions of paintings given in the volume are of exceptional quality, and scrupulous care has been taken to make the press-work as good as possible. This presentation of the Academy's exhibition by Cassell & Co. is decidedly superior to that of former years, and the book, simply a record of current British art, merits a place in the library of every connoisseur.

An especially delightful book in point of subject-matter, and no less charming as a specimen of the printer's art, is "Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories," by Hermon Lee Ensign, published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The volume is made up of ten entertaining stories of animal life, which are calculated to have the same happy influence that "Black Beauty" has exerted for so many years.

The ethics of our relations to the lower animals have seldom had more forcible and practical exposition than from this humane and warm-hearted author. He talked and wrote much on the subject, and simple deeds of kindness and mercy were part of his daily life. He could not understand harshness or cruelty in others, particularly towards those defenseless creatures committed to our care. To him animals

were not merely our inferiors or our slaves—they were our companions, our friends, devoting themselves to us, dependent upon us for their lives and happiness, having feelings and interests not unlike our own, suffering from injustice, degraded by ill-treatment and brutality, responding to kindness and sympathy as human beings do. From this brief statement of the author's theory and practice, one may glean the whole tenor of the stories constituting "Lady Lee."

The volume is in no sense a purpose book, but the most casual



SHIELDING HIM BY HER SHADOW

By Max Klepper

From "Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories"

Copyright, 1901, A. C. McClurg & Co.

perusal cannot fail to find between its lines the lesson of kindness and humanity that Mr. Ensign never lost an opportunity to impart. The ten stories here presented to the public were found, together with a mass of other documents, after the author's death, and their genial, healthful spirit, if not their literary quality, is sufficient excuse, if excuse were needed, for preserving them in book form.

The volume is charmingly illustrated in photogravure from original drawings by Max F. Klepper, J. Carter Beard, Jay Hambridge, and Will H. Drake. An appreciative memoir is supplied by Francis Fisher Browne.



THE OLD TEMPLE
By Hubert-Robert





Few of the mediæval towns of the Old World are more replete with memorials of the past, alike in masonry and on parchment, than the "Ancient Town of Bruges," and those who delight to trace the evolution of styles and tastes will find "The Story of Bruges," by Ernest Gilliat-Smith, published by the Macmillan Company, a volume of exceeding interest. The book is one of the most entertaining of the Mediæval Town Series published by this house.

The memorials of Bruges have been indited by the patience of the scribe in breviary and in charter-roll; they have been perpetuated by the art of the painter, in gold and glowing tones, in portrait and in altar-piece; they have been graven with an iron pen in wood and metal and stone; they have been handed down by word of mouth through countless centuries. The municipal rolls go back to the year 1280, from which time the public records are almost unbroken. There are buildings in Bruges which carry us back to the days of Baldwin Bras de Fer, perhaps to a still more remote period; four of the seven parish churches date from the twelve hundreds; the oldest of the civic monuments to at least 1280; and from this epoch until the close of the Middle Age almost every year is marked by the erection of stately edifices, of which very many have come down to us.

The antiquarian and the art lover, therefore, will naturally find a charm in the old town that is lacking in the newer and more pretentious cities, and a volume such as the one under review is little less than *vede mecum* for any one who wishes to explore the wealth of art and reminiscence with which the town abounds.

The book lays no claim to being a history, it is but a sketch, a suggestive outline. It gives an abundance of information, but what is of even more importance, it excites a desire for further research. The book, like previous volumes of the series, is beautifully illustrated with picturesque views and odds and ends of architectural detail.

A book of great importance to all students, be their line of interest history, science, literature, or art, is "Who's Who in America," for 1901 and 1902, edited by John W. Leonard, and published by A. N. Marquis & Co.

When the first edition of the work appeared in 1899, it presented itself as a new and untried experiment in the field of American book-making. It was the first book ever issued which claimed to be in any comprehensive degree a general biographical dictionary of noted American contemporaries. The compilation of such a work from the results of original research was obviously a task full of difficulties. The publishers, realizing that the value of the work would rest on its comprehensiveness and accuracy, spared no pains to make the book as complete as possible and to provide against the introduction of mistakes.

This second issue of the work is superior in every way to the first,

appearing as a bulky volume of over 1,300 pages, in which it is safe to say there are fewer errors than one would naturally expect in a work so pretentious. All the biographical sketches of the first volume have been verified and brought down to date, and the gross number of sketches has been increased by about one-third.

A few names that one might wish to find have been omitted, and some others that scarcely warrant appearance in the book are to be found in the pages. As a whole, however, the editor is to be commended for his good judgment, and for the fidelity with which he has striven to make the book a dignified and worthy book of reference. The work is unique in America, and its intrinsic worth merits a patronage that will insure its annual publication in new and revised editions.





SUNSET—COLORED ETCHING
By Eugene Delacroix



BRUSH AND PENCIL

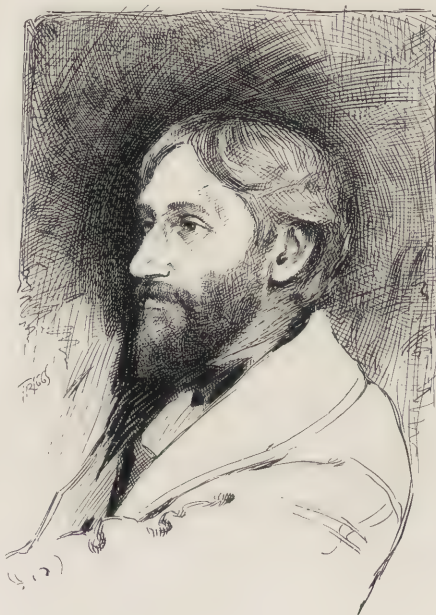
VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1901

No. 2

LEONARD OCHTMAN, LANDSCAPE-PAINTER

Alien by birth, but American in interests and sympathies, Leonard Ochtman is to-day one of the best exponents of landscape-paintings in this country. He is one of the few artists we have who is broad enough in his views, tender enough in his feeling, divining enough in his interpretative sense, to take the scenes nearest at hand, however tame and commonplace they may be, and invest them with poetic charm; who can safely reject many of the stock elements of the beautiful and the picturesque which less gifted painters deem essential to pleasing pictures, and yet produce canvases that fascinate and hold one captive where more pretentious efforts pall; and who withal can afford to reject tricks of technique, mannerism, mere personal cleverness, and rely solely upon straightforward methods and truthful rendering. He has been termed the "prince of American landscape-painters," and the "Keats of landscape," and the sterling, heartfelt quality of his work merits the titles that have been given him.



LEONARD OCHTMAN
By Floyd W. Triggs

Ochtman has been classed with the followers of Inness—but what successful artist has not been dubbed the disciple of a gifted predecessor? His canvases do offer suggestions of Inness, but those suggestions are not a matter of imitation. Inness was a lover and a close student of nature, and so is Ochtman. The dead painter and the living have both drawn their inspiration from the same source, and it is not strange that both should betray the same mother and nurse.

No man is a poet who lacks the fire that transforms mere verse into poetry, and no man is a painter, however skillful he may become with the brush, who lacks the fire necessary to make of a canvas a poem of color. Inness had that true poetic power, and so has Ochtman. Closeness to nature is the keynote of both. The living paints, as the dead painted, his rivers, his skies, his sunsets and twilights, his midday atmosphere, his luminous sunrises and glowing sunsets, his tranquil nights, with fidelity to the facts of the world, and



NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE
By Leonard Ochtman

whatever be the theme, throws over it a rich fancy that makes it winsome.

"Mr. Ochtman," says a competent critic in commenting on one of his pictures, "Moonlight on the Sound," "starts with no poetic fancy, but with all a poet's quick receptivity to the most intimate qualities of the scene; he studies them with infinite patience, and his record is true, with the consequence that the very faithfulness to what he sees secures its subtle spiritual qualities, and so the picture is delightfully poetic in sentiment. It captivates one immediately, and further study of the profoundly minute analysis and of the mastery of synthesis—that is to say, of knowing just what to choose and just

how to arrange it—makes captive of the intelligence as well as of the emotions.

"There is no need," the writer continues, "as the schoolboy said of the lesser prophets, 'to draw distinctions between these holy men'; yet one may note that Mr. Ochtman's work seems to represent more nearly the modern conception of landscape in its union of realism and impressionism—words which are used in many senses, but here in the sense of having a clear, well-rounded, single-minded idea of how



THE MOONLIT ROAD

By Leonard Ochtman

the scene affects one, and then of realizing it by the closest attention to the natural appearances, especially to the action of light upon the various color masses."

These words, spoken of a single picture, are equally applicable to all of Ochtman's later work. It should be noted, by the way, that there is a marked difference between the artist's recent canvases and his earlier efforts. His first pictures showed a lack of imagination. They betrayed, not merely a novice with the brush, but a man who had not sufficiently lived with and absorbed his themes to invest his canvases with the witchery that is never absent from nature's homeliest landscape. His mature work, however, is replete with grace, elegance, and sentiment.

This evolution, as regards his finished paintings, finds its explanation in the artist's education, and his subsequent change in habits and surroundings. He was born at Zonnemaire, Zeeland, Holland, October 21, 1854, and immigrating to this country, settled with his family at Albany, New York, in 1866. His first introduction to art was as a draftsman in an engraving office. This purely mechanical occupation doubtless had its beneficial influence in imparting sureness of touch and deftness of stroke, but it was a form of work that little satisfied the ambition of young Ochtman, who wished to devote himself to creative efforts, and whose predilections turned him toward landscape.

He therefore devoted his leisure time to the study of nature and to painting.



IN THE WOODS
By Leonard Ochtman

He opened, and for two years maintained, a studio at Albany, but even during this time mechanical drawing was his vocation, and painting was his avocation. The methods of the draftsman thus became apparent in his first canvases, and it was only after he had abandoned his occu-

pation as an engraver that we find greater freedom in his brush-work, and a livelier imagination in his paintings.

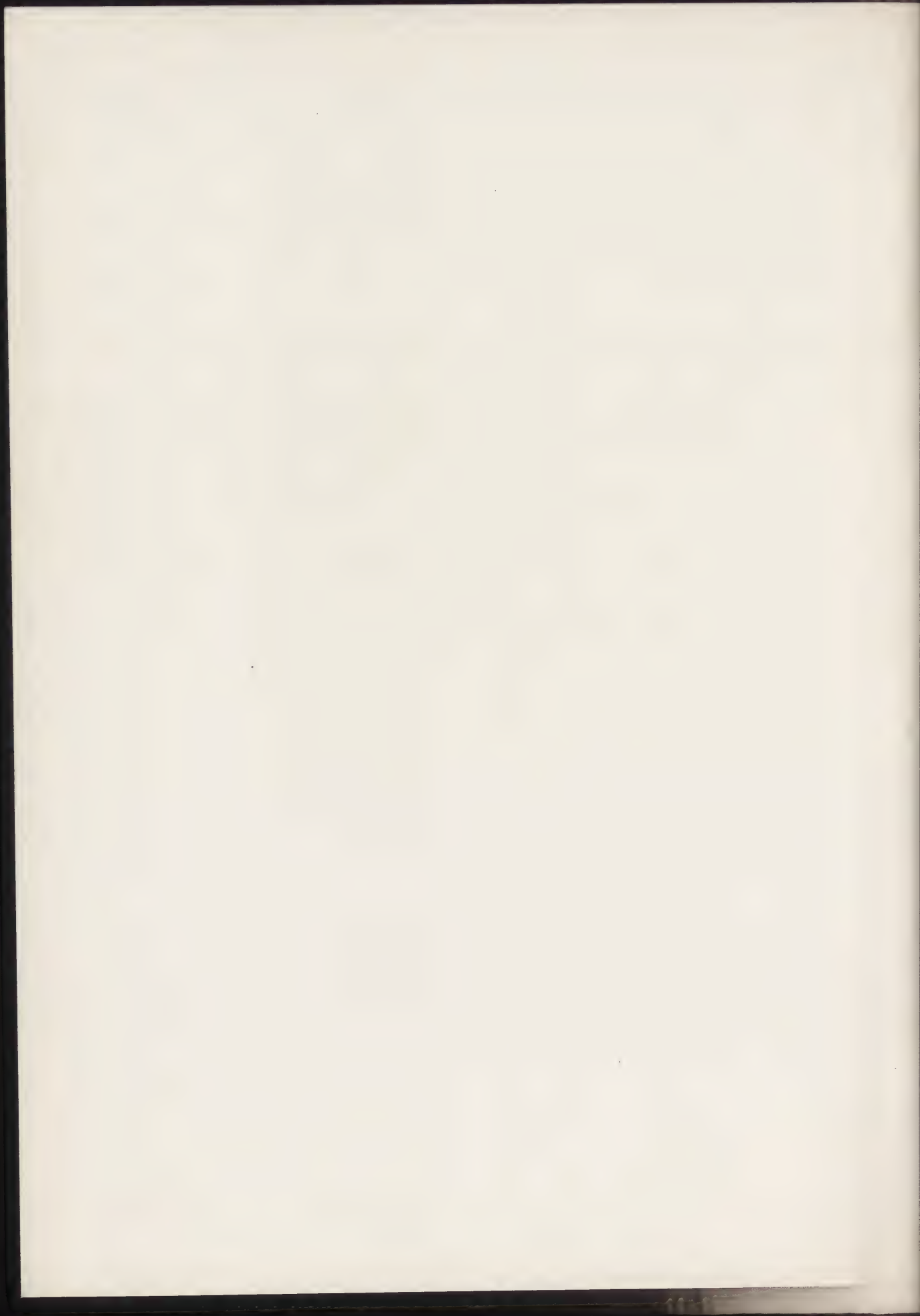
A winter course at the Art Students' League, New York, was practically the extent of his art education. His specialty, landscape, was entirely self-taught. Naturally for a time he groped in uncertainty, but gradually he felt his way with more and more assurance. Ochtman, if any American artist, can claim the distinction of being self-made.

Ochtman first exhibited at the National Academy of Design in 1882, and since that time has been a constant exhibitor at the National Academy of Design, at the Society of American Artists, at the American Water Color Society, and at other institutions and associations. At the outset his work attracted attention, and he has since fulfilled the promise then made of him, that he was an artist of whom America had much to expect.



NIGHT ON THE MIANUS RIVER
By Leonard Ochman
Collection of Marcus Stine, New York





Selecting Mianus, Connecticut, a short run from New York, as his home, he opened a studio in the metropolis, and settled down to earnest work, under the conviction that industry was one of the largest elements of success. From that time to this, he has been an indefatigable worker, sketching in the vicinity of his village home and elaborating his sketches into finished paintings in his New York studio. Many of his best known and most popular pictures depict scenes in or about Mianus or along the Mianus River. He early learned the lesson that so many artists find it difficult to master, that a painter can interpret most sympathetically, and render most truthfully and forcefully, those scenes with which he is most familiar.

Consequently, he has never been lured to wander far from home for his subjects. In 1885, it is true, he traveled in England, France, and Holland, but this was rather a sight-seeing trip than a sojourn designed to bring upon his art the influences of Old-World masters. Indeed, for one who has attained so large a measure of success, Ochtman's life has been somewhat narrowly circumscribed, but this centering of attention on country, and especially upon home, is probably responsible for many of the best qualities of his work.

There is nothing of the dramatic or the tragic in his nature, and in his paintings one finds an absence of the intenser or more striking moods of nature, but he is keenly alike to the least variation of nature's gentler moods. "He knows and paints from his heart," says one of his critics, "the breath of autumn on the rolling New England landscape, with a farm-house nestling against every hill-side; or the dull blue shield of Long Island Sound, with a freshening breeze ruffling it into brown and green, white clouds streaking the pale azure sky, and a low range of violet hills dimly bounding the horizon; or a winter afternoon near a frozen pond, where the heavens and the trees and the houses scattered among them all lend color; or a golden corn-field; or a moonlight night with a cherry glow from human habitations contrasting with the pearly radiance outside; or a summer day on a river wide enough for a sail-boat to suggest human pleasure thereon. The sail-boats, the hay-wagons, the snake-fences, the sharp angular wooden houses, painted red or white, seem to compose as satisfactorily into his landscape as do thatched cottages and windmills into those of his foreign brethren."

In a word, he is the exponent of home—a home that he knows intimately and deeply loves. There are painters who can see beauty in the far away and little in the near at hand. With these Ochtman has little in common. Like many an artist of wider celebrity, he can find material for a lifetime of work within a stone's throw of his village home; and it is to him a supreme delight to transfer copse and meadow-land, roadside and river-bed, to his canvases, and cast over them the spell of his own thought and feeling.

He sees broadly and paints as simply and sympathetically. Many



ALONG THE MIANUS RIVER

By Leonard Ochtman

Collection of Arthur J. Eddy, Chicago

a landscape is a mere aggregation of facts. Ochtman's pictures are always something more. They are instinct with thought and feeling. They are expressions of a mind that habitually seeks the quiet beauty of commonplace scenes and endeavors to make that beauty manifest in pictorial guise. To a mind of this order the sterner aspects of life and nature are not inviting. It is the quiet, the peaceful, that woos.

Mountains, suggestive of convulsions, storm scenes full of force and energy, the deep with its mystery and terror, and similar subjects have small attraction for Ochtman. On the contrary, the scenes he loves to depict are essentially idyllic, often mere little bits of nature without a suggestion of human life—a stretch of river, for instance, whose water has little more than cloud forms to mirror; or the glow of a sunset that has nothing more to tell—and surely that is sufficient—than the story of a day dying in glory; or a sunrise streaking the east with the promise of midday effulgence, with no wight but the spectator to read the prophecy; or a moon keeping its silent watch over a clump of trees and a stretch of meadow.

To the vulgar this class of picture may seem lacking in interest, but to the thoughtful it has a peculiar charm. It is for the thoughtful, the people of sentiment, the people who do not want an obtrusive cow in the foreground, or a smoke wreath from a cunningly hidden chimney in the background, or clod-hoppers, picnickers, stage-coaches,

or other et ceteras thrown in by way of animation, that Ochtman paints.

Ochtman's pictures are not of the class that lend themselves as striking book illustrations. Their composition is too simple, their beauty is too elusive, they lack the distinctive features that show to advantage on the printed page. The half-tone used in modern printing is an absolute register of form and of masses of light and shade, but with all the perfection to which it has been brought, it cannot record the subtle beauty of tone which constitutes the charm of such paintings as those of Ochtman, or convey the poetic thought which a master of the brush works in with his colors. A black-and-white reproduction, therefore, however excellent, too often fails to give the slightest hint of the qualities of an artist's work. It is emphatically so in the case of Ochtman, who deliberately eschews the striking, and by preference depicts the simplest and most unpretentious scenes. Verbal description is equally ineffective, yet as a suggestion to the reader, one may hazard a reference to a few of his notable canvases.

His "Night on the Mianus River," which won for him a prize at the World's Fair, is simple to a fault, but is still a picture which holds the spectator in a sense spellbound. The mist from the river mingles with the sheen of the moonlight and bathes the scene with an indistinct silvery glow suggestive of the mystery which we are wont



WINTER MORNING

By Leonard Ochtman

Collection of Dr. George Woodward, Philadelphia

to associate with night. And so with his "The Light of Night," "An Autumn Moonlight," and his other night scenes. They are all suffused with the same subtle charm. In his "Moonlight Night in Spring," the silver orb of night is somewhere up in the clouds beyond the confines of the picture, but its soft radiance falls on the white blossoms of the fruit trees and the white walls of a near-by house, giving the scene an air at once elf-like and pleasing.

His day scenes are no less effective, no less instinct with the spirit of day than his night scenes are with that of night. "Among the Hills" reminds one of France. A row of poplars forms a screen in the half-distance protecting a white cottage from the northern winds. Like most of his pictures, it is free from the affectation of the picturesque, and presents just such a scene as we have all beheld and admired. "View from Great Hill," a stretch of undulating country with a winding, sun-flecked road and an expanse of blue sea stretching away to the horizon, is another delightful landscape.

"The Enchanted Vale" is a typical Ochtman canvas without a vestige of human life. It is a scene painted in the reds and yellows of early autumn, and cannot fail to recall to the beholder's mind the thought of Indian summer. A blue river glides peacefully on in the sunlight with naught to ruffle its placid surface. In "The Golden Hour," the scene is varied, but no less pleasing. The golden hour is the harvest hour, a half-cut wheat-field tinged with the ruddy after-glow of the setting sun conveying the poetic thought of the painter.

One finds the same qualities in "In the Mountains," "View from Woodwild," "Seaside Farm," "Buds and Blossoms," and many another canvas which Ochtman has exhibited and by which he has won for himself enthusiastic admirers. If they could be translated into words as expressive as are the artist's pigments, they would all have the simple rhythm, the grace and beauty of lyrics. Their tonal measures can no more be disturbed without detriment to the finished works than the poet's rhymes and measures can be changed without impairment of poetic diction.

This is not fulsome praise, but a just recognition of attainments. Ochtman works honestly and earnestly within the latitude of his observation, never venturing on unknown territory, but seeking to divine the hidden meaning of that which is near at hand, and then undertaking, by the simplest and most natural means, to convey to the world, through the medium of his colors, what he has read of nature in the lights and shadows, the barren stretches and the budding leafage, which those less earnest and studious, less poetic and reverential, are apt to slight or ignore. He has approached nature like an Inness, but he has depicted her like an Ochtman, and he should be commended for the fact that he has foresworn the tragic, the theatrical, the adventitious, the merely decorative, and given the world masterpieces of straightforward, simple, appreciative rendering.

FREDERICK W. MORTON.



HARVEST-TIME IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY
By George Inness

FUTURE OF ART IN AMERICA*

Since I have come to America, since from the effete Old World I have been transferred to a new continent where the United States of America gives such a splendid spectacle of activity, I have reflected, and my Latin turn of mind makes me compare this country to the old republic of Venice. I do not know why, but my conviction is that, like Venice, the United States will have one day the most magnificent school of painting in the world.

Generations must yet pass away before on this new field of art old Europe will be definitely vanquished. But the generations will be born, will live and die, and the new art will come permanently into existence—an art truly native and without the decadent influences of the galleries of Europe.

Venice also commenced, as you have done, by industry and commerce. She had her sailors before she had her painters; she was obliged to acquire opulence and domination before she could cry a school of art. One may even say that art cannot be born excepting in a country which knows opulence and domination. A poor nation does not taste the sweetness of the arts, because it must have both material and intellectual wealth before it can come to the understanding of beauty and to the joys it gives.

I will be pardoned, I hope, for this slight digression into philoso-

*Portion of an address delivered at Pittsburg.

phy; the blame for it is to be put upon you Americans and the spectacle you present to an artist just come from Europe. How is it possible not to reflect and philosophize, seeing these prodigies of activity, wealth, and recent glory? For it is true that triumph in all its forms, even the triumph of arms, serves to further the greatness of a nation. One should never be vanquished.

I hold it is with individuals as with nations; they undergo the same fate when defeat strikes them. Decadence and all the irremediable things that go with it stare in the face that nation betrayed by the chance of warfare when art does not come as a last consolation to support that nation's ideal and grandeur.

Here it is Nature which has been conquered, and which man has found the means of subjecting so that he can take from her all that he wishes—iron, oil, gas, all which were hidden and which he had to go in search of, subject and put under control—so that matter should attend upon the genius of man and bear witness to his triumph and power.

It is something of a terrifying spectacle, and one of singular grandeur, to see in the night the approaches to Pittsburg. The heavens themselves are aflame, being lit up by the fire which springs from the earth and pales the stars. In this corner of the earth Prometheus would have had no need to try to ravish from heaven the fire which guarded the jealous gods; he would here have had the fires of earth born of the genius of man, more powerful and more luminous than any illumination sung by the poets or the fabulists of antiquity. And all this which is to be seen is a source of inspiration to the artist, and ought to leave no man indifferent who knows how to see and reflect.

EDMOND AMAN-JEAN.



THE RIVER LOING—THE POOL

By Alexander Harrison

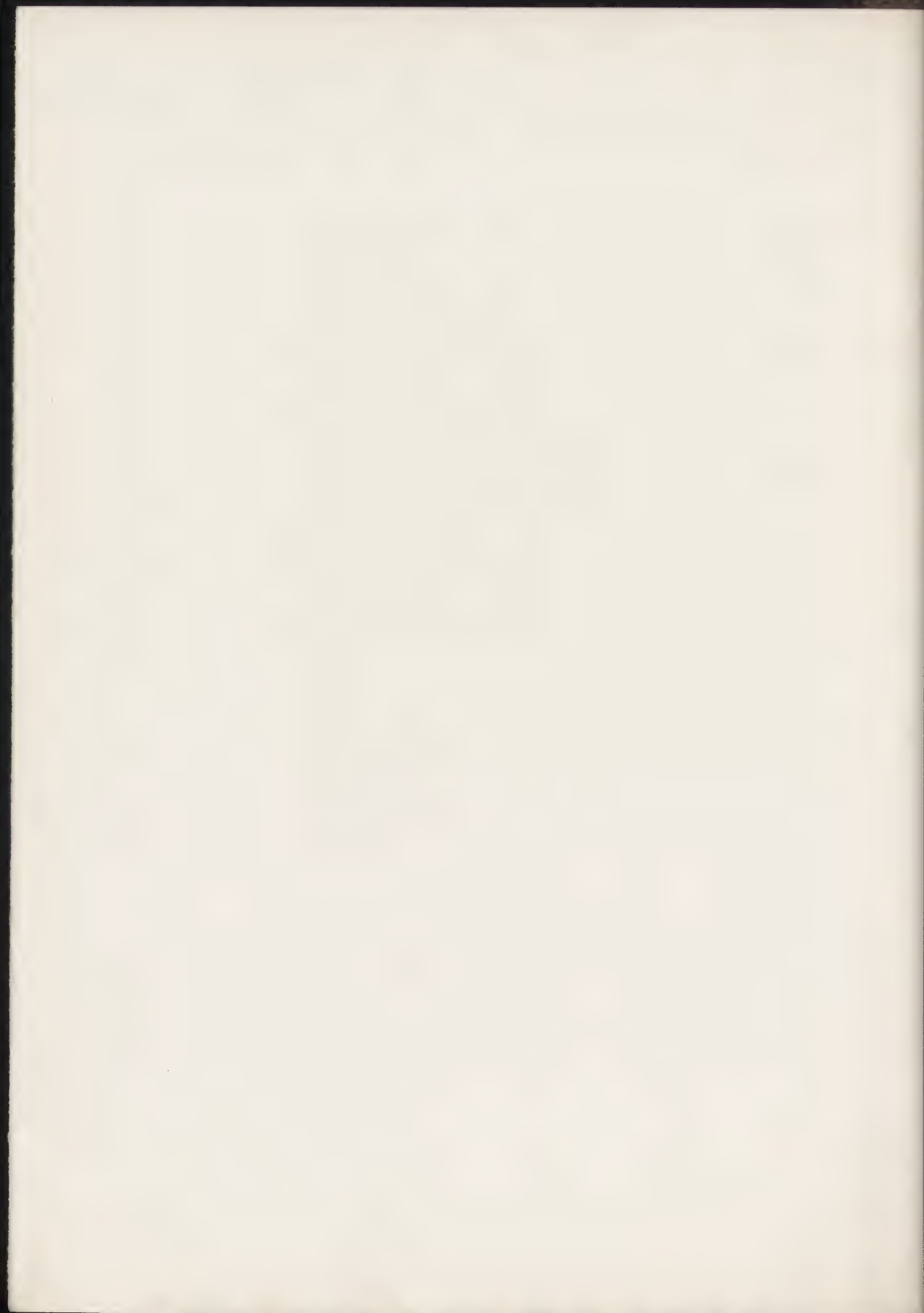
Collection of Mr. John S. Runnells



TWILIGHT
By Charles H. Davis



AMERICAN PAINTING
Plate Fourteen



OLD-WORLD ART TREASURES IN CHICAGO

Apropos of the acquisition of European art treasures for American public and private collections, it is interesting to note that four of the best examples extant of the work of Hubert-Robert are in the possession of the Art Institute of Chicago. These pictures were brought to America about a year ago, and their presence in the Institute is due to the foresight and decisive action of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, one of the directors of the institution.

One of these pictures was reproduced in the last issue of *BRUSH & PENCIL*, and the other three are herewith presented to the reader. They were originally executed by Robert as part of a series of six paintings designed to decorate the dining-room of an old château in the environs of Paris. For decades they subserved the purpose of mural decorations, but finally, through the changes of times and fortune, the estate of their first owner was divided, and the château was torn down. The pictures were thereupon offered for sale at auction in the usual way, first individually and then in the lot.

Mr. Hutchinson happened to be in Paris at the time, and had his attention directed toward the sale. He inspected the pictures, and then visited the Louvre, where it will be remembered nine of Robert's paintings are hung. Mr. Hutchinson's own judgment and that of trusted friends was that the pictures offered for sale were superior to the canvases by the same master in the Louvre. He promptly secured the four paintings, which were afterward bought by four friends of the Institute, and formally presented to it as permanent attractions in its galleries.

Robert, who won for himself the soubriquet of "Robert of the Ruins," was one of the most unique characters in French art; and while information respecting him at this time is necessarily encyclopedic, a word may appropriately be said of his life and works. His life was little less than a romance, yet despite his hazardous enterprises and his constantly recurring adventures, so intense was his love of his art, and so indefatigable was he from early manhood until 1808, when, brush in hand, he was carried away by apoplexy, that the number of his works was enormous.

His passion for pictorial work was inborn, and as a mere boy he became the pupil of Panini. He soon, however, eclipsed his master, acquiring a naturalness as regards details and a wonderful power of aerial perspective which the latter never had. His work from the outset was almost scenic in character, and owing to the peculiar fortune of the artist it remained so to the end.

He early set out from his birthplace, Paris, for a sojourn in Italy,

finally arriving in Rome, where he was deeply impressed with the architectural remains of the ancient city. The ruins of Rome excited in him the liveliest interest by their sharp contrast with modern life. The picturesque structures, hoary with antiquity, and year by year falling more into decay, appealed to him as admirable subjects for pictorial purposes, and he set to work earnestly to depict on canvas some of the most important of the ruins. The four pictures now owned by the Art Institute of Chicago are some of the fruit of this Italian journey.

The visit to Rome, which was prompted mainly by the spirit of adventure, thus gave definite bent to Robert's art. He became so enamored of the ruined temples, baths, aqueducts, et cetera, that throughout his life he had little taste for any other class of subjects. He began the work of transcribing notable ruins purely on his own responsibility, but such fame did he acquire by his canvases that the minister, M^{ar}igny, procured for him the necessary protection of his own government during his stay in Italy, and also obtained for him an official allowance sufficient for his maintenance.

In a sense, he was as adventurous in his art as he was in his life. His activity was incessant. He repeatedly explored Rome and its surrounding territory for new subjects, and many are the hairbreadth escapes and hapless misfortunes that are recounted of him. On one occasion he was lost in the catacombs, and barely escaped with his life. After transferring to his canvases many of the most striking ruins of Rome, he returned to Paris and continued to follow his profession as a painter.

He had found, however, the kind of theme most congenial to his mind and most suited to the scenic character of his art, and the subjects then most in vogue in the French capital had small attraction for him. He undertook for the ancient cities of his native country what he had done for Rome, and by his industry in transferring ancient and mediæval buildings to his canvases, he acquired the nickname that followed him to his grave.

His outspoken royalist sympathies and his stanch allegiance to the old régime, drew upon him the attention of the revolutionists, and in the Reign of Terror he was seized and thrown into prison and subsequently condemned to the guillotine. During the long months of his imprisonment he incessantly beguiled the time by painting. It was his fortune to escape the fate of the thousands who fell victims to the fury of the populace, by a mistake that reads like fiction. Another man bearing the name of Hubert-Robert was executed in his stead, and the artist walked forth a free man, to prosecute in less troubled times the work that had become for him the passion of his life.

Robert may not be classed as one of the great painters of France, but his work is certainly great enough to warrant a representation on this side of the Atlantic. Until a year ago he was practically, if not



THE FOUNTAINS
By Hubert-Robert







THE OBELISK
By Hubert-Robert







THE LANDING-PLACE
By Hubert-Robert





absolutely, unknown in this country, save for such notices as found their way into books of reference. His paintings have been gathered into the public institutions of the Old World, where they are highly prized, and it was a rare chance that placed the four canvases referred to in the galleries of an American city.

In his special line of work Robert must be regarded as a genius, and the Institute is fortunate in the ownership of such admirable examples of his art. The importance and the popularity of his paintings are evidenced by the fact that many of them have been engraved and reproduced to meet public demand, by the Abbé Le Non, Chate-lain, Liénard, Le Veau, and other leading artists for reproductive purposes.

ALICE V. CLARKE.

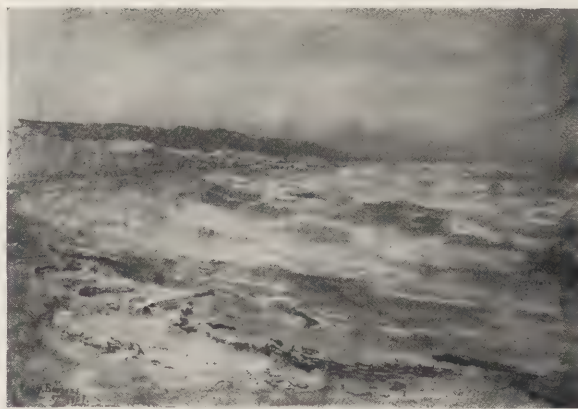


AN ARTIST'S VACATION WORK

It is the practice of the earnest few among artists to make summer outings productive of plethoric portfolios of sketches for future elaboration into finished pictures, and none of the earnest few in Chicago has made the summer more profitable than Miss Ida J. Burgess, long known for her creditable work in oil and water-colors, and for her original and successful efforts on decorative lines.

She spent the summer months along the streams and among the picturesque hills of Michigan, and she did more than sketch: she brought back upward of thirty pictures ready for the tender graces of the framer. Of these, the six herewith presented will give a suggestion. The collection is interesting alike on account of its variety of subjects and because of the spirit and freshness with which she has developed her motives.

The pictures for the most part are simple bits of landscape, taken from view-points that give results well composed and pleasing, and all are characterized by breadth of handling and sincerity of



LAKE MICHIGAN, CHARLEVOIX PARK
By Ida J. Burgess



DAWN—DECORATIVE PANEL
By Ida J. Burgess

purpose. Not a few of the scenes were difficult to paint, and the admirable results obtained show that the artist is no less clever and truthful in landscape than she is in that form of work with which she is more closely identified, and by which she is more widely known.

Miss Burgess, who was one of the promoters of the Krayle Company of Chicago, and has been its president since the beginning, was born in Chicago, very near the center of what is now the business district, as previous to the great fire of 1871 things were differently located than at present. Her memories of the fire, however, do not make as much history as some people's.

Like all children with art talent, the drawing and painting mania took hold of her early, bringing about the usual product of "efforts" in the line of picture-making. Of course the young candidate for professional honors went to New York City at the earliest opportunity. The Cooper Institute was at that time the best art school in the metropolis, and Wyatt Eaton was its art motive-power. This served Miss Burgess well enough for a start.

However, there were better things in store for art students, as the young men who had been studying in European art schools began to

return to their native land, and demand recognition at the hands of the old conservatives who held all the art patronage, and considered study in Europe as very injurious to rising geniuses. The "Art Students' League" was organized by Chase and Shirlaw, who gathered all ambitious youths about them for earnest study in the life-classes—a serious manner of opening the art-life as yet not contemplated by the old stand-bys. With these hard workers, Miss Burgess cast her lot, and there laid the foundation of her skill in drawing.

Returning to Chicago, she painted many *genre* pictures, such as a scene which had the long known ruins of the old Lake Street station for background, and an Irish woman, in her original, quaint, old-country clothes for subject. The success of these pictures was immediate and flattering. The usual amount of teaching occupied the hours between these agreeable pursuits; but it was toward Europe that the young artist's eyes were bent, and her financial success enabled her to carry out the purpose of studying at the source of art inspiration.

Following the majority, she joined the school of Colarossi, then in high favor, and I think, the only one of the Parisian ateliers admitting women on the same plane as men. Very soon after this com-



THE HILL PASTURE

By Ida J. Burgess

mencement, something much better opened, but it was too good to last long. However, it did last until our subject had finished her course of study.

The refined and sensitive French artist, Luc Olivier Merson, opened a studio for men and women near the Quartier Mt. Parnasse. Merson was the best instructor that ever undertook this work. In fact, he was so much in earnest that it robbed him of the hours essential to his serious picture-painting, and he was then in the



A RAINY DAY, PINE LAKE
By Ida J. Burgess

first tide of the success which has made his name famous. No other master has given so much of his valuable time to his pupils. But all this abandonment happened after Miss Burgess's departure.

Though *genre* painting was very attractive to the young woman, she saw in mural decoration a larger field, and determined to cultivate it. After a time, the decoration of the Columbian Exposition offered the opportunity for real effort. As funds had been provided for the beautifying of the Illinois building, a competition was opened among women painters of the state for the ornamentation of the library in that building. Miss Burgess won the chief honor, and to her was awarded the management of the entire matter. She gathered about her many other women artists, and each of them made a design for a

special panel or part, and the whole was so decidedly good that even the skeptics had to acknowledge the beauty of it, as well as the success of the women in this new field.

This conquest led to a commission to decorate the vestibule of the Lunt Library at Evanston. Miss Burgess designed and executed four panels, representing the "Sources of Education." In "Egypt" a youth is represented as inquiring of the Sphinx; in "Rome" one



WATCHING THE SANDPIPERS

By Ida J. Burgess

delves into the books of the law; in "Greece" a maiden pours oil on the flame which still lingers about the altar of art and beauty; in the "Wide World" a shrouded figure sits in deep meditation.

The success of these panels led to many commissions in the line of house decoration, and to this work Miss Burgess has given much of her time. But the passion for painting has in a measure driven out commercialism, so that she is again engaged in her legitimate occupation, mural painting.

However, there is so large a field in the work of home decoration, that Miss Burgess still maintains her connection with the Krayle Company, an association of artists who do all sort of decorative work,

in copper, leather, hangings, furniture, sculptures, carvings, or any other matter which may go to the beautifying of a house. She designs many beautiful pieces of furniture, originates portières and hangings, wall-paper combinations, or anything else for the use of people of good taste.

JOHN W. PATTERSON.



NOWLANDS LAKE

By Ida J. Burgess



LANDSCAPE
By Jan Monchablon

MILWAUKEE ART EXHIBITION

The twentieth annual art exhibition, recently held at Milwaukee, in connection with the Industrial Exposition, was scarcely equal to several of its predecessors. There was no lack of notable canvases by masters of world-wide fame, many of the best painters of Europe being represented by especially good examples of their work. But the general average of excellence was distinctly lower than in some of the former exhibitions. One missed particularly striking canvases by the younger generation of artists, the pictures of these latter-day men being, for the most part, decidedly inferior. Examples of unusually fine coloring and remarkable composition were also inconspicuous.

On the other hand, it should be said, to the credit of the management, that the collection lacked the earmarks of the average sale exhibition. Commercialism, without good judgment and conscientious purpose, has been one of the leading characteristics of such displays. American exhibitors have lent themselves readily as the agents of European artists of mediocre attainments, with the result

that sale exhibitions of European art products in this country have frequently been little more than traps for the unwary.

In this regard Milwaukee has been singularly fortunate. The management of its exhibitions has been actuated by a desire to present to the public works of unquestioned merit, and the commercial element, therefore, while ever present, has never been especially obtrusive. Indeed, through the wise policy followed, the public has been afforded a treat in the way of choice collections of pictures which it could not have enjoyed had it not been that the expected sale in this country of the works shown warranted the expense of importation.

This year the most notable canvases exhibited were by men of high reputation who are popular among the American picture-buying public, and whose works are commonly known as good sellers. Among these were four canvases by Bouguereau, one of which is a recent and important work. They are all canvases typical of this painter's style and class of subjects, smooth of surface, delicate of color, and finely modeled. Beside many of the acknowledged masters of painting Bouguereau seems thin and washed-out; his faces and figures, his Cupids, Venuses, and Madonnas, moreover, are all limned after the peculiar type accepted, if not pre-empted, by him. He lacks robustness and realism. But his figures all bear the stamp of refinement, his nudities are chaste, and lack of force and conviction is perhaps compensated for by grace and delicacy.

"Love's Whispers," brought from this year's Paris Salon and exhibited at Milwaukee, is one of the best of Bouguereau's recent canvases. It is thoroughly characteristic, is subdued and harmonious in color, and is notable for the delicate flesh-tones observable in all of this artist's work. "The Two Sisters" and "The Elder Sister" are works not inferior in conception and quality, though the "Cupid" is less interesting. It is to be doubted if four finer canvases by Bouguereau were ever shown in a single exhibition in this country.

In fineness of drawing and perfection of technique, Bouguereau has few equals, but this very excellence is little less than a defect, since one would welcome some defect to mar the conventional ideal beauty his art produces. This, however, one may never expect. In the face of the reaction against classicism he has remained, and will ever remain, a classicist. But as has been truthfully said, his technical knowledge is so profound, his skill so masterly, and his art so powerful in its intellectual vitality, that he has been able to hold his own against the strongest rush of the naturalistic tide that would sweep feebler men before it. His adherence to his artistic beliefs is intense and his will is indomitable.

Two important canvases shown were by the Parisian, Vibert, "The King of Rome" and "Contempt for the Throne." The former work is especially strong and characteristic of the artist. It is one of the

few canvases displayed that is almost daring in color and markedly dramatic in composition. It is, moreover, especially noteworthy for its facial expression and for the skill with which textile fabrics are depicted.

The painting represents an episode in the life of Napoleon I. The emperor is seated on his throne with the baby king of Rome upon his knee, while the pope, with his retinue of cardinals and bishops, does him forced homage. There is a fine touch of satire in the faces and figures of the ecclesiastics who are obliged thus to bemean themselves. The incident depicted, occurring as the culmination of Napoleon's policy to subdue the church to his will, offered unusual opportunity for forceful treatment, and probably no other painter than Vibert could have told so well in color this story of humiliation.

The second of the Vibert canvases is in a sense the complement of the first. It represents an episode on the day following the incident portrayed in "The King of Rome." A cardinal and a bishop chance before the unoccupied throne of the hated monarch, and express their contempt for the absent ruler by defiant looks and postures. The execution of both pictures is faultless. With an intimate knowledge of human nature Vibert combines a surprising acquaintance with historical detail, and his pictures, therefore, radiant with light and brilliant with color, are as faithful to historic verity as it is possible to make them. In this regard he has been likened aptly to Meissonier, who in his costume pieces studied to make them absolute transcripts of the times from which his incidents were taken.

The pictures just described are painted after the artist's own heart. It was his good-humored satires on the hypocrisy and self-indulgence of monkish and ecclesiastical life that did much to advance him in popularity. A man of many parts, he became a satirist of drastic power, and an author of no little excellence, and at the age of sixty he works with all the enthusiasm of student years and indulges with a relish in the pictorial satire that first attracted attention to him. What is more, years have developed in him greater ability as a colorist and have stimulated rather than deadened his love of daring experiment.

A fine specimen of the work of Schreyer, who died about a year ago in Frankfurt, is another picture displayed that merits a word of comment. This canvas, "Bedouins in Camp, Algeria," is a marked departure from the artist's usual style of treating such subjects. Most of Schreyer's Arab pictures present a dazzling arrangement of color, but this work is notable for its sobriety and its richness of tone. Again, there is in it a suggestion of repose that is almost foreign to Schreyer, who, in his Arab pictures, is prone to represent the horsemen as picturesquely costumed and excited, and the horses themselves as the very embodiment of energy. In "Bedouins in Camp, Algeria," the artist has successfully carried out a subdued color scheme by making the pale horizon and the white horse upon which the Arab is

mounted balance in equal contrast the tawny complexion of the horsemen and the deep yellow earth.

Cazin was represented by his "Wheat Field," one of the last canvases painted by him before his death. The painter was an intense



DEER IN THE FOREST
By Rosa Bonheur

naturalist, but he was also a man with deep poetic insight. His work, therefore, is not a mere matter of externalism. He invests his canvases with a wealth of thought, and makes them eminently pleasing by his skillful handling of colors, especially his delicate grays, light yellows, and blues. In point of beautiful effect the picture under notice is no exception to his usual work.

Israels, the so-called Millet of the Netherlands, was represented by a strong picture, "Evening Bells," which is somewhat suggestive of the "Angelus." It is Israels' special forte to depict the pleasures and pains of the poor, which he does with a sympathetic heart, and



THE CAVALIER
By Ferdinand Roybet

therefore with a tender brush. He has done for the peasantry of the Netherlands what Millet did for that of France. His spirit, however, is more hopeful and less tragic than that of the French painter.

In "Evening Bells," as in his other works, there is a noble seriousness, a wholesome human sentiment, and a positive poetic charm.

His coloring is rich and subdued, but not somber. It was works of this class that first won him honors, and he does well to adhere closely to his specialty, since his earlier efforts at historic composition have been forgotten. The special interest of "Evening Bells" is its kindly humanism, that makes its direct appeal to the beholder's heart.

Another canvas coming direct from the last Paris Salon is Mlle. Fould's "Blind Man's Buff," a fine composition, replete with youth, beauty, and jollity. The four life-size figures are finely poised, and the faces are refined and brimful of mirth. The work was one of the special attractions at the Paris Salon, and from its brightness and piquancy was one of the most admired at Milwaukee. The talented young artist is free from affectation and mannerism. The motive of this picture is worked out in a simple, straightforward manner, and the execution is as happy as the conception.

A canvas by Jacque, painted in 1882, when the artist was at the height of his powers, was another of the attractions of the exhibition. It is called "Shepherdess and Her Flock," and depicts the fair rustic in the fields near Fountainebleau. The landscape is well composed, and is made luminous with the atmospheric effect of which Jacque was a master. The figure accessories are equally well painted.

The artist's early training rendered him a firm and precise draftsman, and his handling of color was notably broad and decisive. He aimed, moreover, to be careful and accurate in detail, and to avoid over-elaboration. The picture displayed at Milwaukee, which belongs approximately to the same period as his painting recently acquired by the Layton Art Gallery, is an especially fine specimen of his work, showing all his characteristics, and further, displaying much more spirit than many of his famous canvases.

Another picture of country life, but of a different type, is Jules Breton's "Peasants Raking Hay," in which the central figure is a woman standing gracefully against one of the rosy skies which Breton studied so enthusiastically and painted so admirably. No living painter in France has done so much to excite popular interest in peasant life as Breton, and the management of the exhibition congratulates itself on securing this picture for exhibition after eight years of effort. It displays all the distinguishing characteristics of the painter's genius.

Perhaps the most striking, and certainly one of the most admired, pictures on exhibition was Alexander Harrison's "The Golden Coast." This is one of the artist's best tonal efforts. It is a symphony in red, subdued despite the intensity of its color, and replete with all the witchery that Harrison knows so well how to incorporate in his canvases. In the hands of a less skillful artist the picture would have been little more than a lurid mass of color, but with Harrison's masterly treatment it is a picture of wonderful power despite the fact that it is essentially unnatural in tone.

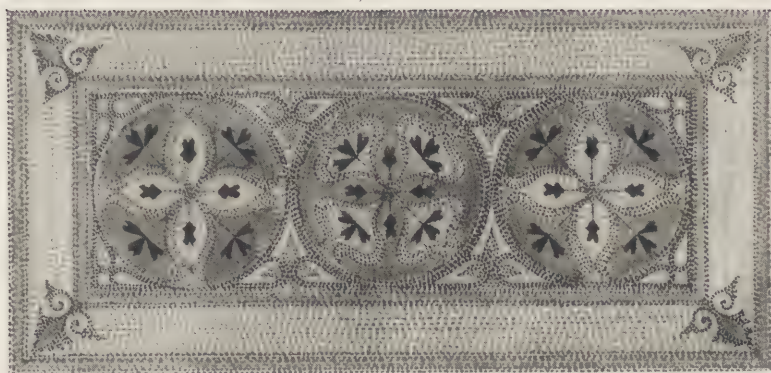
The coast sweeps across the canvas in a graceful curve, its sand is red, the hills banking it are red, the waters washing it are red, the sky over-arching it is red. No mortal ever saw a landscape like it, and yet the tonal effect has its charm, and the picture is fascinating. It is even more striking in its tonal effects than the several Harrison canvases of similar character exhibited in America last year.

A select roll-call will suffice for the rest of the exhibition. Felix Ziem, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, Ridgeway Knight, Clays, Fritz Thaulow, F. Roybet, Henner, Cæsar Detti, Carl Marr, Jan Monchablon, Gabriel Max, Harry Rosland, Smith-Hald, Karl Raupp, George Haquette, A. Bierstadt, Childe Hassam, E. I. Couse, Svend Svensen, and other artists equally well known to the art-loving public, were represented by canvases characteristic of their specialties and types of work.

Pictures were thus gathered together from the Old World and the New, from the brushes of artists living and dead, and are representative of almost every school of art. And if, as was said at the outset, the average of excellence was perceptibly lower than in some former years, the collection was certainly varied enough and good enough to make the exhibition one of exceptional interest. Milwaukee could scarcely command an international exhibition of paintings, and it is to be congratulated on the fact that it can annually have the benefit of a collection of choice works gathered from such diverse sources, for the purpose of sale, but exhibited in the same way and with the same object in view as the more pretentious collections gathered and displayed under the auspices of public institutions.

HENRY T. TAIT.





DECORATIVE DESIGN FOR MOSAIC HEARTH
By Cora B. Skinkle

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN

Those engaged in the work of design and decoration have a deep interest in the achievements of their fellow-craftsmen since pictorial display of recent work of high order offers valuable suggestions to the practical worker. The general public, moreover, takes special pleasure in tracing the evolution of styles in all kinds of artistic products. It is with the view, therefore, of supplying a positive want that the publishers of *BRUSH AND PENCIL* begin with this issue an important pictorial feature by publishing plates of notable designs and schemes of decoration. These plates for the most part will be self-explanatory. Little description or comment, therefore, will be necessary, further than to give the name of the artist whose work is pictured. Figure 1 of Plate 1 is the design of a brooch by Gaston Laffitte, which was exhibited at the last Paris Salon. Figure 2 is a vase of beaten silver, designed and executed by Ph. Wolfers, of Brussels. Figure 3 is a simple design in silverware, made by the house of Gustave Keller, Paris. Figure 4 is a buckle designed by Rene Ihm, which was also exhibited at the Paris Salon. In Plate 2, Figure 1 is a majolica vase, designed and executed by Professor Celda Kloucek, Prague. Figures 2 and 3 are reproductions of vases manufactured by the Imperial Porcelain Manufactory, Copenhagen. Figure 4 is a porcelain vase, designed by Miss Architekt, Boberg. In Plate 3, Figure 1 is the design of a buckle by Gaston Laffitte, and Figure 2 is an ornament executed by Louis Chalon. Both of these are from the last Paris Salon. Figure 3 is another design in silverware from the house of Gustave Keller, Paris. Figure 4 is a vase of cut crystal with silver mountings, and is the work of Ph. Wolfers, Brussels.

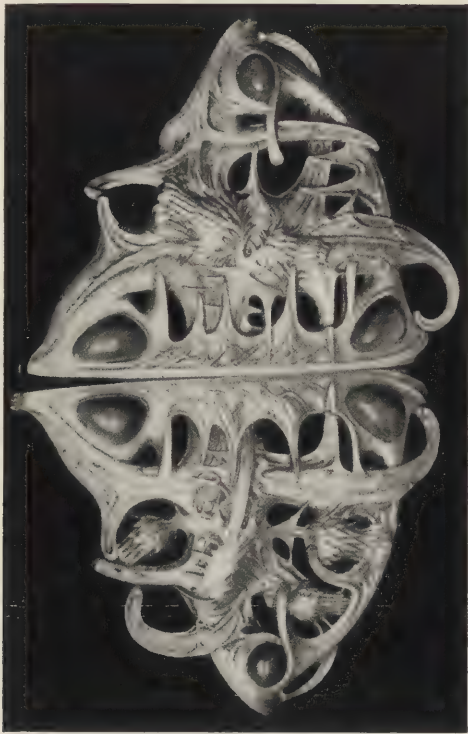


Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4





Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 2





Figure 1



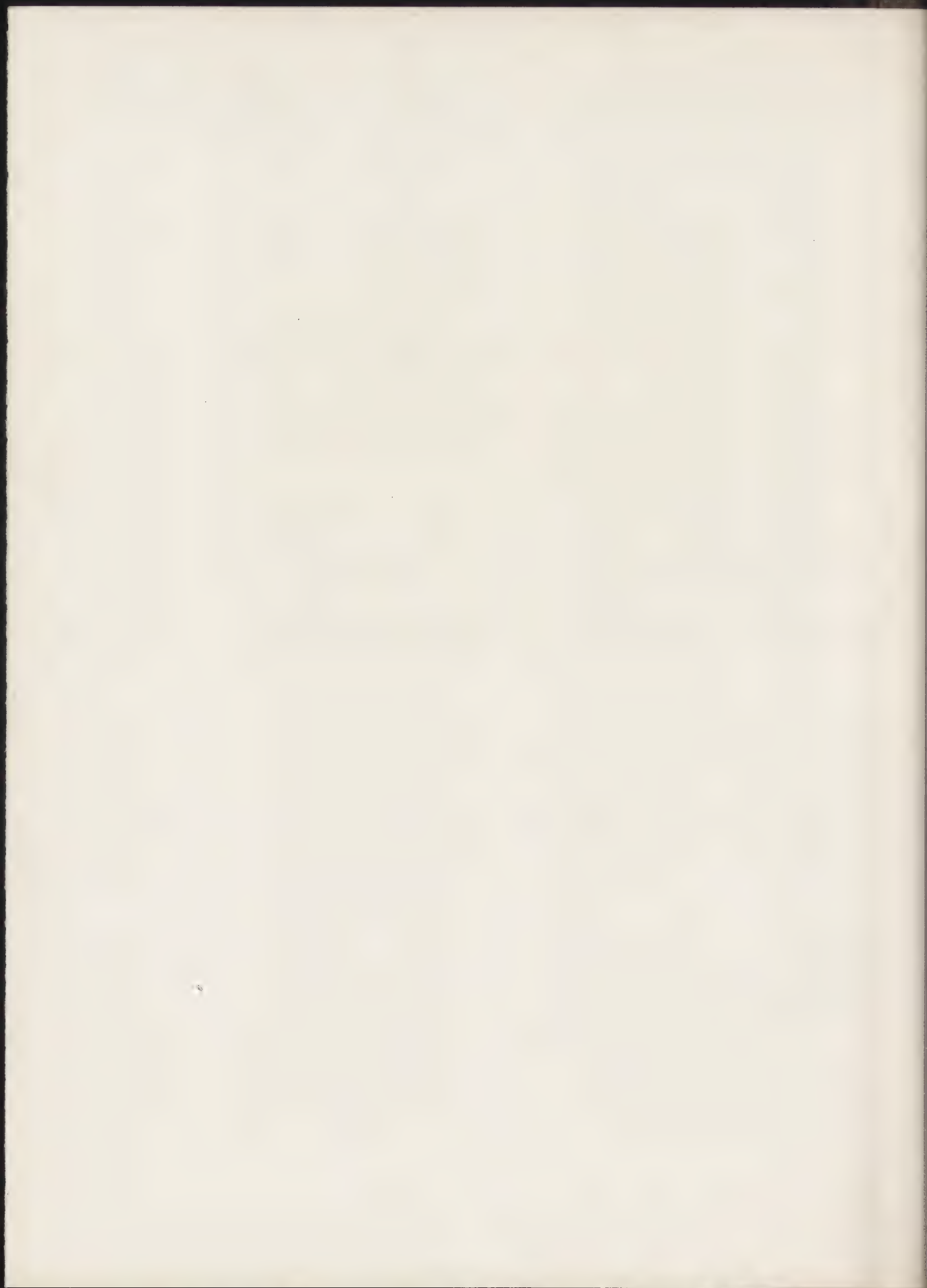
Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4





POSTER
By A. Artigue

DEMOCRACY IN ART—A CHAPTER ON COLOR PRINTS

The present is not less pre-eminently the age of democracy in art than in society, education, politics. The old idea of an aristocracy with special prerogatives is gradually being wiped out. The pre-emption of exclusive privileges by individual classes is no longer tolerated. This leveling process is inexorable, and happily its results are beneficent, since it is conferring an ever-larger measure of the pleasures and comforts of life upon those who, in a former age, would have been of the unprivileged many.

In the various forms of fine and applied art this is especially noticeable. The man in moderate circumstances to-day peremptorily demands acceptable forms of art product commensurate with his means, and there was never an opportunity like the present for artists of ability to meet, with honor and profit to themselves, this ever-growing demand. Unfortunately, too few talented workers have read the

signs of the times, and sought to adapt themselves to the new conditions. The many have sought, rather, in the anxieties and hardships incident to careers in art, to find a market for their "originals," and have been chagrined to find the public indifferent to their work,



COLORED ETCHING
By Maurice Simonet

often preferring some simple but artistic product of mechanical processes.

The artists are thus prone to complain of a lack of popular appreciation. The trouble is not with the public. There is no lack of appreciation of good things on the part of the masses, who, for the most part, are clamorous for beautiful things, greedy of new and artistic effects, generous in their patronage of new processes that meet the needs and demands of the times.

In an article in BRUSH AND PENCIL some months ago a writer

stanchly maintained that the machine had come in response to the call of necessity, and that it was not less a privilege than a duty for the artist to co-operate with the machine and enhance the quality of its output. As regards pictures, the truth of this is clearly shown by the popularity of many artists who have deliberately undertaken to co-operate with the machine, and supply it with designs for lithographs and posters and plates for colored etchings. Some of these artists have been doing remarkably good work, and much as the workers in oil and water-colors may be loath to admit it, the print-shop, in a sense, has outrivaled the salon.

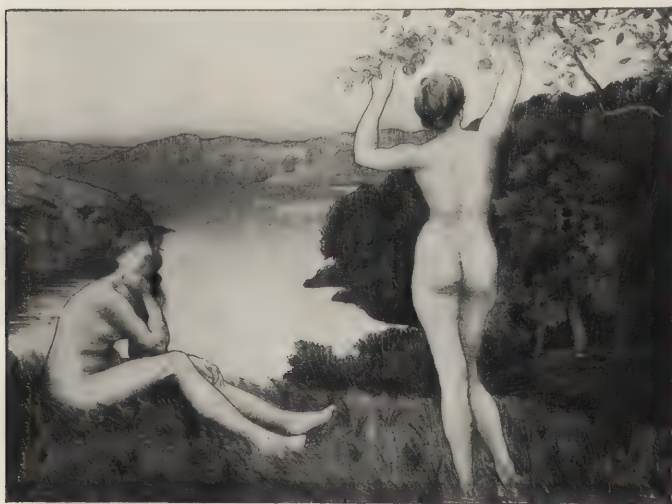
Not a little has been said of the passing of the poster, and of the decadence of the lithograph.

The poster has not passed, nor is the lithograph decadent. Much is even now said in criticism of the colored etching, but work that is really superb in this line of art product has been done, and if I mis-

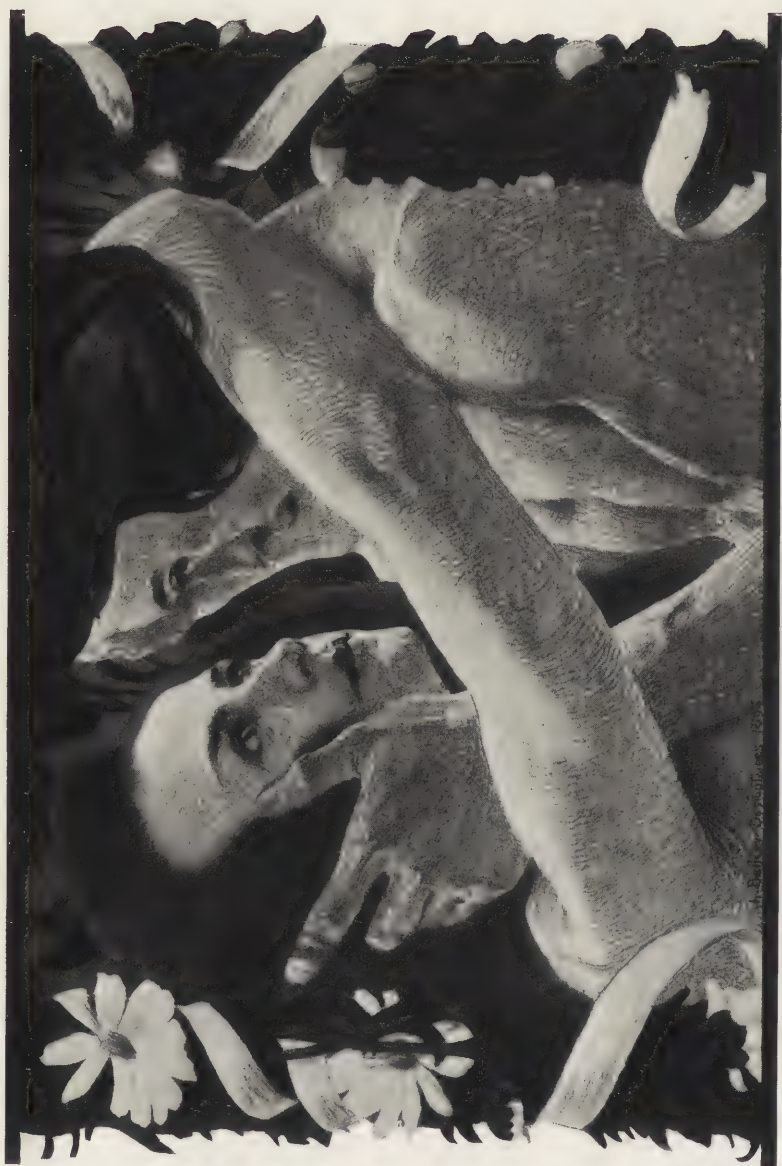
take not, the colored etching has a great future, since it is of the many and for the many. In regard to this form of art, Gabriel Mourey recently said: "Like colored lithography, the colored etching answers to the



POSTER
By Richard Raft



CHARACTERISTIC POSTER



LITHOGRAPH IN THREE COLORS
By H. Bellery Desfontaines



special necessities of a democratic and leveling age like ours. Should we not then rejoice to see art in all its forms permeating the life of to-day? The colored print has largely assisted in its diffusion. Many a humble home is to-day adorned by one of Henri Rivière's 'Aspects de la Nature' or his 'Paysages Parisiens,' or a polychrome engraving, or a print of one of Nicholson's wood blocks, so remarkable in their mixed savor of the modern and the archaic. Is not this a proof of progress? Here we have real works of art within the reach of all, some costing no more than six or eight shillings apiece, and others a sovereign or two. The day is rapidly departing when the principal value of a work of art lay in the fact that it was unique. Is not a colored etching by Raffaelli of twenty or thirty printings, none of which exactly resembles the other, more valuable from an artistic point of view than a—happily!—'unique and original' canvas by one of the innumerable medalists of the 'official' Salons?"

Unfortunately in the development of reproductive processes fancy has run rampant in all sorts of grotesque creations, and bad taste has flaunted itself in brilliant colors and inharmonious juxtapositions.

Time was when the word "poster" was almost synonymous with mere oddity in the way of fanciful compositions and strange, unbeautiful color schemes. It is well that posters of this class should pass. Colored lithographs, with startling arrangements of brilliant colors, have too often made a mockery of the more sober and more artistic lithographs that preceded them.

But these are merely the vagaries of new modes of expression, and the extravagances of new-found powers to which all movements and



POSTER
By Paul Berthon



COLORED ETCHING

By A. Lafitte

processes of recent origin are subject. These, however, are always corrected in the course of time, since, however much the public may be captivated by that which is merely unique or brilliant, good sense inevitably asserts itself, and the decline of demand checks production, or so transforms the character of the product as to make it conform to the dominant standard of taste.

We in America have been gross offenders in the matter of posters and lithographs. As yet colored etching is with us an untried experiment. Despite the fact that much clever and pleasing work has been done by native artists, our posters have been rather fanciful conceits, something in design and color calculated to surprise if not to shock, than works embodying a worthy idea, and cast on decorative lines that by their grace appeal to our sense of beauty and continue to please.

Designers of posters in this country—Penfield, Gould, Bradley, Hazenplug, Parrish, Ostertag, Leyendecker, and all the rest who have attempted the work—have spent their energies in the service of the advertiser. If they have suspected, they have not realized the possibilities of the poster as a picture, as a work of art for the decoration of the home, as a substitute for cheap and ineffective reproductions of finished paintings. The art sprang up in obedience to the advertisers' call, flourished for its brief day on bill-boards, in shop windows, on fences, and bare wall spaces where "Post no Bills" did not express its prohibitory mandate. While the fad lasted, town and country were ablaze with this form of poster creation, and then happily, when the advertisers' instinct prompted a new form of public announcement, the efforts of the artists passed, if not into disrepute, at least into retirement, and no one mourned their loss.

In France, however, where the poster was domiciled as early as 1830, its fate has been different. There, too, it performed the duties of town crier, and at the behest of the advertiser, announced the merits of proprietary articles, and the attractions of theaters and dance-halls. Many of the leading artists of the country, men of international reputation in their profession, did not hesitate for the moment to abandon portraiture and landscape, and design posters for purely commercial purposes. Manet, Courbet, Morin, Vierge, Doré, and other men of note were seized with the ambition to excel in poster designing, and did work in this line as eminently creditable as that which they had formerly done with pen and brush.

In France, too, there was a reaction, and a consequent decline in popularity, and the artists of ability who had given countenance to the poster after a number of brilliant successes lost their interest in the art and withdrew their support from it. A few gifted men, however, like Mucha and Berthon, saw a future in the bill-board sheets of early poster days, and set earnestly to work to transform the trade-catching designs of mere commercialism into a legitimate form of pictorial art, expressive of thought and sentiment, decorative in form, and soft and pleasing in color.

As a result of their efforts, the posters ceased to be an adjunct of



COLORED ETCHING

By J. A. Muenier

business houses and concert-halls, and took their place in print-shop and art-store as claimants of popular favor, and rivals of engravings, etchings, and other forms of reproductive pictorial art. The poster



COLORED ETCHING
By Müller

soon came into vogue as a means for home decoration. De Requier, Grasset, Cassiers, Atché, Golay, Medaille, Cossard, and other artists following in the line of Mucha and Berthon, did effective work, each selecting characteristic motives, and developing his own peculiar style.

Shorn of every suggestion of the advertising that had first called them into being, the posters became works of art of a type not inferior in draftsmanship and coloring to the more pretentious pictures submitted at salons and competitions. Many of the artists obtained the most charming effects by taking hints from the Japanese masters, and relying for their effect on grace of draftsmanship and flat color judiciously massed. The intense colors by which so many posters and lithographs have been marred were



POSTER
By A. Willette



POSTER
By Grasset

eschewed, and color schemes as delicate as ever artist worked out with brush and palette were produced.

The public in the French capital and the provinces was caught by these fine creations, many of which were executed with as much care as the costly products of the ateliers. The subjects range from dainty bits of symbolism to boulevard scenes, from landscapes to marines; but whatever the subject chosen, whatever the color scheme adopted, whatever the mannerism indulged in by the makers, the prints were decorative and artistic, mainly, doubtless, from the fact that the pictures were studied efforts in a new line of work. They were not makeshift copies of works executed in other media.

The men undertaking the work thus became virtually the artists of the masses. There was no striving among them for salon honors, no submission of efforts to juries of admission. From

the first outline stroke to the last touch of pigment, the dominant thought, both in design and coloring, was to meet the requirements of mechanical reproduction, and at the same time to produce designs



POSTER
By Robert Engels

and color schemes that would at once satisfy the taste of the most refined and make an appeal to people of narrow attainments and limited means. That this movement was wisely planned and has been productive of good results no one will gainsay.

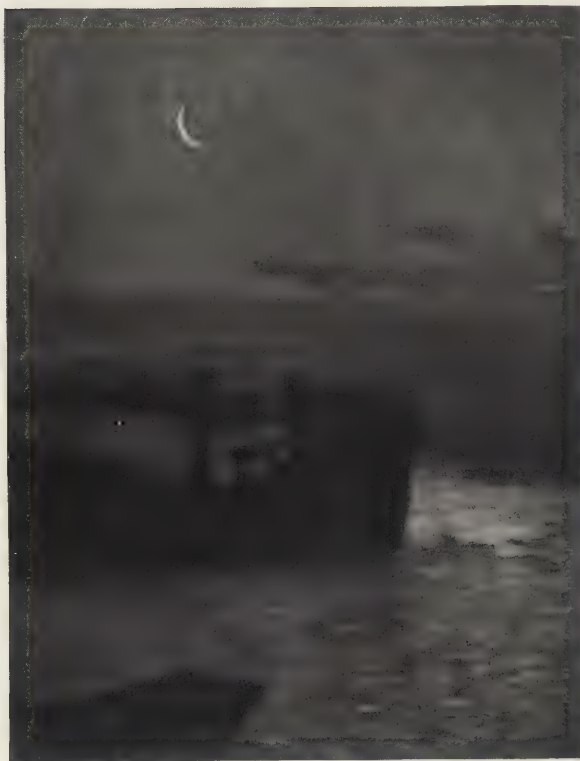
The French people are to-day unrivaled in their posters and litho-

graphs. They have not been without their monstrosities in design and coloring, but they have outgrown the crude and the bizarre. Their artists, in electing to work for the machine, have worked for



POSTER
By Maurice Eliot

the multitude. The multitude have appreciated the efforts made for them, and have responded with liberal patronage. It is the prerogative of the wealthy to enjoy a monopoly of the "originals" by medalists; but, as Mourey says, the day is at hand when mere uniqueness in the sense of exclusive copies of individual works is of slight value except as a source of pride to collectors and a means of revenue to dealers.



COLORED ETCHING
By Ch. Houdard

Except as an output of reproductive processes it would be wrong to class colored etchings, in which the French have of late been so successful, with posters and lithographs, since the process by which they are produced and the effects obtained are so radically different. A word, however, may appropriately be said here of this class of work. It is but another recognition in different form of the fact that the masses are eager for novelties of fine artistic effects, and that it is within the province and to the interest of artists

of ability to cater to the many. Colored etching, which comes as a novelty of to-day, is really a comparatively old art revived. We have little concern here with the methods of production, but mainly with the fact that the colored etching is to-day, like the poster and the lithograph in their best forms, the contribution of earnest art-workers, to meet a demand of twentieth-century life for really good art products, shorn it may be of the element of exclusiveness, but characterized by the highest degree of excellence, and at the same time within the possibilities of a public of modest means.

There is a beauty about much of this work that is really remarkable. It is at once a protest against the methods of artistic expression of other days, and a positive contribution toward the enhancement of present-day homes. Eugene Delâtre, whose "Sunset" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue of BRUSH AND PENCIL, Louis Legrand, Charles Houdard, Richard Ranft, Lepere, Manuel Robby, Pierre Maud, Maurice Simonet, Raffaëlli, Bracquemand, Charles Maurin, Barnard B. de Monvel, and upward of eighty other

Parisian artists, are now engaged in producing plates for colored etchings.

These prints find ready sale in the Parisian capital and throughout the provincial cities. Delicacy of tone and beauty of effect are characteristics of this class of work. Delâtre's "Sunset," just referred to, gives a fair idea of the exquisite results obtained in this mode of expression by a clever artist. We ourselves are liberal importers of the better class of French posters and colored etchings, the sale of which, however, is narrowly limited to a few of the great centers of population. It is rare that products of this kind find their way into our smaller towns.

With the example of what the French have done and are doing in this line, it would seem that there is a great opportunity for the native artists of this country to emulate the example of their European *confrères*, with the assurance that works of equal merit would be eagerly sought after by those who now reluctantly but resignedly are content to buy works of less artistic merit. American publishers are not slow to embark in enterprises that have even a moderate prospect of success, and the vogue that a few of our artists in black-and-white have attained is sufficient evidence that an American Mucha or Berthon, or an American Delâtre or Ranft, would be equally popular with the picture-loving public. Illustration has offered a profitable field for many an American artist who could find no market for his original efforts in oils and water-colors, and the poster as a picture, and the colored etching, would doubtless



COLORED ETCHING
By Louis Potter

offer the same opportunities. The three-color process of reproduction recently described in BRUSH AND PENCIL is one of the wonders of modern times, but its product too often lacks the charm of the artistic. It is comparatively few paintings that are executed for the distinct purpose of reproduction; the colors are too strong, too intense, and are not massed so as to give fine reproductive effects. Often the process—the machine—accomplishes its purpose in spite of the artists instead of with their assistance. A studied, earnest effort on the part of the artists to second the machine would meet a public want and confer a public benefit.*

PERCY L. BARNARD.

*BRUSH AND PENCIL is indebted to Thayer & Chandler, Chicago, for many of the prints herewith reproduced.



POSTER
By F. Maglin



OLD MILL, NEWTON, ENGLAND
By W. P. Gunthrop



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
Plate Fourteen

REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

"The Fireside Sphinx," by Miss Agnes Repplier, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is one of the most charming of the author's many volumes. It is a book on cats, and the author's pleasant treatment of her subject—her title, her dedication, her divisions, her apt phrases and sympathetic prattle—is as charming as are the characteristic pictures by E. Bonsall with which the volume is illuminated. The author says: "There is a sweet and sunny corner of the Elysian fields where drowse and play, and drowse and play forever, a little band of cats, whose names, as imperishable as their masters', are household words to-day. We know them well, these gentle, furry ghosts, lifted to immortality by the human hands that fondled them in life. We know the white Muezza whom Mohammed loved, and Bouhaki of Thebes, proudest of his proud race, and Dick Whittington's thrice-famous cat that made his master's fortune. We know this sleek and shining tortoise-shell, for she is Selima, fair and ill-fated. This pensive pussy with clear topaz eyes shared Petrarch's heart with Laura; this splendid beast—" But there is no use going further. We did *not* know until Miss Repplier told us in her bright, entertaining way, and Bonsall furnished pictures that fairly purr and mew in their naturalness. They are all there, in the text and the pictures—the cat of antiquity, the cat in the Dark Ages, the cat under persecution, the cat in the Renaissance, the cat of Albion, the cat in art, the cat triumphant, some cats of France, the cat of to-day—they are all there but *that* cat, the feline outcast, against whom we may hold a grudge for sleepless nights or scratched fingers. The volume is too pleasant and sympathetic in its tone for one to suspect that Miss Repplier—or the artist either, for that matter—ever suffered inconvenience from the pets she has exploited. The casual reader will find a fund of entertainment in the book, from the "In Memory of Agrippina" to "Finis," and the artist classes, who are not so much interested in cats as in how to draw them, will get valuable suggestions from Bonsall's lifelike and spirited drawings.

"Francia," the last of the critical biographies issued in the admirable Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture series, published by the Macmillan Company, is one of the most acceptable of the volumes given to the public. Heretofore there has been but one life of Francia available for the English reader, a mere sketch by Mrs. Ady in her little book, "Mantegna and Francia." The works on Francia in Italian also are scarce and out of date, and the French monographs on him are not easily obtainable. The fact that many important data

respecting Francia have lately been discovered makes the publication of the present book most opportune. The author, George C. Williamson, is especially qualified for his task. He has been a close student of Francia's pictures, and the volume, moreover, represents the result of a great deal of careful and personal hard work in Bologna. Not a little of the information given is absolutely new; as, for instance, the account of the picture now in Chantilly, the identification of the scenery in many pictures, and the story of the Buonbisi picture in the National Gallery. In several instances the author differs in his conclusions from the established opinions regarding Francia and his work, but he has not done so without careful deliberation, and he has in every case given detailed reasons for his views. The influence of Francia does not appear to have extended far beyond his immediate surroundings, but his school was a very large one. He occupies a place apart. His pictures almost without exception are religious, betraying no sympathy with the classic or humanistic movement, and never portraying scenes from mythology or pagan story. A good colorist, earnest and pure in his conceptions, tender in his sympathies, and a master of his resources, Francia devoted himself to the service of the church, and Mr. Williamson tells the simple story of his life most fully and in a manner most appreciative. The value of the book is enhanced by a carefully prepared bibliography and a full catalogue of the works attributed to the artist.

In these days when so much interest is taken in that which pertains to the decoration of the home, a handbook calculated to emphasize decorative consistency is of special value. Such a work is supplied in "Period Decoration," lately issued from the press of Clifford & Lawton. There are hundreds of books on various decorative subjects, but the value of this volume lies in the fact that the author, Chandler R. Clifford, has condensed and simplified the subject-matter of many books in one. In a sense the work is a ready-reference book, treating the subject of decoration by periods; as, for instance, the Egyptian, the Turkish, the Roman, the Byzantine, the Gothic, etc., each period being illustrated with a profusion of typical views. Appended is a complete glossary of decorative terms, and a chronological table showing the historic relations of one country to another. In brief, therefore, the volume is a concise, practical encyclopedia of the decorative periods, and in this regard is virtually unique among publications.

One of the most unique and artistic specimens of book-making recently issued is "A Japanese Nightingale," by Onoto Watanna, published by Harper & Brothers. The special feature of the volume that appeals to lovers of the beautiful is the successful carrying out of a scheme of marginal illustrations, executed by a Japanese artist,

Genjiro Yeto, and printed in delicate bluish gray tint throughout the two hundred odd pages of the book. The effect is charming and is suggestive of the best type of Oriental pictorial art. A work in English with a Japanese theme, written by a Japanese writer, and

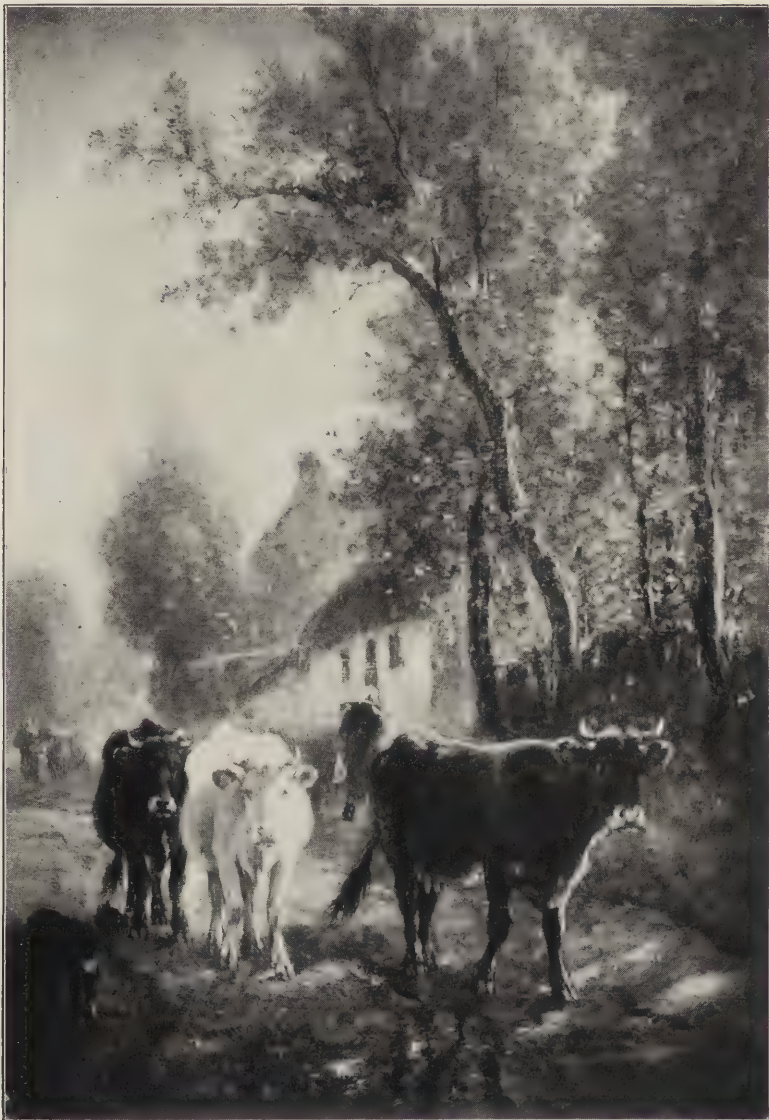


ILLUSTRATION FROM "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE"

By Genjiro Yeto

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

illumined by a Japanese artist is somewhat unusual, and the publishers are to be complimented on the success of the venture. Of the text little need here be said. It is the bright story of a Japanese girl who marries away from home and friends, and who, by characteristics and career, justifies the title of the book. The decorative illustrations, however, are worthy of special note. No race is more artistic than the Japanese, and none has brought the art of graceful illumination



A GOLDEN AUTUMN DAY
By Emile Van Marcke





to a higher degree of perfection. The artist in this case has executed, exclusive of title-page and other special designs, sixteen plates, thoroughly Japanese in conception, and done with the nicety of detail for which his race is famous. The drawings are all simple and sketchy, and while professedly merely decorative, are replete with suggestions of the island home of the "Nightingale," its flowers, its demure maidens, its customs, its architecture, its trees, and the birds that enlivened them. Most of the drawings invade the text and are lost on the printed page, the bluish gray lines meandering among the black letters. This same set of drawings recurs in successive signatures throughout the book, and so unobtrusive are they, so delicate, so instinct with a foreign world of thought and feeling, that one welcomes the recurring designs, scarcely conscious of their repetitions. No scheme of pictorial display could be better suited to the pages, or more in harmony with the simple story told. In addition to these marginal sketches, the book is further illustrated with three full-page plates, done in the soft colors of the older and better class of Japanese prints, but essentially modern in idea. Apart from any consideration, therefore, of the story, the volume merits being classed with the art books of the season, since it would be difficult to find a work of recent publication more replete with grace and beauty in its decorative features. One would wish, however, that the publishers had softened the intense green of the cover into something more in keeping with the delicate tints of the Oriental drawings within the book.

The publication by Little, Brown & Co. of a new edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Contemporary French Painters," beautifully illustrated in photogravure, gives another period of life and influence to one of the best books on modern French art accessible to the English reader. As a critic Hamerton is eminently just and sympathetic, and one may safely accept his conclusions as the opinions of a man who speaks with authority. The sound, catholic tone of his work is especially noticeable in this volume, for the writing of which he had a preparation which comparatively few who have essayed to criticise foreign art have enjoyed. It has been one of Hamerton's principles that to give a true account of any school of art, it was necessary to know the country which produced the school. This, in his opinion, is why French criticisms of English painters have been so curiously inadequate and have so widely missed their mark. No French art critic of any note has been thoroughly acquainted with the English language and with English manners, customs, and modes of thought, and as a consequence the mere effect of strangeness in English art has bewildered and baffled the French critics. For the same reason there has been a fulsome amount of English criticism of French

art, which has scarcely been worthy of consideration. Hamerton approached his subject free from the liability of such error, since, at the time of writing, he had had twelve years of frequent intercourse with Frenchmen and five years' residence among them. He had, therefore, cleared his mind from the distorted prejudices of the foreigner, and had learned to respect the efforts and to understand the feelings of art-workers outside of English boundaries. Hence, in "Contemporary French Painters" he does not indulge in any assumption of the perfection of English standards and refer foreign works to them, nor does he consider French works with the national or partisan bias of a French critic. With this peculiar qualification for his task, Hamerton considers the various schools of French art, and gives a succinct account and a careful estimate of those artists who have won for themselves the distinction of being leaders in their country's art. His chapters have at once the charm of entertaining reading and the value of an authoritative commentary.



AMERICAN ART NEEDS NO PROTECTION*

We want no protection for American art. There is no such a thing as competition in art. Each man paints for himself. Yet duty stands, and especially upon the works of men now dead. Their pictures ought to be admitted into the United States free. We even ought to invite them in.

No man ever succeeded in art unless he painted for himself. Some of the pictures we see are full of choice thoughts, but incorrect in drawing and bad in color. But there is that mysterious something about them that attracts the eye and shows originality. Experienced painters leave little things to care for themselves.

When you come down to it art is not all realism. You must know what you yourself want to express, and that is what no other person can do for you. Shut yourself up and don't allow any one to tell you how a picture should be painted. I believe all good art of to-day is founded on what has been done before. That does not mean, however, that we should imitate the old masters.

All students in this country, I believe, want to go abroad at some time. It is a good thing to do. But there are as good schools in this country as any place, and you who cannot go abroad need not worry. Some of the best American painters never studied abroad, although most of them went to foreign countries to see the works of noted foreign painters.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

* Portion of an address delivered at Pittsburg.





STUDY HEAD
Philadelphia Salon 1901
By S. L. Willard



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
Plate Fifteen

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No. 3

PITTSBURG'S SIXTH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION

In its sixth international art exhibition, now holding, Pittsburg has maintained the reputation it acquired in former years for breadth of interest and high general excellence. In saying this, however, one must in a sense qualify one's words.

On a first inspection the average visitor would doubtless have something of a feeling of disappointment, and the reason is quite obvious. This last exhibition lacks the glow and radiance of some of its predecessors. There is a marked predominance of low-keyed canvases; and these reserved color schemes, while in no case devoid of charm, in a measure rob the display of brilliancy. There are no surprises this year in the way of remarkable motives or unusual technique, no disclosures of new artists of exceptional talent. There are shown, moreover, a number of canvases with which the art-loving public has been made fairly familiar by previous exhibitions.

In its efforts to secure notable works, the management of the enterprise has drawn liberally from every available source in this country and Europe, and the exhibition, therefore, is reminiscent of the last two displays of the Royal Academy, of the superb collections shown at the Paris Exposition and at the Pan-American, and of the collections offered to the public by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine



PORTRAIT
By Cecilia Beaux



HORSE FAIR AT LONGPONT
By Paul Albert Besnard

lection of the magnificent showing of native talent at the Pan-American recently, one scarcely relishes the prominence given at Pittsburg to foreign works. To emphasize this peculiarity of the display, however, would savor of cavil. The exhibition is avowedly international, and it is a matter neither for surprise nor for criticism that Old World art should be so generously represented.

As in former years, the collection is eminently cosmopolitan. The jury exercised its rights of acceptance and rejection unsparingly and with good results. Indeed, it was a case, one might say, of many being called and few chosen. Of the gross number of six hundred canvases submitted to the pre-

Arts, the Society of American Artists, and other similar institutions.

This first impression of tameness, however, is quickly dissipated on closer study. One is then willing to accept the low-toned pictures as an indication of the drift of the times, and to greet well-known canvases of merit without the traditional bow of recognition.

With the recol-



AFTER THE STORM
By Frank Bramley

liminary juries in this country and Europe, only two hundred and forty-seven were deemed of sufficient excellence on the final determination to be hung in the galleries of the exhibition.

American painters living at home contributed ninety-eight of these accepted canvases, Anglo-Americans sent three pictures, and Franco-



AN ARRANGEMENT
By Alfred H. Maurer
First-Class Medal

Americans seventeen. As regards the foreign contingent, the ratio of representation by artists of various countries is about the same as in former years. English painters sent thirty, Scotch seventeen, French sixty, German five, Italian seven, Dutch three, and Spanish and Norwegian two each. Belgium is represented by one picture, as is also South America.

From these figures it will be seen that America's contribution is considerably less than it was last year, native artists sending less than half the gross number of canvases. It goes without saying that when the final decision was made as to who should and who should not be admitted to the exhibition, there were heartburnings, if not jealousies, among many American artists. This, however, is to be taken as the inevitable outcome of

a competition fairly and impartially conducted.

The final jury chosen to pass upon the pictures at Pittsburg and award prizes consisted of Edmond Aman-Jean, Paris; Robert W. Allan, London; John Caldwell, Pittsburg, president; John W. Alexander, New York; Frank W. Benson, Salem, Massachusetts; Thomas Eakins, Philadelphia; Frederick W. Freer, Chicago; Winslow Homer, Scarborough, Maine; Robert W. Vonnoh, Rockland Lake, New York; Clarence M. Johns,



COMEDY

By Edmond Aman-Jean

Pittsburg; and John La Farge, New York. Mr. La Farge's illness prevented him from serving.

Speaking in general terms, the exhibition of this year shows a marked transformation in the style and character of both foreign and native work. The exhibition of 1901 is radically different from that of 1896. The difference is one of taste rather than of power. In the first exhibition and some of its successors, highly colored paintings were the vogue. In this last the colors are strong and clear, but more subdued. Unique motives, cleverly executed, were then the favorite efforts of the exhibitors. Now greater emphasis is laid on representations of every-day life.

It is noticeable that this year two of the medal pictures and both

of the honorable mentions are canvases having homely themes, works relying for their interest on sentiment and plain, straightforward treatment of every-day facts. The one exception in the list of prize-winners is Tarbell's well-known "The Venetian Blind," much of whose interest lies in the richness of its coloring.

Impressionism, of course, has its representation, but examples of this class of work are not as conspicuous as they have been on former occasions. The favorite pictures in the galleries are not of this order, and certainly impressionistic works received comparatively scant attention from the jury in the awarding of prizes and honors. The



THE JAPANESE PRINT
By William M. Chase



THE MARCH MONTH
By H. H. La Thangue

awarding of three prizes aggregating three thousand dollars involves no little responsibility; and while, as in all such competitions, the decision runs counter to the judgment of many competent critics, it must be said that the work of the jury was conscientiously done, and that on the whole there has been manifested less dissatisfaction as regards final results than in former competitions.

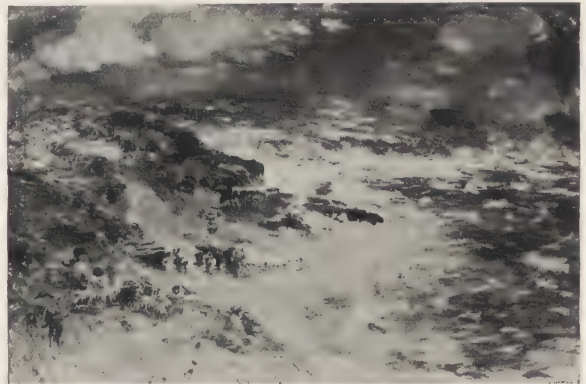


GATHERING IRISES
By E. A. Hornel

Certainly "An Arrangement," by Alfred H. Maurer, who carried off the gold medal and the fifteen-hundred-dollar prize, is a strong and eminently pleasing picture. It depicts a woman bending over a profusion of Japanese embroidery material. The tone of the picture is neutral. Face, figure, embroidery stuff, background—everything betrays the same studied color scheme of grays, with a paucity of positive pigment. The picture is thus

strictly in line with the trend of present-day taste, and is manifestly the work of a man of strong individuality who has in no small measure acquired a mastery of his art.

The same general characteristics hold for the second-prize picture, "Sewing," by Miss Ellen W. Ahrens. This is a picture of sentiment, and is even more subdued in its color scheme than Maurer's work. It is a life-size portrait of an old woman, silver-haired and benignant, who bends over her work and plies her needle. The painting is true to life in pose, expression, flesh tints. One would welcome a touch of color were it not that the subject suggests the reserved tones the artist has employed. The study of neutrals is well balanced. The broad strip of white cloth on which the aged woman is sewing falls over a mass of black dress and over the subdued green covering of an old-fashioned sofa. It is a homely scene, just such as every spectator has beheld time and again, not winsome except by virtue of the sentiment it conveys. The absolute fidelity with which it is painted is its lien on favor.



THE STORM
By William McTaggart

The third-prize picture, "The Venetian Blind," by Edmund C. Tarbell, which is familiar to exhibition visitors, is in sharp contrast with the other prize-winners. It is a fanciful conceit, with dash and spirit and a glory of rich color. It suggests, what is true, that it was painted before neutral tones ac-

quired their present popularity. The artist has made free use of pure pigment, and the canvas is conspicuous as one of the bright spots on the walls of the galleries.

A scantily dressed young woman, with bare back and shoulders, reclines on a couch and buries her head in a pillow. The sun shines warmly on the base lines near by, and the effect of the picture is at once striking and pleasing. It has little sentiment, little that would appeal to the thoughtful, but it does betray the mastery of color and the cleverness of technique for which Tarbell has earned a reputation. It will be remembered, perhaps, that the artist is the winner of eight other prizes. The public might reasonably expect from him what it

finds in the Pittsburgh galleries — a work of more than ordinary power and brilliancy. Mr. Tarbell also exhibits another figure picture of a spirited young woman with a dog, a composition entitled "On Bos'n's Hill." This canvas, though not equal to the other in point of execution, has strength of conception.



SUGAR TREES IN SPRING
By Hugh Newell



THE SANDY MOOR
By André Dauchez



BEETHOVEN
By Franz Stuck

Mary L. Macomber's "The Hour-Glass," one of the honorable mentions, has much of the spirit and quality of the second-prize picture. It represents an elderly woman apparently dreamily meditating on the lapse of time, the drift of her thoughts being suggested by the hour-glass beside her, which affords the title of the picture. Reverently handled and subdued in color scheme, it is one of the pictures that touch a responsive chord in the beholder by sheer force of human interest. It has the spirit of wholesome sentiment. The artist has already won three prizes, and many of the visitors to the Carnegie exhibition would gladly have seen her carry off

a more substantial honor than a mention. The tender, lovable quality of her work and the admirable way in which she has made pigment tell the story of a waning life and its accompanying reflections, certainly merit the honor accorded her.

The second honorable mention, Henri Le Sidaner's "Light," is the one canvas chosen by the jury not a figure study. It is simply an attractive corner of an old French town, the dusky street being faintly illumined by the early candle-light which glows through the windows of the time-mellowed house that serves as



HIGH CLIFF
By Winslow Homer

the main object of the picture. Distinctly of the impressionistic school, it is one of the most pleasing efforts of its kind in the exhibition.

Reference has been made to the subdued, if not cold, aspect of the display. This is not saying that the exhibition lacks its glory spots. Warmth of color is lent by Roche, Gould, McTaggart, Miss MacNicol, Mackie, Hornel, and other representatives of the Glasgow school who have taken inspiration from the Japanese; by Aman-Jean,



SEWING—A PORTRAIT
By Ellen Wetherald Ahrens
Second-Class Medal

Duhen, Menard, Lesidaner, Pointelen, Maufra, and other French artists; by La Thangue, Bertram, Priestman, and others among the English artists; and by a number of Americans who have not become deeply infected with the craze for low-keyed color schemes.

The "Penance of Eleanor," by E. A. Abbey, for instance, which won the first prize at the Pan-American, and which now occupies the place of honor on the west wall of the center gallery, gives no suggestion of the prevailing taste for neutral tones. It has a wealth of color, but its tones are deep and rich and wonderfully harmonized. This picture is one of the best things in the exhibition, even better,

perhaps, than the same artist's "Hamlet." It represents a dramatic incident in history, and the fine story is told only as a consummate artist could tell it. The girl walks between lines of people who fairly look their accusations. The painter has vivified a moment of history and made it real and impressive.

A number of the best canvases exhibited were not entered in competitions for the prizes, being the work of members of the jury. Conspicuous among these are the two paintings by Edmond Aman-

Jean, "Comedy" and "Venetian Women." These canvases depict the same two blond models, the faces and figures being easily recognizable in each, and the main difference being one of pose and clothes.

In "Venetian Women" the figures stand in the foreground of a typical Italian scene, with the accompaniments of lagoon and richly tinted sails. In "Comedy" the figures are differently attired and stand under a rose arbor, while a man in the shadow raises his hat to them. In both pictures the cos-



"GOOD BY! OFF TO SKIBBEREEN"
By Stanhope A. Forbes

tures of the female figures are notable for the cleverness of the artist's handling of drapery and for depiction of texture. In the one canvas there is an utter absence of action, and in the other the only suggested movement is a gesture of a white gloved hand. They have elegance, charm, style, but little depth of thought or invention. They are excellent examples of modern French art, reflections of well-bred Parisian society. To say this is to say that both pictures are modeled after the most approved French type, and also to say that they are foreign to American ideas and sympathies.

More vigorous and more acceptable, doubtless, to the average visitor is the contribution of the other foreign juryman, Robert W.

Allan, the gifted Scotch marine painter, who last year won an honorable mention at Pittsburg. His "After the Boats Come In" is a fine bit of sea-painting. It depicts a bay dotted with small craft and animated by fishermen and their wives, the one busy in discharging the fish and the other in caring for the catch around a great tank. The canvas is full of life and action, as was the picture last year, and the artist has been especially successful in fixing the harmony of blue between sea and sky.

Winslow Homer's "The High Cliff" is an especially fine piece of work, and is thoroughly characteristic of this veteran's style. No American painter has acquired a greater mastery of nature than has Homer, and this small canvas is one of his best efforts. The waves beating against the rocks, and the broad translucent sky overarching the scene, are almost inimitable.

John W. Alexander, another of the jurymen, is represented by two portraits, one a fine picture of the sculptor Rodin, and the other a pleasing canvas entitled "The Rose." The latter is manifestly the favorite of the visitors, and one is inclined to sanction the judgment of the multitude. This latter canvas has the charm that is born of intimacy, knowledge. Its execution is excellent even for

Alexander, which is saying much. The portraitist merits the high encomiums passed on him by Aman-Jean, who declared him to be one of the foremost of living portrait painters.

The somewhat fanciful portrait of the late Professor Henry A. Rowland, by Thomas Eakins, is another of the figure pieces that justly elicits unstinted praise. Eakins's work, like that of Alexander, betrays the result of intimate acquaintance. The picture was painted as a souvenir of the artist to the widow of his friend. It was designed to be more than a mere portrait—to be symbolical of the subject's



PARISIAN GIRL
By Jean François Raffaëlli



AFTER THE BOATS COME IN
By Robert W. Allan

painters' best style. Of course, as might be expected in so pretentious a collection, there are some exceptions. The two canvases by Jean François Raffaëlli are anything but attractive and convincing. His "Parisian Girl" lacks the vivaciousness of the true Parisienne, and his "In the Park, Pittsburg," might as appropriately be labeled "Buffalo," "Bordeaux," or "Edinburgh." The one lacks sprightliness and naturalness, and the other is a paltry landscape in sickly grays, yellows, and browns.

André Dauchez, who carried off the first prize last year with his "Kelp Gatherers," falls far below his own standard this year. His "The Sandy Moor" and "The Flock" are both commonplace and uninteresting. Cottet, too, contributes somber Brittany scenes that lack the element of attractiveness.

On the other hand, Maurice Lombre's paintings of Versailles are instinct with delicacy and poetry. One depicts the exterior of the château, a mere suggestion of the great pile, with

bent of mind and lifelong interests. The picture shows the scientist at work, and every detail is well calculated to enforce the artist's purpose.

Those familiar with the characteristics of the various contributing artists will recognize the canvases displayed as thoroughly typical and for the most part after the



TWILIGHT
By A. Bryan Wall

grayish windows and pillars, a broad expanse of silvery sky, and a fountain in the foreground. The coloring is delicate to a fault, and the execution is remarkable. The other picture presents a salon in the palace, and has the same general characteristics.



THE VENETIAN BLIND
By Edmund C. Tarbell
Third-Class Medal

"The Breeze," by Louis Loeb, is an especially fine canvas, which in the opinion of many merited the first prize. In a sense the picture is fantastic, but the motive is worked out with such admirable skill that the canvas is no less convincing than pleasing. It is simply a rocky meadow, with a group of trees whose leaves are whipped by the wind, and over whose sward a number of frolicsome nymphs are

tumbling in sport. It is a picture that commands attention by its life and spirit.

Cecilia Beaux contributes another of her admirable portraits, which is manifestly one of the favorite figure pieces of the exhibition, and which recalls some of her former prize-winning efforts; and Frank W. Benson shows "A Profile," which is at once as tender and vigorous as anything this popular artist has exhibited. Charles Morris Young sends three fine landscapes that are worthy of special note. Elmer Schofield, Ben Foster, Henry O. Tanner, are likewise represented by eminently worthy canvases that are generally admired.



SMOKY CITY
By Fritz Thaulow

Besnard's "A Horse Fair at Longpont" is one of the notable pictures in the galleries, it being full of life and spirit, and also an especially attractive woman's head, which is little less than iridescent in its qualities.

Among the smaller paintings are some by artists whose work is representative of the best art. Alma-Tadema is represented by "Hero,"

the exquisite painting of the Greek maiden awaiting the return of Leander after swimming the Hellespont; George de Forest Brush exhibits "The Sculptor and the King," a prize-winner years ago, and still one of the best known paintings by American artists; "The Silence Broken" is by the same artist, the Indian warrior in his birch canoe resting as the great white swan sails majestically overhead; "The Card Players" is by Frank D. Millet; "Beethoven" is the work of Franz Stuck, a noble head by the great Munich painter; "The Centaur," by the same artist, is a conception of the grossness of animal nature.

Religious pictures this year are conspicuous by their absence, the only two in the galleries being Fritz von Uhde's "Christ's Sermon on the Mount" and Elliott Dangerfield's "The Holy Family." Von Uhde's picture is especially interesting, since he follows the same plan of introducing present-day people into his paintings as does Dagnan-

Bouveret. The picture is powerful in its suggestion, and striking by its very simplicity. German peasants, most of them women, are grouped near the seated figure of the Saviour, and so admirable is the work that the spectator forgets the anachronism. Dangerfield is a new exhibitor in the galleries.

Robert Blum pays tribute to Japan in his well-known "The Flower Market, Tokio," and William M. Chase in "The Japanese Print," both of which have about them a genuine suggestion of the Orient. An interesting feature of the central gallery is a group of marines, W. J. Wyllie's "Just a Funnel and a Mast," C. Napier Heny's "Smugglers," Oleson's "Breaking Wave," McTaggart's "Storm," and H. W. Mesdag's "After the Storm." These pictures, varied in character and pigment, and all of more than ordinary excellence, constitute one of the most striking groups in the exhibition.

An enumeration of the two hundred and forty-seven pictures displayed is, of course, impracticable, and criticism without description would for the most part be meaningless. The management of the exhibition undertook to secure a collection representative of the best art of Europe and America, and it should be said in justice that the undertaking is signally successful. No canvas was admitted that is not worthy of its place on the walls of the galleries, and that does not merit a careful study by art-lovers and artists alike.

Being a Pittsburg enterprise, it may be said in passing that several Pittsburg artists were admitted to the exhibition, including Hugh Newell, Miss Anna Woodward, who is represented by a winsome little Dutch baby, Johanna W. Hailman, A. Bryan Wall, W. H. Singer, Jr., and George Carspecken, whose two portraits are hung on the line, an honor received early in the career of the young man who is still at the very beginning of serious art study.

AUSTIN E. HOWLAND.



PROFILE
By Frank W. Benson

ROBERT KOEHLER, PAINTER

A German by birth, family, and traditions, Robert Koehler passed his boyhood and school days in Milwaukee, and several years as an art student in other parts of the United States. He considered himself an American and a Western man until he returned to Germany, where, to his surprise, he found himself altogether at home.



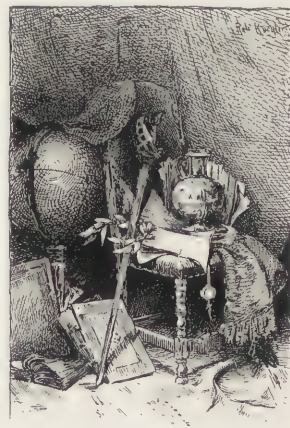
ROBERT KOEHLER

The associations of childhood and youth are strong, but so also are racial instincts and the ties of kindred and fatherland. The result of a boyhood and youth spent in America, and an early manhood spent in European capitals, with the divergent and various experiences attending life at home and abroad, gave him the outlook and philosophy of the cosmopolitan without robbing him of his German birthright of strength, energy, and integrity.

His work is like himself. It has versatility and it has integrity. No matter what the subject, whether figure-painting, marine or landscape, a study from life or an ideal composition—whatever other qualities it may have or may lack, it is sure to possess strength and integrity.

As has been the case with so many artists, Mr. Koehler's student days were days of toil and struggle. Obligated to depend on himself, he was, almost at the outset of his career, threatened with loss of eyesight. Happily a surgical operation averted this calamity, but he was hampered by other physical limitations. Undaunted by any obstacle, and taking for his motto, "It's dogged as does it," he fought his way step by step, studying in New York until he was fitted to enter the Royal Academy at Munich, when quite unexpectedly a patron paid his expenses to Germany and supported him there two years or more.

Mr. Koehler's favorite master at the Munich school was Dufregger, one of the three great *genre* painters of the time, and yet, though he was his pupil four or five years, he never copied his studies, nor was he perceptibly influenced by them. The



STILL LIFE
By Robert Koehler

point of view of the pupil was not and could not become that of the master. Koehler had used his eyes and his understanding to such purpose in the New World as to prohibit his making a fresh start with the perceptions of the Old World. And yet to his rigorous training in the Royal Academy he owes his good draftsmanship, his facility in strong modeling, and his general excellence in technique.

He was humorously regarded by Dufregger as incorrigible in a sense and allowed to go his own way. The composition of his picture "The Strike" was a notable instance. The sketch, approved by the master, showed a level ground with the workmen in revolt advancing in phalanx, the leader addressing the capitalist respectfully with cap in hand. Koehler felt that while that might represent the European ideal strike, the American reality was something very different. The picture, as com-

pleted, was awarded honorable mention at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, in 1889, and has this summer become the property of the city of Minneapolis, having been purchased by the general subscriptions of the citizens.

Nor is Mr. Koehler's work confined to a single class of subjects. Perhaps his forte lies in figure-painting, but he paints much in the open air, and landscape enters largely into his compositions. Strength is the dominant chord in all his work, delicacy sometimes, but mere prettiness never.



ROBERT KOEHLER'S STUDIO AND RESIDENCE



HOLIDAY OCCUPATION

By Robert Koehler

excellent, and the heads and faces are modeled with firmness. He has painted a few pictures that tell a story, but in these there is nothing of the melodramatic.

"A Holiday Occupation" for strong effect is perhaps the most noteworthy of his single-figure pieces. Though it is a good bit of color, the color is subservient to the pose, which is strong. The ruddy peasant complexion is thrown out finely by the dark cap and greenish gray background. The winning quality of this picture of the Bible-reading peasant is its naturalness, and the sentiment is wholesome and good. "A Holiday Occupation" is in the Temple collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

By way of contrast,

To him, from his student days onward, truth, sincerity, purpose, were what one should strive to express, unhampered by formula or conventions. One has well said, "A mind that bothers itself largely with conventionalities, rarely discloses much originality, and a painter without convictions never plows deep in art."

Koehler's men are positive and sturdy, and his women strong and good. In portraits, he never paints the "column and curtain" picture. His groups, which are many, are well composed, and whatever the color scheme, rich or subdued, the draftsmanship is



JUDGMENT OF PARIS

By Robert Koehler

"Violet" is a refined bit of work. It is a study in white. The background is white, as is the gown, and there is a white fur rug, but the whites are warm and soft. A knot of wild flowers in the black and white lace on the bosom, and the drooping pose of the figure, suggest the title.

"A Spanish Nobleman" has been called his best work. It is



THE CARPENTER'S FAMILY

By Robert Koehler

certainly strong in modeling and good in color. The face and hands are the accented parts.

Mr. Koehler's versatility has been mentioned. Is it a virtue or a drawback that no two of his pictures are alike in subject? The quality of strength pervades them all, but in composition, coloring, and treatment they differ. His work may be said to emphasize his moods. "Salve Luna" is really the expression of a mood. He tries to be true to nature as nature manifests herself to him. He can interpret only as far as he himself knows. He cannot see with others' eyes, nor work to others' rule. He never painted a picture to order. He felt that it would be a failure. Neither could he paint for popularity, nor follow a subject with the single object of sale in view.

Figure-painting is his specialty, but the subjects which appeal to



VIOLET
By Robert Koehler

Strike" were exhibited at the World's Fair, in Chicago. "Her Only Support" was purchased for the original George I. Seney collection in New York.

"The Strike," as conceived by Mr. Koehler, is not an argument against the encroachments of capital, or in favor of the rights of labor; nor was it painted to commemorate an episode, but to represent a phase of American life—a phase which presented itself to Mr. Koehler during his residence in various factory cities. The aim of

him are workingmen, men at labor, at bench, at forge, in the open air—subjects full of strength and vitality and calling for strong treatment. "The Socialist," one of his earlier efforts, has been much commented on for its quality of crude vigor. "In a Bavarian Smithy" is another study of the workingman, as is also "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments." "The Carpenter's Family" shows some of Mr. Koehler's very best work in modeling and technique. The woman's head and the window light and background are fine. "In a Café," "The Carpenter's Family," and "The



LOVE'S SECRET
By Robert Koehler



BAVARIAN SMITHY
By Robert Koehler







THE STRIKE

By Robert Koehler

the artist was legitimate, and the result was successful, and neither purpose nor achievement requires an apologist. The work is excellent.

The illuminators and miniature-painters were the historians and the only historians of the Dark Ages. They pictured what they saw of the daily life about them—the implements, dress, industries, ceremonials, and employments of their contemporaries. What they recorded is invaluable, because it is all that has been preserved to tell of mediæval times. The soldier-painters succeeded the illuminators, and then came the peasant-painters. All have been good as far as they have been true. In America this is an age of industry, of invention, and alas! of strug-



THE FIRST GUESTS

By Robert Koehler

gle and strife for social and financial supremacy. Robert Koehler says, "We can do no better than to paint what we see and know, and what appeals to us. This I have done, and this I more than ever feel that I must do."

Mr. Koehler came to Minnesota some eight or ten years ago to become director of the Minneapolis School of Fine Arts, a position



TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS
By Robert Koehler

he continues to hold. While faithful in the discharge of his duties to the school, he has done much besides. He has identified himself with the life of the community, and by lectures, writings, and the organization of local art clubs, has done much to create and foster a love for art. He has given collective exhibitions of his own work, and to his influence and efforts are due the annual exhibitions of the work of contemporary artists held in Minneapolis.

His brother painters of the East and of Europe thought him a brave if not a reckless man to settle in so new a place, ruled as it was by the spirit of trade instead of by the spirit of art. But who shall say he has not chosen wisely when the Minneapolis of to-day is compared with the Minneapolis of a generation ago? In the sixties we were defending ourselves against the Indians—to-day we are building art galleries and public libraries, buying pictures, and erecting statues.

There are those who regret that Mr. Koehler has not given these later years to creative work instead of to teaching, but let us remem-

ber that the art of learning from learners did not die with the old Greek schoolmasters, and it is quite probable that his brush may have acquired a surer touch, and his style a greater distinction, from his criticism of the work of others.

It is certain he has been accumulating a wealth of material for future use. The strenuous and unique life in this great section of the

Northwest, its harvesters, elevators and millers, its freight boats, its road-makers and bridge-builders, its river boatmen, lake fishers, ice-cutters, and woodsmen, have not been studied in vain, and very soon, perhaps when opportunity of leisure shall arrive, we know that his future will not merely "copy fair his past," but will richly fulfill its promise. In electing to become the painter of common folk and common scenes in and about his Northwestern



AT THE CAFÉ
By Robert Koehler

home, Mr. Koehler undertakes to depict a strong, virile life that will ever have a place in legitimate art. Such pictures as this life affords may not always be winsome, may rarely be decorative; but they are clean, wholesome, and touched with the right sentiment. One palls of the merely pretty in art, and longs for exemplifications of vigor, character, the wilds man seeks to conquer, and the lines of care and toil that result from his efforts. It is these subjects that Mr. Koehler's experience fits him to portray, and it is in these that we may expect him to attain his future successes. CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB.



POSTER
By Mucha

SUGGESTIONS ON POSTER DESIGNING

In this age, with its insistent demand for striking designs of every description, posters naturally occupy an important place. This form of art work, as was stated in a recent issue of *BRUSH AND PENCIL*, was the child of commercialism—a medium of advertising; but the child has outgrown its swaddling-clothes. The poster to-day fills its early functions, but it is recognized also as a legitimate form of art work, an expression of the beautiful, pure and simple. If the poster is important as a means of advertising, how much more so is this the case in its new rôle as a means of decoration.

There are some good posters, but a vastly greater number of bad ones. Why this is one cannot exactly understand. There are certainly enough capable artists in this country to produce artistic designs if they could only come to an understanding as to the best and most effective means of meeting the public demand.

Many artists attempt poster work and fail because they do not comprehend what a poster is. They treat a poster design as they would a painting for a salon. A poster has this much in common with a painting, it must be well drawn, well composed, and harmoniously colored, but besides that—and it is this point which artists attempting poster designing forget—it must be strong in its appeal to the masses.

A poster must be so gotten up that one is impelled to stop and look at it. It is this power to arrest the attention and to claim recognition from one's intellectual faculties—this "striking" quality—that

is the surest test of a poster's value. Of course it must be something more than striking. After it has attracted one's attention it must reveal qualities which satisfy one's critical examination; otherwise its purpose is not accomplished. If some bizarre effect causes a casual observer to stop before a poster, and he finds on closer examination that it is artistically impossible, he



POSTER
By Mucha



ORIGINAL POSTER DESIGN, Fig. 1
By A. G. Byrns

turns away from it in disgust. Besides this main requirement, that a poster be effective in its appeal to the masses, there are numerous other rules and principles discernible in the work of the best poster designers—men like Cheret, Grasset, Hardy, and Mucha; and every student of decorative art as applied to posters should make a study of the work of these artists.

The lettering, if there be any, is one of the most important factors in poster designing. This must be graceful and legible at the same distance that the other details of the design are made visible. Mucha's lettering is particularly clever, being worked in with the design and made part of it in an extremely ingenious way. Many artists, notably Mucha and Privat-Livemont, use a great deal of so-called ornament and decoration in their designs. There is no danger



POSTER
By Mucha

—the ornament attracting one's attention only after the object of the poster as an expression of an idea has been accomplished.

Crowds of figures are not effective unless treated as a mass. Theatrical posters are the chief sinners in this matter. One often sees posters for plays on which there are so many figures that the meaning is not to be discovered at anything like a casual glance.

The larger one can draw the figure within the given limits, the more it will tell. It is not necessary to draw a figure at full length when a half-length figure would tell the story with equal if not greater force. The fad, prevalent among American artists, of showing merely a pair of hands or half a face is

in this as long as the decorative details do not impair the strength of the poster.

The ornamental accessories must occupy a subordinate place in the composition where used in conjunction with figures. The argument is made that Mucha's designs lose their weight because the profuseness of the ornament destroys the simplicity and involves the meaning. This is not true, because the elements of his designs are so arranged as to carry the eye at once to the leading idea



POSTER
By Mucha

an exaggerated culmination of this principle.

As to color, the more prominent objects and those in the foreground should be in warm colors, while the background should be in colder tints. Where one is obliged to work to a limited number of colors, realism must sometimes be sacrificed, but this is not a great drawback, as posters are not supposed to be pictures from nature. Their main mission is to be



POSTER
By Mucha



POSTER
By Mucha

effective, to which everything must tend. In the case of a single standing figure, all lines should lead to the face. Take the drawing Figure 2: wherever the eye falls it finds some line leading to the face and to the special object emphasized—the cigarette. Another thing which helps the decorative effect is to have the head—where one standing figure is used—not exactly in the center of the drawing, but in a space about two-fifths of the distance from one boundary to the other, as in Figure 3. Again, the horizon line should be about level with the eyes of the figure, and trees and other objects in the background should be molded to help the decorative effect. The trees and landscape backgrounds of Maxfield Parrish are good examples of this principle.

Where drapery falls down and across the figure, it should begin to fall at a point about two-fifths of the



ORIGINAL POSTER DESIGN, Fig. 2
By A. G. Byrns

Another "trick," and one comparatively easy to accomplish, is to see that the line of the eyebrows is not parallel to the line of the shoulders. As an illustration of this, see Figures 1 and 2. Walls, rivers, fences, mountains, chair backs, and other objects to which one does not wish to give prominence, should cross the picture horizontally—the horizontal line in drawing being as unobtrusive as the gray tone in painting.

These are only a few of the many "dodges" resorted to by the poster artist. To give the method of procedure in every possible case would be impossible.

To those wishing to study the poster art I would recommend particularly the work of

distance from the feet to the head, as in Figure 1. Drapery should not, however, cross the figure at a knee, waist, or any other bend in the figure, as this gives the figure the appearance of being cut. Where the whole figure is shown, the head should be at least twice as close to the top boundary line as the feet are to the lower one. Again, the effect is greatly enhanced if only one hand is represented as being exerted or in action, although both hands, as well as both feet, must be visible, and as close together as possible.



POSTER
By Mucha

the foremost French and Belgian artists, and of Mucha in particular. His work possesses many points of excellence over that of his brother artists. His method represents the most modern and artistic development of the poster. He is a draftsman of great skill and thoroughness, and possesses a remarkably keen sense of decorative effect. He transforms every object into a thing of beauty.

Mucha possesses, to a large extent, the capacity for taking pains, and he has acquired a profound and general knowledge which he applies in finding and using accessories for his posters. He molds to his purpose the smallest object—a bird's wing, a leaf, a root, a blade of grass, a twig, a pebble, a gem, a knife—everything is rendered with convincing accuracy, and nothing is too insignificant to be turned to account in aiding the decorative effect of the whole. For this great designer, everything has a meaning, and nothing is treated in a commonplace manner.

How cleverly he manipulates geometrical figures, plants, trees, flowers, textures, draperies, birds, animals, mosaics, vases, chairs, thrones, bottles, flagons, weapons! His wealth of knowledge is only surpassed by his great faculties of resource and invention. Added to these is an instinctive sense of beauty and refinement, and dominating all else is his remarkable ability invariably to apply these varying talents with due restraint to the purpose in view.



ORIGINAL POSTER DESIGN, Fig. 3
By A. G. Byrns

It would be eminently desirable if the artists of this country who essay to do poster work would thus give a more careful study to the Old World workers, and would unite on some general line of effort comparable with the best specimens of European product. This would not mean that any artist would have to give up his individuality—the French and Belgian artists all preserve theirs. It would simply mean the elimination of a vast amount of inferior, ineffective work. There is no reason why American posters should not rival those of Europe.

A. G. BYRNS.



POSTER
By Mucha

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN

The following examples of decoration and design will be of value to all practical workers in applied art. In Plate 4, Figure 1 is a book-cover design on leather by René Wiener; Figure 2, by Edouard Bénédictus; Figure 3, by G. de Feure; and Figure 4, by François Decorchemont. In Plate 5, Figure 1 is a frieze by Rottmann & Co., London; Figure 2, by C. F. A. Voysey; Figure 3, by G. Combaz. In Plate 6, Figures 1, 2, and 3 are copper screens by F. Scheidecker; Figure 4, perforated copper plate by Louis Bigaux.

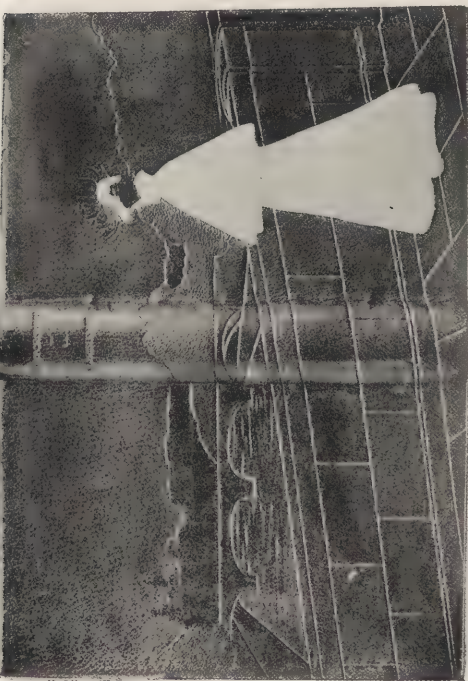


Figure 1

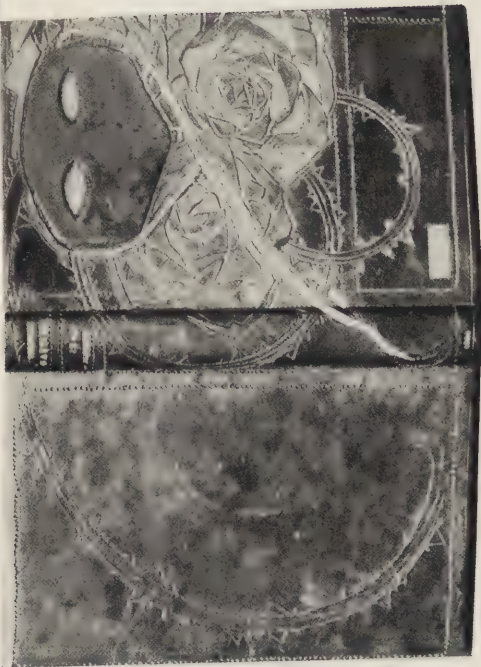


Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4





Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3
EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 5





Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4
EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 6



SOURCE OF BEAUTY IN FAVRILE GLASS

It is one of the glories of American achievement—and it is one more clearly recognized and more cordially admitted in Europe than any other fact regarding American artistic effort—that the fine glass work of this country leads the world, both in texture and design. The highest culmination of the glass-maker's art is unquestionably the favrile glass, invented and manufactured by Louis C. Tiffany. The day was when the beauties of Venetian and Bohemian glass were deemed unsurpassable, but to-day the Old World product is eclipsed by this New World claimant of public favor.

Despite the fact that favrile glass was fairly familiar to European connoisseurs and collectors, many beautiful specimens having been secured in England and on the Continent by private individuals and museums, the superb collection exhibited by the Tiffany at the Paris Exposition created little less than a sensation. Every known make of artistic glassware was there on exhibition, but the question of superiority was never in doubt, and favrile glass won the Grand Prix. Since the Paris Exposition the Tiffany works have not been idle, nor has Mr. Tiffany himself been lacking in enterprise in devising

new designs and new modifications of his product. This is evidenced by the fact that his display at the recent Pan-American Exposition was superior in every way to that made in Paris. The extent and magnificence of this Pan-American collection of favrile glass was simply astounding. In grace and uniqueness of design, in the richness and iridescence of its colors, it represented a refinement of taste and an attainment of the beautiful rarely if ever equaled in the art industries.



VASE, BLOWN THROUGH METAL BINDING
By Louis C. Tiffany



VASES OF FAVRILE GLASS
By Louis C. Tiffany

Tiffany's work has been termed the application of the maximum of ideal beauty to things utilitarian. To class the exquisite pieces into which favrile glass is manufactured with utilitarian products, however, can only be done by the good-natured concession of courtesy, since the idea of utility scarcely enters into consideration in the manufacture of articles of this fragile material, many of which are worth half their weight, if not more, in gold. More properly speaking, favrile glassware, such as was shown at Buffalo, is an expression for the highest possible beauty obtainable in a material generally regarded as uncompromising and difficult to work, and the exquisite pieces thus become the delight and pride of those who appreciate this form of excellence.

It is a rather curious fact that many forms of art product in this country are slighted if not contemned by native collectors. Native artists and art dealers, for instance, lament that American paintings are a drug, and that European pictures take precedence in private and public collections. In the matter of favrile glass, however, the conditions are reversed, and it takes precedence over imported articles of equal value.

Few people, perhaps, who marveled at the subtle beauty of the

Tiffany favrile exhibit at Buffalo have any comprehension of the principle underlying its manufacture, or of the secret of its marvelous color effects. It has been said that the history of glass is the history of civilization, the oldest piece of dated glass known, an Egyptian amulet, now in the British Museum, reaching back to 3064 B. C. Since that time the art has passed through the most varied development, and yielded almost every imaginable product. It is much to say, therefore, that after such a history, America can claim the honor of producing the most admirable results in this material.

The reason for this is, perhaps, not far to seek. Mr. Tiffany is a natural-born artist, with a fine feeling for the beautiful, and what is more to the point, is an assiduous student and a natural-born experimenter. When once his interest was centered on glass-work, his passion for investigation and experiment and his love of the beautiful did the rest. His inherited taste and his natural talent were fostered in the studios of Inness, Colman, Leon Bailey, and other great artists, in the first days of his efforts. His early training was thus just what was needed for the development of his positive genius.

"Mr. Tiffany's work is a lesson to every craftsman," said Gardner



VASE AND BOWL OF FAVRILE GLASS
By Louis C. Tiffany

C. Teall, in an article published in *BRUSH AND PENCIL* a year or two ago. "While there is no absolute defiance of tradition, yet everything is so invested with beautiful and sensible originality that it cannot fail to appeal to the æsthetic and to the practical senses at one and the same time. Tiffany is the recognized authority in America on glass, and his own experiments and developments along this line have brought him the commendation of all lovers of the beautiful. He has not been content with the mere discovery of things, but like Morris, he has spent quite as much energy in applying his art, and doing that unselfishly, devoting whole days*at a time, as he often does, to working out some idea, which, when grasped, appears simple enough, but which most people would not have the patience to make clear to themselves, and which idea he always gladly gives to the world from a love for the promotion of the beautiful."

Mr. Tiffany has never made a secret of the principle underlying his experiments. This he has frankly announced, and he has thus put it in the power of any clever worker in glass to follow a similar line of investigations, and produce equally desirable results. That no other worker has taken advantage of the principle thus openly avowed and produced a rival product is perhaps one of the best compliments to the original discoverer.

To an earnest, able worker a hint is often all that is necessary to result in a glorious achievement. To Mr. Tiffany the hint came from Sir David Brewster, the inventor of the kaleidoscope, and one of the greatest contributors to optical science. Speaking of the decay of glass, Sir David says, in one of his works:

"There is perhaps no material body that ceases to exist with so much grace and beauty, when it surrenders itself to time and not to disease. In damp localities, where acids and alkalies prevail in the soil, the glass rots, as it were, by a process which it is difficult to study. It may be broken between the fingers of an infant, and in this state we generally find in the middle of it a fragment, a thin fiber of the original glass which has not yet yielded to the process of decay.

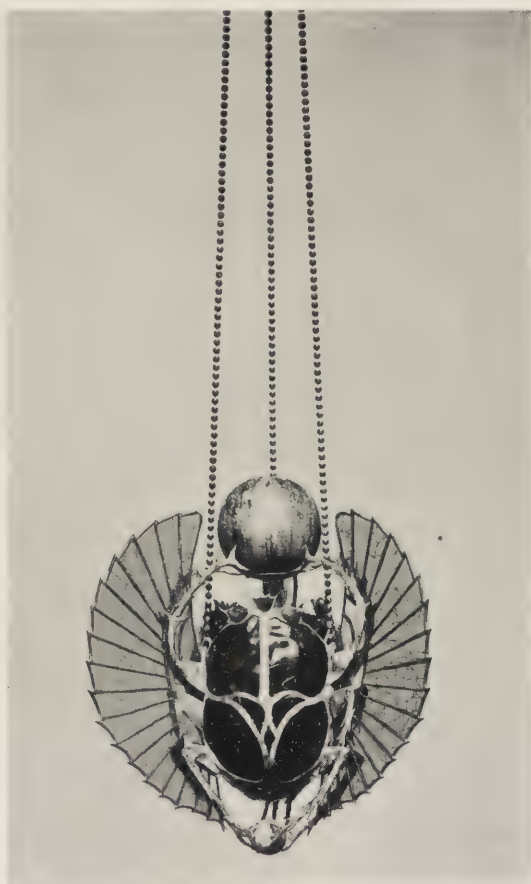
"In dry localities where Roman, Greek, and Assyrian glass has been found, the process of decomposition is exceedingly interesting, and its results singularly beautiful. At one or more points in the surface of the glass the decomposition begins. It extends around that point in a spherical surface, so that the first film is a minute hemispherical one of exceeding thinness. Film after film is formed in a similar manner, till perhaps twenty or thirty are crowded into a tenth of an inch. They now resemble the section of a pearl or of an onion, and as the films are still glass, we see brilliant colors of thin plates when we look down through their edges, which form the surface of the glass.

"These thin edges, however, being exposed to the elements,

decompose. The particles of silex and the other ingredients now readily separate, and the decomposition goes on downwards in films parallel to the surface of the glass, the crystals of silex forming a white ring and the other ingredients rings of a different tint. . . . Such is the process of decomposition around one point; but it commences at many points, and generally these points lie in straight lines, so that the circles of decomposition meet one another and form sinuous lines. . . .

"When the decomposition has gone regularly on round a single point, and there is no other change than a division of the glass into a number of hemispherical films, like a number of watch glasses within one another, the group of films exhibits in the polarizing microscope a beautiful circle of polarized light with a black cross. The edges of the hemispherical films give to the figure the colors of thin plates, and we imagine we have before us a circular crystal with its fine system of polarized rings. The colors, however, are only those of thin plates, and the light is the light that has been depolarized cylindrically, as it were, by refraction, in passing obliquely through the hemispherical cups. When a drop of water, alcohol, or oil is applied to this or any other specimen, the fluid enters between the films and the polarized light, and the splendid colors immediately disappear."

This may sound heavy and scientific for a popular article, but it is an explanation in a nutshell of the marvelous iridescence and the



HANGING ELECTRIC LAMP
By Louis C. Tiffany

lustrous effects of favrile glass. Mr. Tiffany simply set to work on an observed fact—observed long before his day—and by persistent and repeated experiment discovered a way of simulating by artificial means the glorious display of colors produced by the natural decay of



VASES OF FAVRILE GLASS
By Louis C. Tiffany

glass, which had long been the subject of comment among scientists. In other words, he discovered a process of checking decay, and by reversing the action, of arriving at the same effects without disintegration. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the remarkable beauty of favrile glass, its luster, its evanescent hues, its rich scintillating play of colors, is the beauty of mimic decay in the texture of the glass—a mimic decay that gives every color of the rainbow, and results in shades and combinations such as were never produced before by the glass-maker.

Mr. Tiffany's first great achievement was thus the discovery of

an artificial means of duplicating the effects of natural decay. This was the feat of Tiffany the scientist. A further feat for the scientist was to vary the ingredients of the glass in the interest of variety. The rest was the work of Tiffany the artist—the molding of his spe-



VASES OF FAVRILE GLASS
By Louis C. Tiffany

cially prepared glass product on lines of beauty, and devising means of decoration to further enhance the rich qualities of the material.

That this work was long and arduous scarcely needs telling. It was not until 1893 that favrile glass was first exhibited. Its novel beauty then captivated the public, but the spirit of enterprise and the ambition to develop to the utmost the possibilities of the initial discovery have resulted in a vast improvement of the product. It would be difficult to conceive of effects in glass more marvelous than those displayed in the Pan-American exhibit. It is no wonder, therefore, that the glass-makers of the Old World should

acknowledge and honor a New World leader in the art. Nor is it a wonder that the cleverest of the European manufacturers should laboriously seek the formula of the American discoverer and endeavor to imitate his ware.

The production of favrile glass was a long stride in progress, but the material would doubtless have remained one of the beautiful curiosities of the art industries had it not been for the cleverness and

perfect taste of Tiffany the artist. As said before, he has no less a passion for application than for discovery. He is imbued, as was Morris, with a desire not merely to add to the world's beauty, but to bring that beauty within the reach of the public. In what measure that ambition has been realized the visitors to the Pan-American can testify.

Of the exhibit there made of more than three thousand pieces, no two were of similar design or coloring. The motives worked out in this delicate material were almost as



LAMP—BRONZE AND FAVRILE GLASS
By Louis C. Tiffany

varied as the number of articles shown. Typical shapes from the earliest days of glass-making to the present time were duplicated, and odd, artistic conceits in design and decoration were shown that originated in the Tiffany studios.

The exquisite quality of the material calls for a treatment no less unique and beautiful than the medium, and this was clearly recognized in the early days of favrile glass-making. The magnificent punch-bowl displayed at Buffalo, for instance, with its motive taken from a sea-shell, and reflecting all the hues of the choicest mother-of-pearl, could only emanate from an artist who apprehended the possibilities of his material, and was genius enough to make the design

conform, in surpassing beauty, with the delicate substance used. Many of the vases, bowls, jardinières, scent-bottles, plaques, and many of the other decorative pieces that had no other purpose than to be beautiful, were no less exquisite in their treatment and effect.

Some were rich in blues and greens, and others in the russets and golds of autumn. Some were as opalescent as a soap-bubble, and almost as thin, while others were heavy with jeweled effects and rich with gold dust blown into the molten glass. Some were notable mainly in texture and shape, while others had added beauties imparted to them by carving, by cutting through one layer of glass down to another color, or by enrichments of metallic lusters.

Apart from any consideration of artistic design, which alone bespeaks painstaking efforts to attain perfection, the whole collection was an appeal to the æsthetic color sense.

Herein lies one of the chief characteristics and beauties of the Tiffany ware: no matter how simple the design—nay, one may say, how formless the shape—the rich opal effects of the material itself satisfies the requirements of taste. Every piece gives an almost infinite variety of beauties, since whatever be the effect by reflected light, it is utterly transformed by transmitted light. What at one moment or under one set of conditions seems as soft and scintillating as mother-of-pearl



PLAQUE—COPPER AND ENAMEL
By Louis C. Tiffany

may at another moment or under a different set of conditions appear as roseate as a sunset.

Scarcely less remarkable than favrile glass in artistic results is the Tiffany enamel, of which many specimens were shown at Buffalo. Many exquisite pieces of copper in repoussé, of chaste and unique design, and covered with an almost indestructible enamel as beautiful in its tints as the choicest of the favrile vases, were exhibited.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe individual pieces of the Tiffany output. One could no more do this effectively than one could describe the harmonies of a masterpiece of music. It is the intention only to state clearly America's rank in at least one line of art product, and to give some suggestion of the causes behind the mysterious and marvelous play of colors observable in the Tiffany ware. The Tiffany studios have their secrets of detail that are jealously screened from vulgar inspection—that is a matter of business which the public has no right to probe. The hint given above is sufficient for the inquiring and the curious.

JAMES L. HARVEY.



AN APPRECIATION OF HUBERT VON HERKOMER

No present-day artist has acquired a more enviable reputation, and none perhaps has secured for himself a surer place in fame, than Hubert von Herkomer. As landscapist, *genre* painter, portraitist, illustrator, enamelist, etcher, teacher, he has been equally successful. A man as many-sided as he, one so pronounced in his art theories and so loyal to his convictions, is a character with whom the student of art should be familiar.

Occasional notes and brief items have appeared during the last decade or so on some one or other of von Herkomer's activities, but it is only recently that a satisfactory account of his life and a critical analysis of his character and work have appeared. This is the sumptuous volume by A. L. Baldry, whose careful, painstaking study



THE ARTIST'S HOME

meets all the requirements of the student and the general reader.* The book, however, in its massive, elegant form, and with its wealth of choice illustrations, is the luxury of the rich, and unfortunately is beyond the means of the average inquirer. A review and résumé of this work, in some measure in Mr. Baldry's own works, will, therefore, be acceptable to the readers of *BRUSH AND PENCIL*, the volume itself being earnestly recommended to those who wish to trace fully the development of this unique character.

It would be impossible, even if it were desirable, as Mr. Baldry says, to exclude personal details from any account of the artistic accomplishment of von Herkomer. The circumstances of his life and the character of his work are so inseparably connected that any attempt to trace his progress in the world of art involves also a history of himself and a study of his temperament. The man himself must be studied and pictured in order to make intelligible the nature of his effort. Heredity, early associations, his career as a man, have all played a definite part in the shaping of his art. He is a militant personality, and so attention must be given to the nature of the tactics by which he has secured his successes; and as far as possible, the motives which have actuated him in his undertakings must be analyzed.

It is always difficult to make a dispassionate analysis of the personality of a living man. In the character of an individual who is actually before us, and playing his part in the history of the moment,

* "Hubert von Herkomer," by A. L. Baldry. The Macmillan Company.



HUBERT VON HERKOMER AND HIS CHILDREN (1879)
From an Etching by the Artist



BACK TO LIFE

By Hubert von Herkomer

there are so many details which seem significant enough to call for consideration and discussion that the task of determining the essentials to which he owes his distinctive place among his contemporaries is apt to be perplexing. Intimate acquaintance with and close study of von Herkomer's personality, however, make explicable the secret of his success.

The first and most obvious of his attributes—one indeed that no one who comes in contact with him can fail to discover immediately—is a perpetual craving for occupation; and the second is a scarcely less apparent strength of will that enables him not only to direct his own professional practice, but to control and inspire with something of his own enthusiasm the men with whom he is associated in his undertakings.

His desire for work is in many ways a curious characteristic. It is not an expression of an exuberant physical condition, which from very excess of vitality needs an outlet for its superfluous energy. It is, on the contrary, accompanied in his case by comparatively poor health and a somewhat frail physique. Moreover, it is combined oddly with the imaginative mind of a dreamer who loves to lose himself in abstract fancies and to dwell on things fantastic and intangible. The whole association is at first sight altogether contradictory and unaccountable.

But the clew is to be found, as Mr. Baldry points out, in the fact that von Herkomer is dominated by the love of production. It is not sufficient for him to make his thought pictures and then to let

them pass into nothingness again without any effort to record them. He must give them shape so that other people may join with him in the pleasure of realizing them, and share in the emotions that he enjoys. It has, moreover, been necessary for him to subject himself to a close discipline by which his dreams could be made to help rather than to hinder the effectiveness of his producing. He has studied his strong points and his weak ones, and has learned exactly where to check a growing tendency and when to develop another. In this self-discipline appears the best evidence of his strength of will.

Von Herkomer has thus habituated himself to work in the way that could make the most of his capacities, and he has so ordered his life, that with the least waste of his energies he can produce the maximum of results. One concession to his original inclinations he has nevertheless allowed himself. Though he has conquered physical weakness and the dreamer's desire to leave unfinished things that, conceived in enthusiasm, needed strenuous and sustained labor to bring to completion, he has refused to tie himself down to any one branch of his profession.

The love of production, as he interprets it, is a many-sided passion, and he accepts to the fullest the latitude which it gives him. It means with him freedom to do whatever he likes, so long as he satis-



ALL BEAUTIFUL IN NAKED PURITY
By Hubert von Herkomer



THE LADY IN BLACK
By Hubert von Herkomer

emotion compounded of two ingredients, an intense love of art for its own sake and an overpowering ambition to excel. Under the stimulus which it supplies he is ready to face and overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable, and to attack problems which call for the most exhausting application. He glories in attempting what a man less saturated with the artistic spirit would avoid as too troublesome, or as too little likely to give results proportioned to the labor involved; and the pleasure that success brings him is enhanced by the feeling that he has

fies his artistic conscience by doing everything thoroughly, and by perfecting it to the utmost of his ability. Thus he is wont to pass from one interest into another. At one moment it is a portrait or a picture that engages him, at another it is an enamel, or he turns for a while to music, teaches, lectures, does etchings, invents a new process of engraving, goes deeply into artistic craftsmanship, makes audacious innovations in theatrical art, and intrudes into many professions that, according to the popular notion, are quite outside his sphere.

Next in importance in his desire to be always active comes his enthusiasm about the work itself. This is an



THE SERPENTINE DANCER
From a Dry-Point
By Hubert von Herkomer

justified himself as an artist by doing what his fellows have not the will or the power to accomplish. This enthusiasm for art, this devotion to accomplishment, Mr. Baldry thinks, and doubtless correctly, is responsible for the charge often made against the artist of being a conceited braggart.

Another factor of importance to be considered in any estimate of



A DYING MONARCH
From a Herkomergravure
By Hubert von Herkomer

von Herkomer and his work is his German origin. Paradoxical as it may seem, his German blood has made him the type of artist that he is, and yet causes the only divergence between him and his art. In his tastes as a painter, his technical manner, his feeling for nature, and in the sentiment which so completely saturates his work, he is purely English, and reflects nothing that is not absolutely in keeping with the æsthetic instincts of the English people. But this wholly English art is the production of a man who is in mind, habit, and temperament strongly and characteristically German.

From the land of his ancestors come the fantastic imagination, the love of romance, the poetry, and the sense of rhythm and harmony which are with him fundamental principles. From Germany come as well his love of work, his determination and self-control, and

the persistent tenacity that has made possible the schooling of his nature; and from the same source he derives the outspoken enthusiasm that people who do not understand him call conceit. Heredity accounts, too, for that pride of race which has been so important in the shaping of his career, and has provided the dominant motive of his life.

A few words here of biography. The descendant of a line of working folk, von Herkomer was born in Waal, Bavaria, May 26,



OUR VILLAGE
By Hubert von Herkomer

1849. His immediate ancestors were skilled craftsmen. According to the legend associated with his birth, his father said, "This boy shall be my best friend, and he shall be a painter"; and through many years the father and son lived a life of the closest intimacy and the most affectionate companionship. When the boy was two years old the family emigrated to America, living successively at New York, Rochester, and Cleveland. In 1857, however, the Herkomers again crossed the Atlantic and settled in Southampton, England.

It was not until the lad was in his fourteenth year that he received any conventional school training in the rudiments of art practice. Then he became a student at the local school of art, and went consci-

entiously through the whole of the South Kensington routine as it was arranged in those days. In 1865 the father received a commission to reproduce, in wood-carving, Peter Vischer's Six Evangelists at Nuremberg. This offered an opportunity to take the boy to Munich, where he entered the preparatory school of the academy. The sojourn in Munich was spent by young von Herkomer in practice at home, attendance at an evening life class, and constant study of the pictures of old and modern masters in the public galleries.

Returning again to England, he was sent to the South Kensington school to go through the systematic train-



THE LADY IN WHITE
By Hubert von Herkomer



BEAUTY'S ALTAR
By Hubert von Herkomer
From an Enamel Painting

ing that was deemed necessary. It was here that he was thrown in contact with such men as Luke Fildes, Henry Woods, John Parker, and others now famous, who were then among the more advanced of the South Kensington students. In 1867 he had another term at South Kensington, when he fell under the influence of Frederick Walker, who in a marked degree affected his methods through the whole of his subsequent practice.

His career as a professional artist began as an illustrator for *The Graphic*, one of the most notable

of his early successes being his drawing of "Chelsea Pensioners in Church," the first idea for the picture which a few years later put him into the front rank of public favorites. While thus engaged as an illustrator, he was mindful of his ambition to excel as a painter,



LOVE SHALL SUFFER
A Study
By Hubert von Herkomer

and he kept persistently at work with the view to making his first appearance as an oil-painter at the Royal Academy.

This ambition was realized in 1873, when he exhibited "After the Toil of Day," a picture which was inspired by his love of Walker's pastorals. Just prior to this event, he had settled at Bushey, near Watford, a place chosen because of its nearness to London, which would allow him to keep in touch with the centers of artistic interest. He did not exhibit at the Academy in 1874, but later he sent his well-known picture, "The Last Muster," and so high was the general verdict on the work,

that at twenty-six he found himself ranked at once among the chief of the popular favorites.

Von Herkomer then reverted to Bavaria, and painted "At Death's Door," "Der Bittgang," and a portrait of Mrs. Henry Mason, which he exhibited in 1877. The following year he painted another English subject, "Eventide," a group of old women sitting round a table in one of the wards of the Westminster workhouse. In its strength, its directness, its originality, and its homely pathos, this picture, in popular estimate, took rank with "The Last Muster."

In the spring of 1879 he visited Wales in company with Mansel

Lewis, where in a tent studio he finished the notable landscape "Wind-Swept," which, together with "God's Shrine," "Grandfather's Pet," and several smaller works, was exhibited at the Academy in 1880. Other visits to Wales resulted in his impressive landscape, "The Gloom of Idwal," "Missing," "Homewards," and other important pictures, all of which found their way to the Academy exhibitions.

Hitherto portraiture had only been an occasional digression from the ordinary line of his work, but in 1882 he stepped to the fore as a portraitist by exhibiting at the Academy his wonderfully strong picture of Archibald Forbes. The forcible presentation of character in this canvas caused a great stir in art circles, and centered upon von Herkomer the public attention. The direct result was, that he was importuned by a host of sitters who were anxious to have him

transfer their faces to canvas in the same striking way in which he had transferred that of Forbes.

In quick succession he produced portraits of Sir Richard Cross, B. Samuelson, Miss Katherine Grant, sometimes called "The Lady in White," Sir Edwin Watkin, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Archibald Campbell, Briton Riviere, H. M. Stanley, the Reverend Canon Wilberforce, Professor Facett, Sir John Pender, Lord Herschell, the



THE DESPAIRING SHALL BECOME BLIND

A Study

By Hubert von Herkomer



AFTER THE TOIL OF DAY
By Hubert von Herkomer

archbishop of Canterbury, pictures of various members of his own family, and that remarkable portrait commonly known as "The Lady in Black," of which a reproduction is given herewith. To give a list of the many portraits von Herkomer has painted since he produced his first success in this line, his Forbes picture, would be tiresome. It is sufficient to say that during the last two decades no portrait-painter in England has been more successful, more sought after by the public, or more substantially rewarded for his work.

Despite the number and importance of his commissions for this class of work, however, he has never for any length of time neglected landscapes or ideal themes. The breadth of the artist's interests and the wide range of his abilities are evidenced by the variety of the subjects treated and the general excellence of the canvases produced.

"Words of Comfort," a small Bavarian picture; "Natural Enemies," a group of Bavarians quarreling in a beer-house; "Pressing to the West," a motley gathering of emigrants in Castle Garden, New York; "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," a work which he had been thinking about for years; "Found," which now hangs in the National Gallery of British Art; "A Board of Directors," a large group pictorially treated with an agreeable absence of formality; "All Beautiful in Naked Purity," a nude figure posed beneath masses of leafy branches; "The Burgermeister of Landsberg, with his Town Council," which is not only the largest but in many respects the most brilliant of all his works in its technical qualities—these and many another which it is impossible here to enumerate were produced and exhibited, and all added to his fame both as a draftsman and a colorist.

In a word, von Herkomer doggedly fought his way to a place among the most famous of the art-workers whom the nineteenth century has produced. Success after success came to him in his profession, his influence made itself felt in all sorts of directions, and the recognition of his powers became an article in the faith of the art world, in which he figured as an assured leader.

Only by a perfect comprehension of his own personality and by the happiest mixture of self-encouragement and self-repression could any man have made himself at the same time so various and yet so thorough in all his accomplishments. He has not dissipated his powers by attempting impossibilities; but he has never hesitated to strive after new results when he saw the opportunities of expressing his artistic beliefs by devices which he had not hitherto used, and certainly he has never spared himself in his efforts to attain his ideals.

At the age of fifty-two he has to his credit more successes than most artists can point to when they have far exceeded his span of years. That he has never dropped below his highest standard it would of course be absurd to suggest, for to no man, as Mr. Baldry aptly says, is given the ability to reach an unvarying level of excellence. But it may safely be said that when he has failed or fallen short of his best achievement, it has not been from want of application, or from an inclination to trade upon his reputation. He is too honest a thinker on art questions to work without conscience, and the objection to formalized practice is a fundamental article of his art creed.

Of von Herkomer's work as an enamelist, an etcher, a lithographer in black and white, the limits of this review will scarcely admit of discussion. Those interested in these branches of his art cannot do better than refer to Mr. Baldry's comprehensive work. The list of the medals he has won, and of the societies and associations to which he has been elected a member, is likewise too long to be enumerated here. Discussion of his technical methods must also be omitted.

Von Herkomer is now in the best period of his maturity, with capacities



THE HODMAN
From a Monotype
By Hubert von Herkomer

highly trained, and a deep and comprehensive knowledge of the details of his profession. What he knows he has learned by no easy reliance on the experience of others, but by exhaustive and prolonged experiment on his own account. As there is no symptom of waning in his energies, or of weakening in his enthusiasm, his development in coming years is almost certain to be as significant as it has been during the time that has passed. No figure in contemporary art history, in Mr. Baldry's opinion, is better worth watching, for there is none whose life is so definitely distinguished by those greatest of dramatic essentials, suspense and surprise.

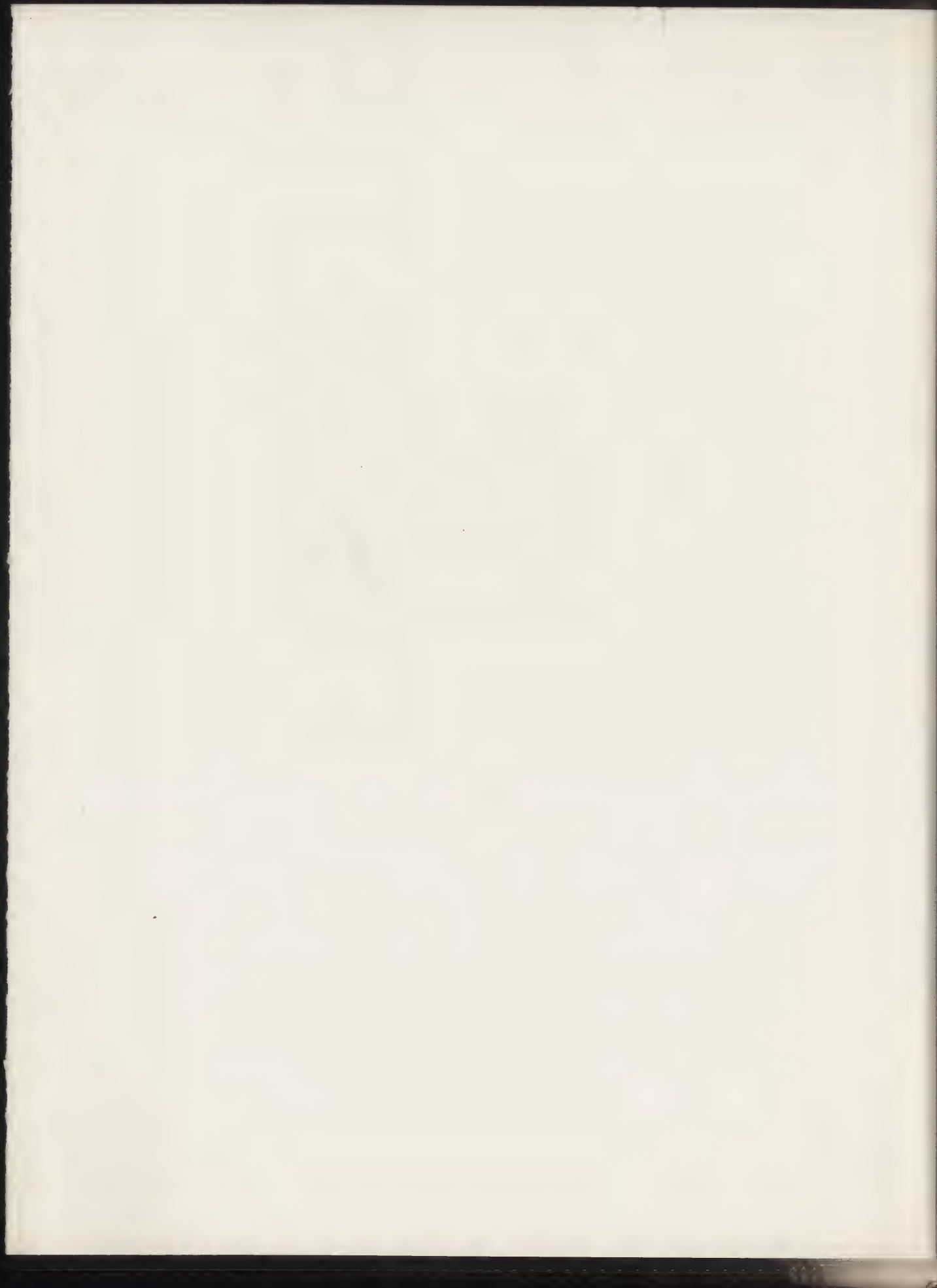
MERRILL E. ABBOTT.



WHO COMES HERE?
By Hubert von Herkomer



THE APPROACHING STORM
By George Inness
Collection of Frederick S. Gibbs, New York



REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

"Italian Journeys," by W. D. Howells, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, lately issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is one of the most attractive of this year's Christmas volumes, and may properly be classed with the art publications. Mr. Howells is never so entertaining as in his sketches of peoples and places, and a work illustrated with Mr. Pennell's inimitable drawings is nothing less than an event to those who love unique bits of architecture and landscape daintily delineated.

The work is so old a friend to the reading public that at first Mr. Howells refused to revise what he had written forty years before. On reflection, however, he was led to doubt the accuracy of his knowledge, the infallibility of his judgment, the sincerity of his feelings, and even the veracity of his statements.

So he fell upon these faults and pruned them away with a free hand till he felt that he could honestly commend the book, in its new dress and with its superb illustrations, as much worthier credence than it was before. These changes, however, have in no sense transformed the volume. The Italy of the first edition was the Italy when the Austrians seemed permanent in Lombardy and Venetia, and the French garrison was apparently established indefinitely in Rome; when Napoleon III. was emperor, Pio Nono was pope, the first Victor Emmanuel was king, and Garibaldi was liberator. The Italy of the first edition has wisely been left the Italy of the second.

The book in a sense is a companion volume to "A Little Tour in France," published by the same house last Christmas, and the illustrations by Mr. Pennell are characterized by the same exquisite qualities as those he made for this former work. Few artists have Mr. Pennell's sense of the picturesque, and none have developed such facility for picturing the beautiful nooks and corners of the Old World. He has followed his author's steps, and has successfully undertaken to make a pictorial commentary on his text. The volume is a most admirable example of tasteful book-making.

It is a significant fact that the great artistic crusade which was inaugurated by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and which marked the middle of the nineteenth century in England, still has a keen interest for the public. Within less than two years a new edition of "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters, their Associates and Successors," by Percy Bate, thoroughly revised and amplified by the incorporation of much new illustrative matter, has been issued by the Macmillan Company to meet popular demand.

This work is not a *chronique intime*, nor a collection of anecdotes; it is simply an endeavor to give, both in letter-press and illustrations, a brief review of the artists who have painted under the pre-Raphaelite inspiration, and of the work which they have done. Prior to the publication of this work, ample and authoritative histories of the English pre-Raphaelite painters had been promised, and scattered notices, critical and biographical, had been published from time to time; but no epitome had been written to set forth succinctly and in a handy form the essential facts of the inception and rise of the movement and the work of the founders and followers of the school.

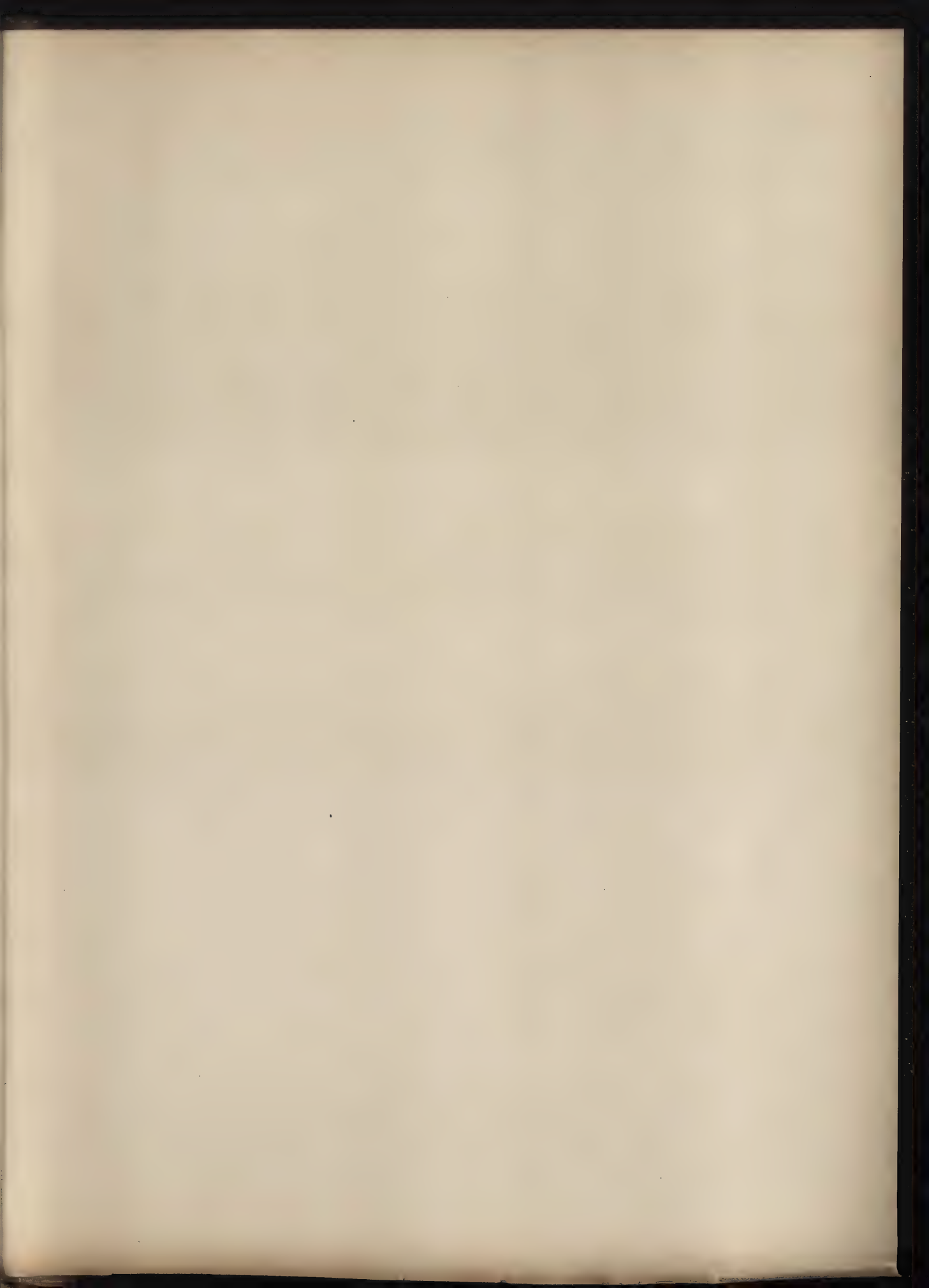
Mr. Bate's aim has been to produce a book treating the great artistic crusade historically and in an unbiased spirit. He has made an attempt—and successfully—to discriminate the qualifications of the different workers, and to show the high aim which has underlain and the brilliant achievement which has crowned their strenuous endeavors. He has of necessity been forced to limit himself to pictorial art.

This second edition of the work is superior to the first, since the text has been revised and brought down to date, and many pictures by the brethren and their direct associates, and of other painters who were temporarily under their influence, have been added. The influence of the brethren and their tenets is still manifest among painters and illustrators, and Mr. Bate has wisely included a number of the most typical recent manifestations of pre-Raphaelism. In its new form the work is an adequate epitome of and guide to a most interesting and noteworthy phase of British art.

In "Marine Painting in Water-Color," by W. L. Wyllie, the eminent marine artist, Cassell & Co. have published a unique companion volume to their "Landscape Painting in Water-Color," by John MacWhirter, issued last year. To paint boats as they lie upon the beach, or waves as they appear from a seat on the sands, is a comparatively simple matter, and this is perhaps the most that can be attempted by the great number of amateurs who love the sea and desire to paint it. To paint the sea as Mr. Wyllie does it, one must be a sailor.

Marine painting more than any other branch of the art involves the study of things in motion, and success in this branch of art necessitates a keen eyesight to observe, a powerful memory to carry away, and a deft hand to record the ever-shifting face of sea and sky with the objects moving upon them. This little book gives succinctly Mr. Wyllie's methods, the paper, brushes, colors, etc., he uses, and is therefore a practical help and guide to the student, who can do little better than to follow the practice of such a master. The value of the book is further enhanced by twenty-four choice reproductions in color of marines, which are accompanied by explanatory notes, and which serve as copy for the learner.

For further book reviews, see advertising page 11.





BATTLE AT ZAPOTE BRIDGE
By Vassili Verestchagin



BRUSH AND PENCIL

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ART EXHIBITION AT KANSAS CITY

An especially significant and satisfactory feature of present development is the increased interest manifested in the fine arts in the minor cities of the United States, and the superior quality of the exhibitions offered by private and public institutions. Time was when New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and possibly one or two other great centers of population, claimed the distinction of affording the only exhibitions of the fine arts worthy of the name. Today many of the smaller towns make displays second only in extent to those presented by the metropolitan cities.

Indeed, Pittsburg, which six years ago was an unknown factor in the art world, offers the only international art exhibition in America, and possibly outranks, in the interest it excites, the time-honored Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Enterprise in the search for good material, and liberality in the prizes it offers, have centered upon the town the interest of the artist classes. Kansas City, young, enterprising, and ambitious in art matters, has likewise made remarkable strides, and now annually gives exhibitions that would reflect credit upon older-settled communities.

To be sure the Missouri city has no pretentious art institute in which to hang its collections, no permanent home for its acquisitions.



ITALIAN HEAD
By Henry Mosler



THE PEACH ORCHARD
By Louise Upton Brumbach

But it has wisely provided a fund for the purchase annually of some picture of merit, and these works of art are jealously cared for pending the time when the city will have a suitable home for its art treasures. It has not reached the point when it can offer big prizes, but its practice of buying one picture a year for the pleasure and benefit of

the municipality has had the effect of inducing many of the best known artists of the country to send their pictures to its exhibitions.

The exhibition of this year, the fifth of its annual displays, was in every sense the most pretentious and the best it has given. When the art spirit was first awakened in Kansas City, it was commonly said that the main contributors to its exhibitions were a few "Hoosier" painters. This year it is a most noteworthy fact that only one "Hoosier" painter was represented, while about one hundred painters from art centers of the East and of Europe sent canvases. The number of pictures exhibited was about one hundred and fifty, independent of the architectural draw-



TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
By Everett Shinn

ings of the Kansas City Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. These works were thoroughly representative of the best artistic talent of America, covering a wide range of subjects, and illustrating all the different schools.

New York was represented by William M. Chase, Childe Hassam, Henry Mosler, William H. Howe, and other artists, all of whom are well known to the public.

This is the first year that these men have sent canvases to Kansas City. Cincinnati was represented by George Debereiner, J. H. Sharp, T. C. Lindsay, William A. McCord, and John Rettig; Boston was represented by Dwight Baliney; Chicago by Alfred Juergens; Detroit by Francis P. Paulus; and Indianapolis by William Forsythe. Among the Kansas City artists who displayed canvases were Mrs. Frank Brumback, Miss Heyle, Mr. Abercrombie, Miss Alice Murphy, Miss Cornelia Topping, George Sass, Mr. Wightman, and G. Van Millett, the president of the Kansas City Art Club.

The excellence of the exhibition was due to the distinct policy of the managers of the enterprise. The keynote of this policy was sounded recently by the secretary of the art club in the following words: "We are in the field against the purely commercial picture. It is the *bête noir* of art. The law of supply and demand operates in art as well as in business. Any number of artists can paint good pictures, but naturally artists must live, so they paint what the public will buy. The only way to supplant the pot-boiler by the true work of art is to exhibit first-class paintings and let the public see the difference."

That is what the Kansas City Art Club undertook to do, and it is due to the members of the organization to say that their efforts were crowned with a larger measure of success than in any former year.

One of the best known artists represented in the collection was



AN OLD TOWER, NÜRNBERG
By E. R. Cherry

Henry Mosler, of New York, whose painting "Le Retour" was the first American canvas to secure admission to the gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris. He contributed a canvas depicting the head of an old Italian woman, in which he has succeeded in catching that most difficult effect in head-painting, the steely tinge of black hair turning gray. The pose of the head and the expression of the face

are good and especially interesting, but the remarkable hair effect in this canvas is what arrests the attention and claims the admiration of the spectator.



UNLOADING BOATS

By Irving E. Couse

William M. Chase's three canvases were all excellent examples of his careful, painstaking work. "The Little Red Box," which is the portrait of a woman, was an especially happy composition, pleasing in tone and characterized by this well-known artist's superb draftsmanship. "The Bayberry Bush," a landscape, with three children playing about a bush, a farm-house in the distance, and a plain that merged into a blue horizon, was noteworthy for its admirable atmospheric effect, and for the deft depiction of summer sunshine. Mr.

Chase's other picture was

one of his inimitable still-life pictures, showing a dish of fruit, a mug, and a copper kettle, in the representation of whose metallic sheen probably no other artist has acquired such dexterity.

The contributions of Childe Hassam were both summer scenes, and were both resplendent with sunlight and sparkle. The pictures showed two distinct types of Hassam's work. One depicted a distant village nestling among trees, with a foreground of creek and marsh meadow, while the other was a New England coast scene, in which one caught view of an arm of the ocean over a hilltop bright with poppies and verdant with rank sea-grass. All Hassam's work is strongly individual, and these two canvases were excellent exemplifications of his peculiar color schemes and methods of treatment.

The contribution by William H. Howe, famous for his admirable

cattle pictures, was a fine example of his work, and was much admired for its sympathetic spirit and its excellent brush-work. It represented an evening scene on the Taren Meadows, Holland, and while eminently characteristic of Howe's best methods, was essentially Dutch in type,

the artist having caught and faithfully depicted the true spirit of the Holland landscape. W. Merritt Post, of New York, had a November scene in oil and three especially interesting water-colors, and William Sartain, a small Oriental scene depicting an Arab at a fountain near Algiers.

Of the Cincinnati artists, the contributions of J. H. Sharp were especially interesting.

One was the "Squaw Mourning Her Brave," which was reproduced some months ago as a full-page plate in BRUSH AND PENCIL. This canvas was painted from life, it being Mr. Sharp's good fortune to find the squaw wrapped in her blanket and seated beneath a tree, in whose branches rested the body of her



THE BAYBERRY BUSH
By William M. Chase



CONTENTMENT
By G. Van Millett

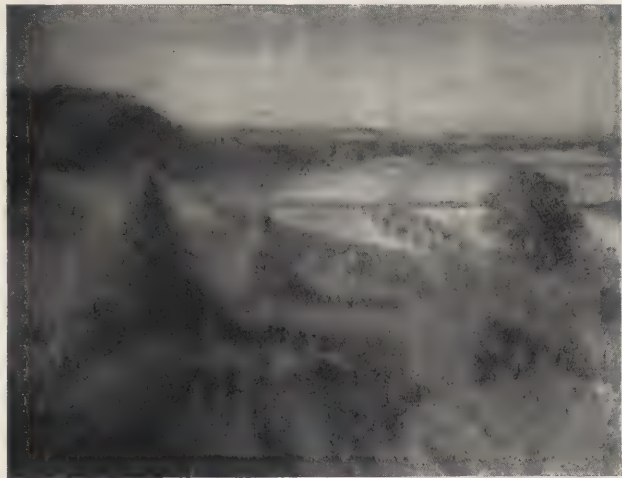


STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK
By Charles Austin Needham

dead. Apart, therefore, from its merit as a painting, the picture has an especial value as a faithful transcript of a phase of Indian life. The other picture was a characteristic Indian head painted by firelight, and thus invested with something of dramatic force. Sharp, by the way, is one of the few painters of Indians who undertakes to do something more than to give a bald portrait of merely anthropological interest. He tries to invest

his subjects with some of the rude poetry of the Indian race.

The three canvases sent by William A. McCord were all excellent examples of his work, the least interesting being his flower-piece, "Daisies." His other two pictures were landscapes, one representing a scene in the lake region of the Northwest and the other a wheat-field in July. In both these canvases the picturesque was subordinated to the faithful rendering of commonplace and thoroughly native scenes. Under ordinary circumstances a wheat-field, with its suggestion of tidy thrift, is not a promising theme for artistic work, but Mr. McCord has shown that subjects of this class are not devoid of interest for pictorial purposes. George Deberei-

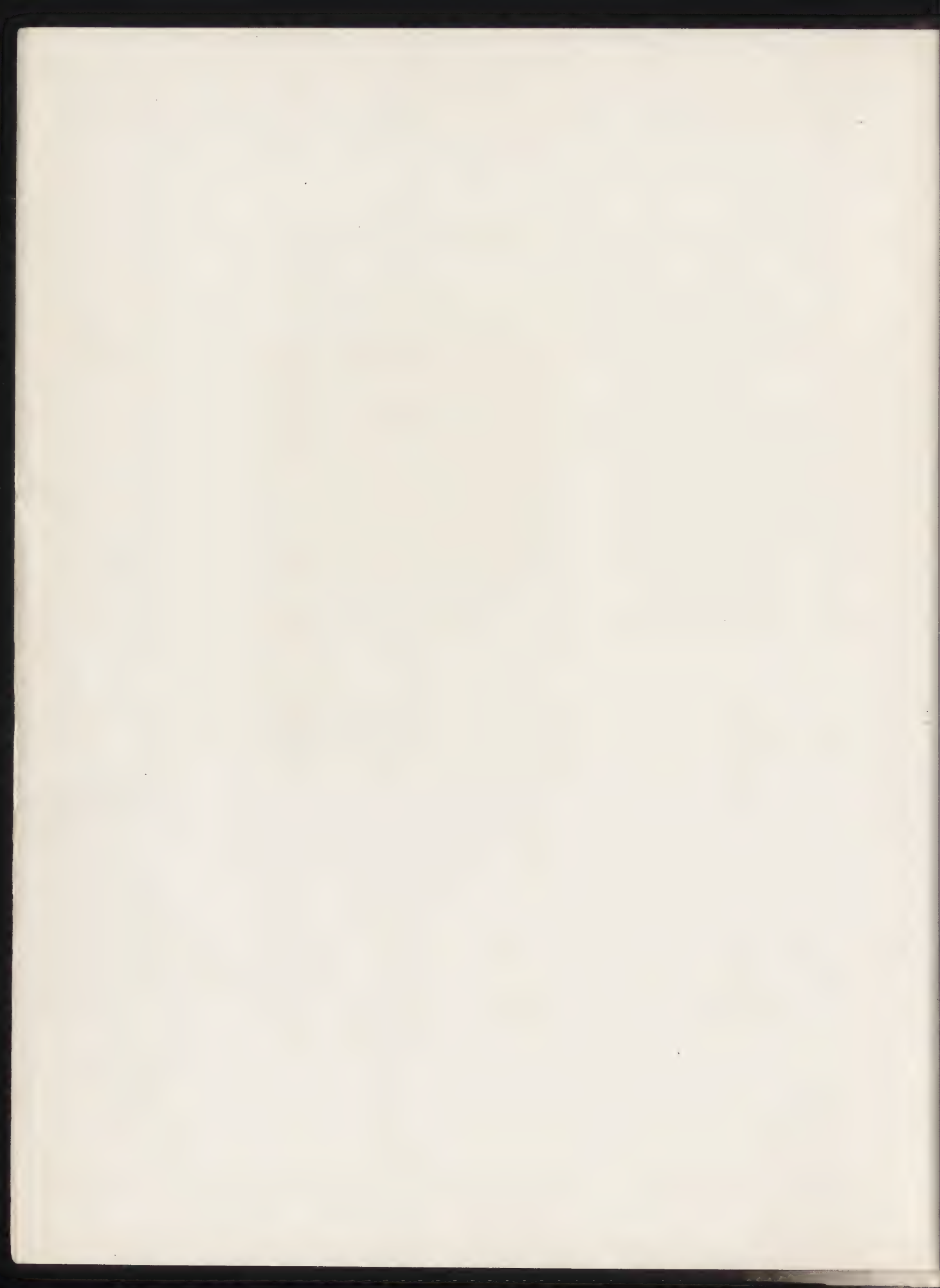


EAST BOTTOMS
By John W. McKecknie



VIADUCT AT LARICHA, ITALY
By George Inness
Collection of Frederick S. Gibbs, New York





ner contributed a fantastic but striking conceit to which he gave the title "Satyr." The work of George A. Abercrombie was shown this year for the first time in the Kansas City Club's exhibition. He sent four canvases, all landscapes, and all worthy of the closest critical study. Two of these were river views, one a bit of New Jersey coast, and the other an autumn scene. Mr. Abercrombie is a good draftsman and colorist, and he has the faculty of imparting to his canvases fine atmospheric effects. The same may be said of Charles Partridge Adams, whose "Sunset Light" gives all the glories of the Colorado skies. In saying this of Adams's work, one is saying much, since it is a matter of no small difficulty to catch and record the atmospheric phenomena of the Colorado altitudes.

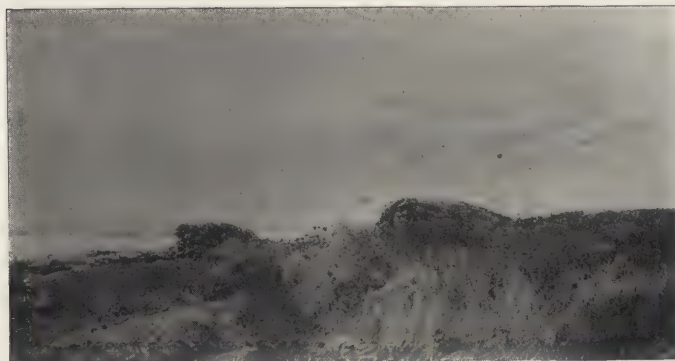
Charles Austin Needham, who ranks with Childe Hassam as an exponent of New York street scenes, and who was one of the favorite exhibitors at last year's exhibition in Kansas City, sent two fine examples of his work to this year's display. These were a street scene in New York and a winter scene in Madison Square. Street scenes are comparatively difficult subjects for

the painter, though they offer excellent themes for the illustrator. Few who have undertaken to make finished paintings of this class of subject have learned the art of elimination, and by the too generous use of detail have made rather illustrations for reproduction than finished paintings. Needham and Hassam have learned where to draw the line on detail, and as a result their street scenes have a force and a finish that no other painters of similar subjects have attained. Needham's two pictures at Kansas City were favorites with the artist visitors on account of their fine drawing and admirable color work.

Dwight Blaney, of Boston, and John S. Ankeney, Jr., likewise exhibited snow pieces. Mr. Blaney's "After the Snow-Squall" depicted a stretch of coast land just after it had been visited by a



HOLLAND GIRL
By Francis P. Paulus



SUMMER AFTERNOON, NEW ENGLAND COAST
By Childe Hassam

snow-storm. Its suggested the need of more care in the execution of the details. Mr. Ankney's canvas, "The Last of the Snow," was something of a departure from

previous efforts, and to many, doubtless, not so pleasing. The artist has caught the true winter spirit, and has depicted distance and atmosphere with exceptional ability, but he is somewhat unfortunate in the composition of his foreground, which rather detracts from the general effect of his work.

Francis P. Paulus was this year one of the most liberal of the contributors, his display consisting of ten canvases, of which the most effective was "After the Rain," a twilight scene depicting a water-soaked meadow overhung with cloud masses, with a path leading to a distant house sheltered by a clump of trees. This canvas is essentially true in its every detail to nature. It has no suggestion of studio work about it. One felt that the artist knew and painted as one having authority. "The Young Artist," a study of a nude boy, was perhaps his other most pleasing canvas, the picture being well modeled and well executed. Mr. Paulus's other pictures were portraits, and though well



RIPENING GRAIN
By S. Heyl

done, lacked the interest attaching to the two specifically mentioned.

The six canvases by G. Van Millett were all pleasing and well-executed paintings, "The Old Daguerreotype," loaned for the purpose of exhibition, being perhaps the best example of his work. "Contentment," depicting a mother and child in the shade of a porch, with a summer landscape in the distance, had about it a touch of human interest that made it popular. His three landscapes, moreover, were noteworthy from their excellent composition and good color work. Two of these, "Before the Storm" and "Pasture Lands," were low-toned, while "A Hillside" was bright with the glare of sunshine. Mr. Van Millett's paintings betrayed a marked improvement over his contributions to former exhibitions, a credit that he shares in common with a number of other Kansas City artists.

The work of two women artists merits special note. Mrs. Louise Upton Brumback exhibited two landscapes so utterly unlike in theme and execution as to be a fair test of her versatility. One depicted a peach orchard, rich with the hues of blossom time and bathed in a bright spring atmosphere. The other, entitled "The Beeches," was a forest scene, with giant trees in the immediate foreground and other tree masses in the distance, this canvas being characterized by the same luminous atmospheric effects as the other. In point of clear, forceful rendering, good drawing, and fine color work, these two pictures were second to none in the exhibition.

The five canvases by Miss Alice Murphy, representing the study of last summer, were likewise of special interest. They were all landscapes, with the exception of one, and were all characterized by a fullness of genuine summer life. She shares with Mrs. Brumback a rare ability to obtain luminous atmospheric effects. "At Work," the largest of the pictures, depicted a young woman in a field, and



AND THE SUN WENT DOWN
By Henry Read

"Pleasure Crafts" showed two boats tied to a wharf. "Fresh Paint" was a clever and vivid bit of color work. "The Salt Slough" and "The Mole's Highway" were canvases that showed strength of conception and faithfulness of rendering. Miss S. Heyl also exhibited some oils and water-colors of vigorous work. A landscape, depicting a path through ripening grain, and a portrait of Munich type are especially worthy of mention.

Josi Arapa, S. R. Burleigh, E. Irving Couse, E. R. Cherry, John

F. Earhart, Helen B. Gregory, Ada M. Rapp, Everett Shinn, George H. Smillie, Svend Svendsen, and Gustav Wolff were among the other exhibitors of oils and water-colors whom one may mention as contributing excellent or creditable paintings. Many of the pictures displayed had been shown on previous occasions, but a large percentage of the work was new and fresh, and many of these latter canvases were among the most pleasing of the collection.



A HIGH CORNER OF THE HILL
By W. Forsyth

The jury of admission was true to its principles and put a ban upon the merely commercial picture. It would have been an easy task for the club to have quadrupled the size of its exhibition, but the managers of the enterprise wisely foresaw that quality was neces-

sary for rank. The exclusion of many works that would freely have been admitted in former years had a most salutary effect on the exhibition just closed, and it is the intention of the club not merely to maintain the standard of the present exhibition in future years, but to raise the standard as far as practicable, and to claim a rank for its displays comparable with that enjoyed by some of the older and better known institutions.

This is a move in the right direction. There seems to be no reason why the smaller cities of the United States should not command better displays of the fine arts than they have done heretofore. It has been pretty conclusively proven that this is not a matter of population, but

of liberality and of effort. At the outset I cited the case of Pittsburg, which almost at a step took a place at the very front among cities undertaking to offer art exhibitions to the public. There is enough wealth, and there should be enough enterprise and liberality, in cities like Buffalo, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Kansas City to command what the larger cities are able to secure. One of the prime requisites is to present only what is good, and thus create interest and stimulate pride on the part of the people. This being done, apathy in matters of art would doubtless soon disappear.

ELIZABETH E. REED.

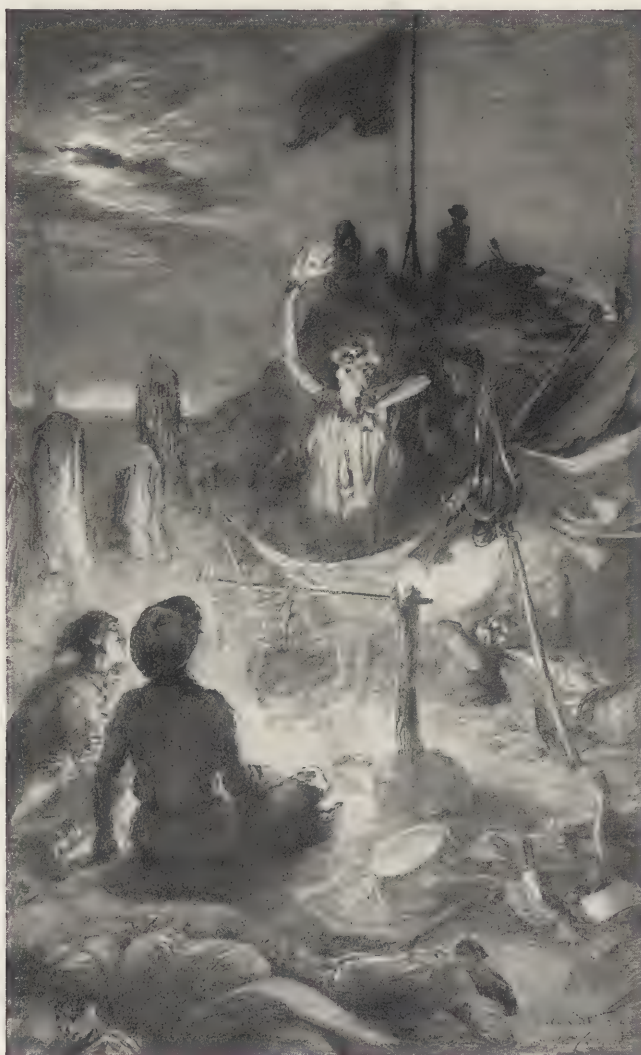


SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER
By Alfred Juergens



RECENT WORK OF ILLUSTRATORS— ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

André Castaigne is by common admission one of the leading illustrators of the world. The following four plates are interesting as examples of his most recent work. Castaigne has the rare gift of entering into the spirit of his text, and he is therefore eminently successful in vividly enforcing whatever he undertakes to illustrate. An artist of exceptionally good training, a close student of men and affairs, a man withal of fine sensibilities and strong imagination, he has thus an equipment for his work which many of his confrères lack. He has a marked individuality, and yet unlike many of the popular illustrators he is not a slave to personal mannerisms. His work is always fresh, graceful, interesting, and correct.



VISITOR AT THE CAMP-FIRE

By André Castaigne

From "Lazarre"

Copyright, 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company



AT THE TAVERN
By André Castaigne
From "Lazarre"
Copyright, 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company



TAKING AWAY HIS CHARGE

By André Castaigne

From "Lazarre"

Copyright, 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company



DECLARING HER HERO A KING

By André Castaigne

From "Lazarre"

Copyright, 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

CHARLES P. GRUPPE, PAINTER

One of the most promising of the younger American artists, and one who has won recognition both at home and abroad, is Charles P. Gruppe, for several years a close student and an indefatigable worker in Europe, and now a temporary resident at The Hague, Holland. Gruppe has for eleven years been a sort of voluntary exile from home in the interest of his art, though it is his intention shortly to return to America.



CHARLES P. GRUPPE
From a Photograph

Having lived abroad so many years, he is comparatively little known in America except as a contributor to various prominent exhibitions. He has been represented at different times in the displays shown by the leading institutions in New York, Philadelphia, and other art centers, and his work has uniformly commanded favorable notice from press and critic. He had one picture, "Wet Weather at The Hague," in the galleries at the Pan-American Exposition, and will have other canvases at the coming exhibition at the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, and at other American exhibitions.

Before referring to the character of Gruppe's work, a few words should be said of his birth and art education. Essentially he is a self-made man, and herein lie both his strength and his weakness as a painter—a certain self-reliance and strength, and at the same time a proneness to follow if not to imitate masters. Gruppe was born in Picton, Canada, September 3, 1860, of German parents. He early showed a marked talent for painting, and devoted himself to making studies direct from nature. In these early efforts he was fairly successful, and partly through force of circumstances and partly through choice, he did not seek any special academic training in his chosen profession. His studies from nature naturally centered his attention on landscape, and it is this specialized form of his art in which he has been most successful.

Family associations doubtless emphasized in his mind the rank and importance of German and Dutch art, and determined him in leaving America for a period of study and work in Europe. In 1890 he went to Holland, where he devoted himself assiduously to the



NOVEMBER SKIES
By Charles P. Gruppe

study of the great Dutch masters. The art of Holland found a responsive chord in his heart, and the people and scenery of the Netherlands struck his fancy, with the result that he virtually became a Dutchman in everything but political allegiance. He made The Hague his home, and with this city as his headquarters explored the



HOLLAND WINDMILL
By Charles P. Gruppe
From a Water-Color

surrounding country and made sketches and studies of the places that appealed to him as fit subjects for pictorial display.

It was the good fortune of Gruppe, early in his residence in Holland, to command the attention of the queen by his work. She bought one of his aquarelles which was hung in an exhibition, and some time later pur-

chased another of his pictures, an oil. This act of royal patronage gave the young artist a certain standing among his confrères, and he was admitted as a member into the greatest painters' clubs of Holland. Before leaving this country he became a member of the New York Water-Color Club and of the Salmagundi Club, New York, and it was not long after he had crossed the Atlantic that he became a member also of the Society of Dutch Painters and the Kunst Kring, The Hague, and the Arti Amicitiae, Amsterdam.

The influence of these favorable connections soon manifested itself. Gruppe had the benefit of personal contact with the best present-day painters of the Netherlands, and from them he received inspiration, if not guidance. Besides, to have the queen



SKETCH AT KATWYK
By Charles P. Gruppe

mother, as she is commonly called, as a patron is deemed no small honor, and the fact that two of Gruppe's paintings were hung in the royal palace gave him rank among his associates, and tended to stimulate his ambition to excel.

During the last two or three years he has regularly exhibited at the Paris Salon, his painting "November Skies" eliciting the most favorable comment in the Parisian critical journals. The same picture was later shown at the Salon in Brussels. At the Glass Palace



SKETCHES AND STUDIES

By Charles P. Gruppe

in Munich his paintings "Auf dem Landwege" and "Schelpenfischer" commanded equally favorable notice. In Amsterdam, Berlin, and other art centers his works found admittance to exhibitions, and in many instances commanded ready sale. It may be said, in passing, that Gruppe is represented at the Art Museum in Detroit and the Art Club in Boston.

When Gruppe took up his temporary residence in Holland, he entered an environment peculiarly fitted for the development of his abilities. He had inherited from his parents a German if not a Dutch bent of mind, and he had had early instilled in him a love for the quaint life of the German and Dutch cities. To step, therefore, from

the New World, in which his boyhood and early youth had been spent, to the older, more settled, and more quiet cities of Holland was, in a sense, like going home, and much of the success that has attended Gruppe's efforts is due to the fact that his new surroundings were congenial to him, and he found in his Dutch environment the elements necessary for his development, which he might not have found in America.

His work is all characterized by good taste and a fresh naturalism; but what is more to the point, he has studied the peoples and landscapes of the Netherlands sympathetically, and has viewed people and



IN NORTH BRABANT
By Charles P. Gruppe

country with as correct a vision and with as deep an interpretative sense as a native-born Dutchman. In other words, he was not attracted by what to a stranger would be the picturesque novelties of the old Dutch towns. Crag and castle had no special charm for him, neither had uniqueness of manners nor oddity of costume. He mingled with the people, became one of them, entered into their spirit, and lived the life of the Netherlands before he undertook to depict it on canvas.

I said above that his lack of academic art training is responsible for both his excellence and his defects as a painter. It is to be credited to him as an excellence that he has maintained himself free from the mannerisms and technical peculiarities of the schools. On

the other hand, there is manifest in Gruppe's work a certain vacillation, which many critics have termed a lack of individual style. It is often said that he has been strongly influenced by Mauve and Du Chattel, to the extent that he reflects the style and manner of these artists. If this be true, it can scarcely be taken as a charge against the young artist.

A friendly Dutch critic has pointed out the fact that had it not been for Rembrandt, Holland would not have had a Maas, a Flinck, a Fabritius, or an Israels. One would scarcely regard it as a reflec-



INTERIOR, NORTH BRABANT
By Charles P. Gruppe

tion on these later artists that they profited by the art of their illustrious predecessor, and neither can it be taken as a reflection on Gruppe if he has taken hints from Mauve and Du Chattel, or even followed their methods or sought to duplicate their effects.

The essential thing is, that Gruppe has learned the Dutch life thoroughly, and whatever he does, he undertakes to depict that life in a straightforward, honest way. He has the qualities that make his art popular. Whether, therefore, we, with some critics, ascribe to him genius, or, with others, mere talent, his work is of the kind that strikes a popular chord, that claims the admiration and elicits the support of the public.



AT LOOSDUYNEN
By Charles P. Gruppe

desired effects in his canvases as has any other aspirant for honors with the brush.

He is not one of the painters who claim to dream an effect over-night, and dash it off, true to their vision, in the early hours of the morning. He labors long and arduously, and rather glories in admitting it, but he is yet clever enough to cover up the traces of his toil

As a colorist, Gruppe is as genuinely Dutch as he is in the interpretation of the people and country. His canvases are for the most part comparatively low-keyed, but his tones are clear and distinct, and his color schemes are harmonious and pleasing. His work is not labored, but has the quality of suggesting noble spontaneity. His perspectives are true, and his atmospheric effects essentially natural.

It has been said that much of the effectiveness of art lies in disguising the means employed to produce a given result. There is no royal road to success in art any more than in business. Gruppe has labored as long and as painfully for



NEAR THE HAGUE
By Charles P. Gruppe

and travail, so that his finished works stand forth as perfect reflections of his subjects, with as little as possible to suggest his own cleverness, or the trouble he has experienced in obtaining the desired results.

The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the bent of



IN OLD DELFT
By Charles P. Gruppe

Gruppe's mind and of the breadth of his interests. Primarily he is a landscape-painter, and while he has done no inconsiderable amount of figure-work of high quality, it is landscape-painting in which he chiefly excels. It may be said here that many landscapists who are eminently successful in catching the elusive spirit of a scene fail lamentably when they undertake to paint figures in their pictures. Gruppe knows how to give life and human interest to his canvases by



OUTGOING FISHING-BOATS, KATWYK
By Charles P. Gruppe

using figures, and he knows how and where to paint them so as to produce the best effects.

With the merely decorative or pretty, Gruppe has little sympathy. He can find more beauty within his comprehension and his power of depiction in a simple village scene, a stretch of lowland country, a coast scene with its fishing-smacks, a day with peculiar atmospheric conditions, than in the grandest scenery or the most pretentious of human events. In a word, he is not tragic or theatrical, not enamored of the grand or the unique, but simple in his taste and direct in his art.

Dutch painters as a whole enjoy a peculiar celebrity among the world's artists. In the opinion of competent critics their work ranks as high as that of any other nation, and Gruppe doubtless followed a wise policy when he temporarily exiled himself, reveled among the masterpieces of the old Dutch painters, and buried himself in the life of the Netherlands of to-day.

It is commonly said that no artist can go to a foreign country and interpret its life and nature with the truth and force of a native-born artist. I do not contend that Gruppe has done or can do this for Holland; but I do maintain that his bent of mind is essentially Dutch,

that his long residence in the Netherlands has made him intimately familiar with the people and the country, and that his interpretation and rendering of Netherlands scenes more nearly approximate those of the better known present-day Dutch masters than do the efforts of any foreign-born artist with whom I am familiar who has undertaken to put on canvas the peculiar life of the Lowlands.

In considering the work of Gruppe, it should be borne in mind that his art is comparatively young. One may reasonably expect that he will develop an individual style which will be suggestive only of Gruppe; that the influence of Mauve and Du Chattel will be wholly outgrown. That he is an earnest, ambitious worker, that he is self-reliant and resourceful, that he is a good draftsman and has a fine sense of color, no one will gainsay. His future, therefore, I regard as assured; and when he has developed all his latent abilities, one may reasonably expect him to be ranked among the best exponents of Dutch life.

JAN VAN RYN.



NOVEMBER DAY
By Charles P. Gruppe

THE MISSION OF THE FINE ARTS*

Our German sculpture stands to-day pure from modern tendencies. Do not give up the great principles of the old art which thrusts itself beyond the æsthetic laws. It is the workshop art, the proneness to more technical tasks, which leads to a sinning against art.

Art, furthermore, should educate the people and offer ideals to the lower classes after a hard day's toil. The great ideals have been with the Germans a lasting good, while they have been more or less lost with other peoples. It only remains for the Germans to preserve, foster, and hand down to posterity these great ideals. The working classes must be edified by means of the beautiful. If art represents misery as more hideous than it is, it sins against the German people.

The cultivation of the ideal is the highest mission of civilization, and if we are to be and to remain a model for other nations in this respect the whole people must work in unison. Art helps when it raises the people, but not when it runs to the gutter. A true artist does not require to be cried up in the market-place.

The great masters of Greece and Italy at the Renaissance knew nothing of the present-day newspaper advertising. They worked as God gave them inspiration, and let the people chatter as they pleased. It is for the cultivation of this feeling that I need you.

I thank you for having accomplished such work in the Sieges Allee. The impression it exercises on strangers is stupendous. In all lands there is the deepest respect for German sculpture.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.



EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN

The following beautiful designs are by European artists of high repute, and may well serve as suggestions to the practical worker:

In Plate 7, Figure 3 is a fabric pattern by Baron von Myrbach; Figure 2 is a painted decoration from St. James Palace, London; Figure 1 is a design for needlework in silk. In Plate 8, Figure 1 is a brooch by Paul Ricard, Paris; Figures 2 and 4 are jewelry designs by the Parisian firm of Vever; Figure 3 is a hairpin by Gabriel Falgnières. The two designs in Plate 9 are artistic ironwork by E. Robert, Paris. Several of these examples of artistic work are from the Paris Exposition and the Paris Salon of 1901.

* Portion of an address.



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3
EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 7





Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4





Figure 1



Figure 2

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 9





'MID FOG AND ICE
By L. S. Gans

THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

The fourth Philadelphia Photographic Salon represents a progressive development in pictorial photography in the United States. While comparisons are odious, it is impossible to consider this exhibition without calling to mind the previous ones.

The Salon, it will be remembered, was organized to represent the best photographic work of the time, strictly limited to the "pictorial." It was never intended for a nursing-school for budding talent, but for the purpose of gathering together the work of the best artists within reach. The multiplication of exhibitions all over the country affords ample scope for the development of new material, and on the principle that the best will always reach the top, the Philadelphia Salon was originally designed to represent that, and that only.

It is only fair to say that this is not the view taken by the large majority of the present day. Had it been so, this fourth Philadelphia Salon would have been something worth recording, instead of simply representing a reaction from the other view. This, however, results in a very creditable exhibition, but not a salon. While there was doubtless no conscious intention of lowering the standard, such a

result must appear inevitable when we consider the circumstances and conditions under which the present exhibition was developed.



CORYPHÉE
By C. Yarnall Abbott

Two facts stand out in marked relief. First, that the majority of the jury did not represent the pictorial movement, two of the members at least being technical photographers who have never claimed to be interested in nor to have had practical experience in the making of a picture by photography; secondly, the methods adopted by those who demanded a change in salon standards had the unfortunate effect of alienating the sympathy and support of those American photographers to whose work the development of the pictorial movement is indebted.

Had the Philadelphia society fully understood the meaning and purpose of a salon, and if the management had been alert to set in array the efforts of the best artists within reach

of its influence, this exhibition might have attained the dignity to which it was formerly sought to raise it. As it is, we have before us, with few exceptions, an entirely creditable showing of photo-

graphs; but let me repeat it, we have not a salon. This, the reader will readily understand, is not a mere distinction without a difference.



A CHILD OF THE SLUMS
By W. Braucher

In looking over the collection of work at the Academy, one cannot but be impressed by the variety of standards; one is carried from extreme to extreme with a suddenness that is startling. At one end

in America is a grave matter to be responsible for. That the salon movement is in danger few interested in photography will deny.

Philadelphia has not appreciated her blessings, and has allowed little personal jealousies to come between her and the furtherance of a movement to have photography rank with other fine art. She may in consequence be deprived of the pleasure of ever again entertaining a real photographic salon. Our prestige will be gone. And when it is too late to repair the error will we be satisfied to console ourselves with the reflection that it was "Better to love amiss, than nothing to have loved"? I sincerely hope that we will stop and think before it is too late for Philadelphia to win back her laurels, but I am confident that the movement has too much strength to be adversely influenced by any extremes of bad temper on either side.

This review has no intention of going into details concerning the individual exhibits. That has been most carefully done by Mr. Caffin for a photograph journal, and by other competent critics. But the notice would be incomplete without some cordial commendation of several of the exhibitors.

F. Holland Day, of Boston, has several really beautiful pictures. His portraits of Edward J. Steichen and Maurice Maeterlinck are most interesting, especially as they give you the artist's conception of their characters, rather than the realities. Maeterlinck, for instance, is portrayed as an entirely normal-minded man, and if it were not for the crystal globe in the background there would be nothing to suggest any of the mysticism by which the public knows him. On the contrary, we see Mr. Steichen in an extremely fantastic mood. The portrait of Madame Le B., from another point of view, suggests everything that we think makes up the character of a French woman: it is dainty, delicate, and elusive.

Next to Mr. Day's work comes that of Francis Watts Lee, also of Boston. He has selected the Public Library for the expression of his artistic feeling, and we find his arrangement of bright sunlight very delightful, for he has managed to keep the shadows from being hard, and yet his pictures could not be called flat in the least. His portrait of "Billy" is a real treat, for it is a straightforward boy without any embellishments except his boyishness.

The group adjoining Mr. Lee's seem to be made up of very good records of people and places abroad, some of which have been enlarged. Mr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, is to be congratulated upon his exhibit, as is also Mr. Blount, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and many others.

OLIVE M. POTTS.



A FOGGY DAY
By Oscar Maurer



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
Plate Sixteen



FOLLY OF TARIFF ON ART

We have in America the most complete collections of modern pictures in the world. But we have a heavy tariff to keep them out, and we have a double tariff on the works of the old masters. It is mortifying. I cannot understand it. Why Americans, who are the keenest headed people in the world, keep art out by a tariff is more than I can explain.

I am a painter, and not a business man, so I do not know how to go about to get the tariff taken off. It should be taken off, because it prevents good pictures from being brought here to help us.

At the Paris Exposition there was a great collection of eighteenth-century portraits owned by an American, who will not bring them to this country because of the duty. I know of two other collections of nearly equal merit, likewise owned by Americans, and kept abroad because of the tariff. The lowest figure I have heard placed on the first is six hundred thousand dollars. The tariff would be sixty per cent of this. If the duty were taken off they would be in this country within a month.

Such good pictures eventually get into the museums, and here we need them for our students. There are about one thousand American art students in Paris. If there were good pictures in this country, two-thirds of these students might have studied them here, and have been much stronger before they went abroad to study.

The tax on art in the Dingley schedules is indefensible on almost any grounds. Even if considerable revenue were raised by the duty, broad-minded people, who have a just notion of the educational influence of art, would oppose the tax upon the great paintings of the world. But the effect of the duty is to keep out works of real value, and thus deprive the American people, as well as the artistic world, of the pleasure and benefit to be gained from them.

There is no protection to the art "industry" of the United States in keeping the old masters in Europe by means of a barbarous tariff. Considering the question on the merely business basis, the tax on art is folly, which fosters art actively abroad and stifles it at home.

I confess that I do not know how to remedy this evil, but it is plain that a duty rests upon artists to make an effort. The subject should be taken directly to Congress. It will probably be useless to appeal to Secretary Gage to use his influence with Congress in revising the art schedules. There is a world of ideas beyond finance with which Secretary Gage is not likely to show much sympathy, inasmuch as he is unfamiliar with it. The artists and all art associations, together with the directors of art museums and educational institutions, should take concerted action.

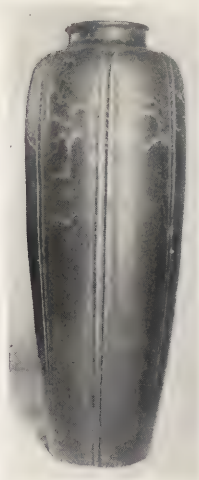
JOHN W. ALEXANDER.



GRUEBY POTTERY
Designed by George P. Kendrick

LATTER-DAY DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICAN POTTERY

The appearance of a new and enlarged edition of Edwin Atlee Barber's valuable work on American pottery* calls especial attention to recent developments in the fictile art of this country. American pottery really dates from 1684, when the first white ware was manufactured in the United States, but the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 imparted new impetus to the art, and gave rise to a movement which subsequently resulted in a most remarkable progress. To come down to still later times, the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893, marked the beginning of an industrial era during which the finest specimens of the potter's art in this country have been produced.



GRUEBY VASE

Much of the early work of our potters was but the feeble beginnings of an art in which our workmen had to grope their way, copyists rather than innovators. Manufacturers had, moreover, to face a deep-seated prejudice on the part of the public against American-made product, since purchasers seemed to assume that the ware of this country was a crude makeshift, and that there was nothing artistic or excellent except what was imported from Europe.

Indeed, literature fostered this senseless prejudice. As Mr. Barber points out, foreign writers would have the world believe that the United States could boast of no ceramic history, and even

*"The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," by Edwin Atlee Barber. G. P. Putman's Sons.

our own chroniclers, singularly enough, have neglected a branch of our industrial progress which is neither insignificant nor devoid of interest. The fact is—and Mr. Barber does well to emphasize it—that this country can show a fictile art almost as ancient as that of Great Britain, and one that has been developed on almost parallel though necessarily narrower lines.

Another point worthy of mention in this connection is, that pre-



GRUEBY POTTERY
Designed by George P. Kendrick

vious to 1876 there were but few private or public collections of potteries or porcelains in the United States. The interest that was awakened by the Philadelphia Exposition became widespread, and the attention of individuals and institutions was directed toward ceramics as a form of art as worthy of representation in museums and private collections as the other theretofore more popular forms of art product. As a consequence, we have to-day many valuable cabinets filled with the rarest and most costly examples of Old World skill. We have specialists in the study of Oriental art, collectors of Grecian and Roman potteries, ceramists who devote their attention to the wares of mediæval Europe, of Sèvres, of Wedgwood, and other forms



GRUEBY POTTERY
Designed by George P. Kendrick

of European work, and, be it said to our credit, no inconsiderable number of collectors who essay to cover the fictile arts of the world.

To this newly awakened interest and this growing appreciation of home product are doubtless due many of the important developments in native fictile art during recent years. With the breaking down of popular prejudice against American wares has come a greater measure of confidence on the part of the potters themselves. The time was—and that at a no remote period—when to stamp a piece of pottery with a legend, “Made in the United States,” was to blast its prospect of sale and relegate it to the bargain counter or the lumber-room. To-day many of our manufacturers take pride in so stamping their goods, and do not suffer from their boldness. For instance, less than ten years ago a leading jewelry firm in one of our large cities refused to handle the delicate Belleek china made in Trenton unless it was stamped with a foreign or misleading mark to meet the prejudices of the purchaser. To-day Belleek ware finds extensive sale on its own merits.

In 1893 Mr. Barber ventured the prediction that within the next few decades America was destined to lead the world in her ceramic manufactures. It would be idle to say that the prophecy has as yet been fulfilled in its entirety, but enough has been done in this country to prove that Mr. Barber’s words were not the expression of a personal whim or a vagary. Since 1893 new potteries have sprung up and have taken their place beside those that have long been established, while the latter have developed new wares and have improved the old to an unprecedented extent.

In view of the old notion that nothing good in fictile art could come from our home potteries, it is interesting to note that at the

recent Paris Exposition our potters entered into competition with the civilized world and carried away their full share of honors. Indeed, it would scarcely be a violation of truth to say that American connoisseurs are beginning to discriminate in favor of home manufactures, and to point with pride to the stamp, "Made in the United States."

It is a long step from the first building-bricks made in Virginia, in 1612 to the beautiful Dedham, Grueby, Rookwood, Newcomb, and other choice American wares manufactured to-day. Before speaking of these recent products, a word of retrospect may not be unacceptable to the reader.

As stated before, the first white ware manufactured in this country was made about 1684. Terra-cotta roof tiling dates from 1740, and slip-decorated earthenware from 1760, both having been fabricated in Pennsylvania. The first successful attempt at underglaze decoration of white ware in America was made in Philadelphia in 1770, and it was fully fifty-five years after this that William Ellis Tucker, of Philadelphia, produced the first hard porcelain. The first Rockingham ware was made at East Liverpool, Ohio, by James Bennett, in 1839, and the following year transfer printing from engraved plates to pottery was accomplished at Jersey City. Parian ware dates from 1846, and inlaid floor tiles from 1853, both having been produced at Bennington, Vermont. Architectural terra-cotta took its rise in the



SPECIMENS OF GRUEBY WARE
Designed by George P. Kendrick

United States about 1870, and ornamental relief tiles about 1876. Eight years later the first Belleek or egg-shell pottery was produced in this country, at Trenton.

It will thus be seen that old as is our ceramic history—without



GRUEBY LAMP
Designed by George P. Kendrick

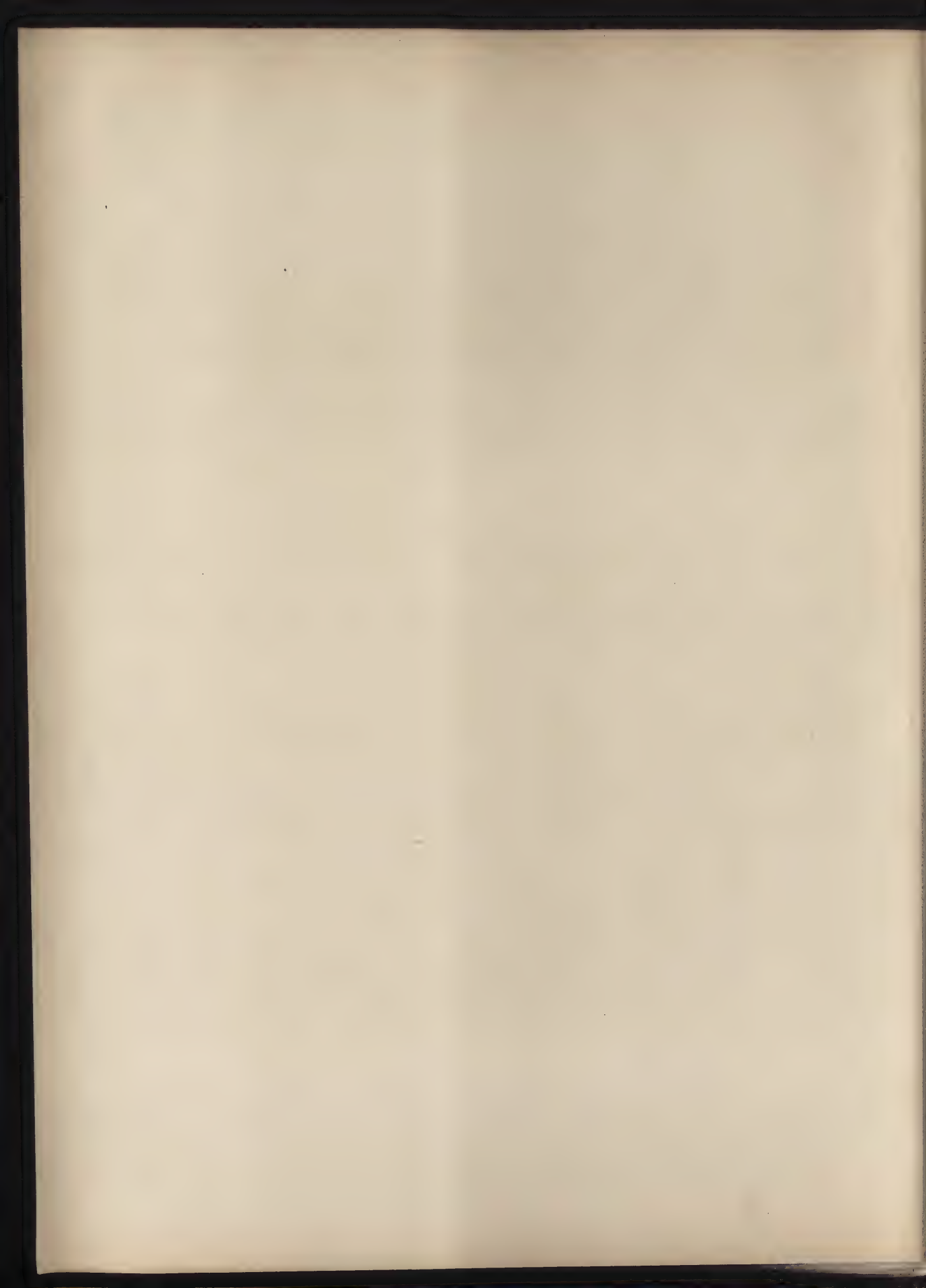
taking any account of aboriginal pottery—the best accomplishments among those just enumerated were crowded into a comparatively few years prior to or about the time of the first general awakening in 1876. It is not at all, therefore, a matter of surprise that we should find American pottery stepping to the fore so conspicuously within the last decade. The tide of popular indifference had been turned, and the ability of American to compete with European potters had been demonstrated before the Chicago Exposition centered the attention of the world upon the product of native kilns. Pride in home products, legitimate rivalry between manufacturers, and laudable

ambition on the part of designers have accomplished the rest.

When Mr. Barber wrote the first edition of the book referred to in the opening paragraph of this article, and made the bold prediction just quoted respecting the future of the fictile art in America, none of the wares now most highly prized by collectors and connoisseurs had been issued to the public. Of these later products, one of the



CHICAGO COLORTYPE CO., CHIC. & NEW YORK.



most important, both from its finish and from the beauty of its designs, is the Grueby faience, manufactured in Boston.

Many competent critics regard this ware as the highest achievement of the potter's art in this country. It has a distinct individuality in character and tone. It is not the product of imitation, not mere decorated china, not clay vessels tricked out with designs borrowed from workers in other forms of art. It is simple and chaste, relying for its effect in a perfectly legitimate way on the superb finish of its surface, on the subdued richness of its colors, and on the ideas embodied in its designs. In this regard it is practically unique among American fictile products.

The Grueby Faience Company was not organized until 1897, and the popularity of its ware has thus been attained in the short period of four years. The cause for this is perhaps not far to seek. William H. Grueby, George P. Kendrick, and W. H. Graves, the originators of the enterprise, are all men thoroughly familiar with every detail of the potter's art, and what is more, are men of original bent of mind and of exceptionally good taste. Mr. Grueby, from whom the ware takes its name, is the discoverer of the peculiar glazes and enamels for which the pottery has become famous, and Mr. Kendrick supplies all the shapes and designs, seeking to embody in them ideas to give the goods distinctive character.

This pottery is entirely a hand-made product, no molds whatever being used in the establishment. The designs being executed by Mr. Kendrick, the modeling for the most part is done by young women graduates from different art schools, particularly the Boston Art Museum and the Normal and Cowles Art Schools. After the separate pieces have been worked into perfect form, the enamels are laid upon the surface to the thickness of about one thirty-second of an inch, and the firing is then done. The whole operation is performed under the personal supervision of Mr. Grueby.

The Grueby faience ware is not pottery designed to catch the fancy of those who delight in excessive ornamentation, high or varied colors, or elaborate patterns. It is a pottery rather that appeals to those who are fond of simplicity of design and rich but subdued monotonous. The body of the ware is a hard semi-porcelain, and the decorations are conventionally treated floral forms in relief, which, as has aptly been pointed out, are suggestive of Egyptian art. The surface of the ware is glossless, satiny, the soft dull surface being a distinguishing trait rarely seen in pottery. The colors cover a wide range, greens, browns, yellows, and blues. In the manipulation of greens, however, the manufacturers have been most successful, and as a consequence greens predominate in the output of the establishment.

In point of number, therefore, the elements of beauty in the Grueby pottery are reduced to a minimum. Indeed, one may say that these are reduced to two—the rich monotone of the coloring and

the smooth, velvety surface of the glossless enamel. The designs, of course, are chaste and beautiful, and doubtless enter into the appreciation of connoisseurs; but after all, these are one of the least of the factors that constitute the popularity of the pottery, since the plainest object in earthenware colored with the Grueby enamel would have inherent beauty sufficient to satisfy people of cultivated taste.



GRUEBY POTTERY
Designed by George P. Kendrick

The manufacturers apparently realized this fact in adopting their scheme of decoration. Leaves partly unfolded, buds of the lily and the lotus conventionally treated, fleur-de-lis and other floral forms equally simple, all in relief and all for the most part in the same tone as the plain surface, are the only ornaments attempted. Occasionally, it is true, a second color is used on some of the raised portions of the design, but when this is the case, the second color is only sparingly used, and the strictest care is taken to make it harmonize with the prevailing color of the entire piece. In a word, such decorative

treatment as is resorted to serves merely to accentuate or in a sense outline the color of the body.

The illustrations herewith given will give a good idea of the typical forms in which the Grueby pottery is presented. The manufacturers are studious to avoid overdecoration and equally studious to place a ban upon mere oddity or uniqueness. Lines of grace, beauty of tone, softness of surface, and simplicity of effect are the cardinal principles underlying the manufacture, and it is assuredly a tribute to the artistic sense of the public that such simple elements wrought out in plastic form should meet popular favor.

Mr. Barber rightly says that no other product of American potteries possesses higher qualities of originality throughout than those which characterize the Grueby faience. This opinion coincides with that of exhibition juries, since at the Paris Exposition of 1900 the Grueby company was awarded two gold medals and one silver medal, and at the International Exposition of Ceramics, held in St. Petersburg in 1901, an additional honor was conferred upon the company in the form of a gold medal.

The pottery products of the United States antedating 1893 have for some time been a matter of recorded history. It is my purpose here to point out and emphasize only the more important artistic wares produced since that time. I shall speak of other achievements of the American potters in another paper.

WALTER ELLSWORTH GRAY.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



EXAMPLES OF DECORATED WARE



VILLAGE GREEN, OXFORD, ENGLAND
By William S. Horton

THE FINE ARTS IN CHICAGO

Chicago, in its fourteenth annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture by American artists, recently held at the Art Institute, introduced a novelty in the selection of its pictures. It wanted to be equitable and just to all candidates for wall space, and at the same time to raise the standard of its display. Consequently it rejected the plan of former years, of having a small admission jury, and chose seventeen jurymen, who were divided into two sets. The submitted pictures passed successively before each body, which voted in secret. If the vote of each set of jurymen was favorable, the picture was admitted without further ado. In cases where the vote was divided, the pictures were set aside for further consideration. If the vote of both sections of the jury was negative, the fate of the picture was sealed.

A large jury, a variety of tastes, a secret ballot—this, it was thought, would surely remove all cause for jealousies and heart-burnings, and would materially enhance the standard of the exhibition. One is forced to say, however, that the innovation miscarried of its purpose. The exhibition was no better than previous enterprises of a similar character conducted under the auspices of the Art Institute—which is in no sense a reflection on the attainments of the Institute—and was attended by no fewer regrets and recriminations.

There was the usual contingent of pictures—one hundred and two in number—selected by Miss Sara Hallowell, the agent of the Institute, from the studios of Paris. These, of course, were passed upon by a jury of one, and the jury of seventeen, willy-nilly, had nothing to do but to acquiesce in Miss Hallowell's judgment. Gari Melchers con-

tributed twenty-eight canvases, and one is constrained to think that the jury of seventeen had nothing to do with these pictures except to pass them along. Jules R. Mersfelder had on exhibition a collection



WIND-SWEPT SNOW
By Walter Nettleton

of fifteen of his characteristic oils, chiefly aggregations of rocks done in purples. Again one must suppose the jury of seventeen simply passed them along.

Last year the artist favored with a special exhibition by the grace of the Institute was Symons, and without wishing to institute comparisons, one may safely say that the clear-cut, luminous bits of landscape, and the sunset and autumn scenes of this artist were more replete with interest to the art-lover than the unnatural rocks and the indifferent portraits of the favored two of this year. Speaking in general terms, moreover, the pictures sent from Paris last year were



HYDRANGEAS
By Robert Vonnoh

notoriously the least excellent in the exhibition. Miss Hallowell sent none this year quite so bad as the worst of last year. But it is safe to say that there were few in her collection of this year superior to many that were rejected by the jury of seventeen.



THE SUN-VOW
By Herman McNeill

In other words, of the three hundred and fifty-six pictures exhibited, well-nigh half can scarcely be said to have been subjected to a jury of admission at all. In view of the fact that four hundred and seventy-one works were submitted for admission, one is inclined to regret that so much space was devoted in the galleries to artists accorded special favor, and to works admitted simply because they could be secured by an agent.

Among the artists represented by works sent from Europe the best known were, perhaps, Alexander Harrison, Walter McEwen, Henry Mosler and his son G. H. Mosler, George Inness,

Harriet Hallowell, and Mary MacMonnies. Harrison's pictures were all in the manner of his recent work, the largest being a study of Montigny Falls, and the most important of McEwen's four canvases was "The Sisters." Mosler the younger contributed one of the most admired, and at the same time most criticised, of the pictures at the exhibition, "Fidelity," depicting a dog, keeping a sorrowful watch



GEORGIA UPLANDS
By Julian Rix



IN NEWFOUNDLAND
By C. Philip Weber

beside a cradle, on whose coverlets rested a single flower to suggest the cause of the animal's distress—a bit of pictorial sentiment.

The other pictures sent by Miss Hallowell were diverse in motive, and varied in technique and color scheme. They served, of course, to show what certain American artists are doing under foreign influ-

ences, but one may doubt if they were sufficiently representative of what the great body of our students and exiled professionals have accomplished.

Interest naturally centered in a certain measure on the exhibition of Melchers, which was partly explained by the fact that he has been somewhat lavishly honored abroad, and the fame of his honors has been industriously circulated at home. It has been the fashion of late to laud Melchers as one of the greatest of living painters. Just why, it might be difficult to tell.

His work certainly discloses vigor and technical ability, but that he merits the eulogy heaped upon him one can scarcely see. Fully half his canvases shown at the Chicago exhibition were portraits, and they induced one to doubt if portraiture is Melchers's



CATNIP
By Elizabeth Bonsall

special forte. His portrait of Donald G. Mitchell was instinct with more character than any of his others. Melchers is not a great colorist, and this fact robs his work of much of the charm possessed by the paintings shown of other artists who have not as yet been accorded the meed of praise that has been lavished upon him.

For the most part the Chicago exhibition included the same names as in former years, Chase, Browne, Chapman, Cameron, Corwin, Davis, Eaton, Hassam, Henri, Maurer, Menzler, Peyraud, Schmedtgen, Stacey, Svendsen, Tanner, Vonnoh, and other artists whose work is equally familiar to the visitors to exhibitions. Among the many can-

vases that have been shown on previous occasions there was a liberal admixture of new work, which pleased by its freshness, and often showed the most marked improvement over former efforts of the artist.

The Western artists, as in former years, made an especially good showing, which is probably due to the fact that many of the most prominent of the Eastern artists are apathetic as regards sending their canvases to the Chicago exhibition or to any other Western display.

JAMES FORD BUELL.



FIDELITY
By Gustave Mosler



THE FINE ARTS AT CHARLESTON EXPOSITION

The fine arts exhibit of the Charleston Exposition proves to be one of the most notable features of the show. The exhibit is almost as large as that of Buffalo. There is a smaller number of modern American pictures and sculptures, but a much larger display of the works of the earlier American pictures, particularly of Gilbert, of Stuart, and of Thomas Sully.

Some unexpected treasures in these early art works have been found, both in the South and the North, and the Southern owners of pictures and also of miniatures by Malbone and Frazer have, through feelings of local and sectional pride, finally consented to loan numbers of pictures and miniatures that have never before been placed on public exhibition.

James B. Townsend, the fine arts director, has had great trouble in getting together this display. The fact that a winter exposition is a novelty, and that artists and owners are less disposed to loan their works during the winter season, is responsible for the difficulty.

There are probably from four hundred to five hundred pictures hung in the beautiful art building, while all the principal sculptures from Buffalo, supplemented by others, are placed in the sculpture hall. The only foreign picture on exhibition is Chartran's "McKinley Signing the Peace Protocol with Spain," which was loaned by H. C. Frick of Pittsburg.

The following modern painters and sculptors are represented by fine examples of their work: Alexander, J. G. Brown, Carroll Beckwith, Cecelia Beaux, E. A. Bell, A. Bierstadt, Blakelock, Bogert, Boughton, Bohm, Howard Butler, Bunce, Bristol, Mary Cassatt, William M. Chase, F. S. Church, Coffin, Chapman, Kenyon and Louise Cox, Bruce Crane, Curran, Dangerfield, Dearth, De Haven, Dewey, Desar, Eakins, George W. Edwards, Frank Fowler, Franzen, Gay, Gaul, Swain Gifford, Grayson, Alexander and Birge Hamilton, Hassam, E. L. Henry, Winslow Homer, George Inness, Francis C. Jones, Eastman Johnson, F. W. Kost, Homer Martin, George W. Maynard, Percy Thomas and Peter Moran, J. F. Murphy, F. D. Millet, Robert C. Minor, Ochtman, Pauli, Picknell, Robert Reid, Ranger, Remington, Rix, Roseland, Sargent, Sewell, Shurtleff, Hopkinson Smith, J. L. Smith, Tanner, Tarbell, Story, Tryon, Ross Turner, Vonnoh, Vinton, Wier, Irving Wiles, Vedder, Volk, H. C. and Horatio Walker, Wiggins, Young, Zogbaum, St. Gaudens, Elwell, Hartley, Remington, Ruckstuhl, and Bitter.

E. C. G.



REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

Sadakichi Hartmann's "A History of American Art," recently published by L. C. Page & Co., is a sad disappointment. One was led to expect a dignified, just, comprehensive work, on whose statements reliance could be placed, and one finds instead a book apparently hastily thrown together, with a paucity of authentic data, and at times a deplorable amount of worthless personal opinion and unjust if not cruel personal prejudices.

In a word, the work is a daintily gotten up gift book masquerading as a history. One regrets this, since a comprehensive and well-balanced history of American art is greatly needed. Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" and Muther's "Modern Painting," however well they may have answered the purpose of the student in their time, are now out of date.

Mr. Hartmann does not seem to have comprehended the needs of the public or his own opportunities. The best portions of his work are those that have been history for years, and of which Mr. Hartmann's account may be taken as a rehash. The author errs most grievously when he essays dogmatically to express his own opinion or gives expression to prejudices that reflect upon him as an historian. His attack on the sculptor St. Gaudens, for instance, is little less than malicious.

The sincerity of St. Gaudens's purpose and the excellence of his work have never been questioned by competent critics. Yet Mr. Hartmann charges that he was "often cruel to others, even against his will"; that "many a young talent was crushed by his resistless onward march to fame"; that "he rose, as every man of genius does in the battle of life, leaving behind him a field of corpses." He further alleges that St. Gaudens "succeeded in forming a sort of Tammany ring in American sculpture. He made himself the Croker and controlled his profession for years with despotic power." This is not history, it is simply vilification, and unworthy of the author.

The first volume of the work, that on painting, gives a fair estimate of the old-time painters, such as West and Stuart, but the author shows a singular lack of familiarity with present-day painters of repute and promise. His acquaintance seems to be limited to merely a few Eastern men, whom he chooses to notice or eulogize. Other men of equal merit are not accorded so much as a mention. Of American artists resident in Europe, for instance, he only mentions Whistler and Sargent, and his attention is about as sparingly given to American artists resident in this country. Of engravers and engraving he makes

no mention whatever, though this form of art has had admirable American exponents.

If Mr. Hartmann were simply writing a magazine article it would be permissible in him to omit reference to as many artists as he pleased; in what purports to be history such a practice is inexcusable. His implied slur, moreover, on women artists is neither gracious nor just. Another weakness of the work is the *ex cathedra* way in which the author assigns ranks and uses superlatives. Mr. Chase is the "only" one of a long list of native artists whose career shows improvement. T. W. Deming is the "ideal portrayer" of American womanhood. F. P. Vinton is "our best" portrait-painter. "The foremost," "the best," "the most intellectual," "the most modern," and similar phrases are scattered through the pages with more profusion than discrimination.

One notes also a reckless disregard of correctness in the matter of proper names. For instance, Richard Caton Woodville appears as Richard Carton Woodville; Julia Bracken, as Clio Bracken; Steinlen, as Steinlan; and W. L. Dodge, as George Dodge. One deplores the shortcomings of the work the more since one must admit that the book is crisply and entertainingly written. Probably if Mr. Hartmann had spent more time on his task, and had been more ambitious to supply facts than to air his individual views, the book might have merited the name of history.

Little need be said at this time in praise of "French Art," by W. C. Brownell, lately issued in a superb new edition by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work has been before the public since 1892, and the value of Mr. Brownell's careful analysis and critical judgment of French art has been freely admitted by all who have made a study of the subject. The author was peculiarly fitted by education and predilection for the task he undertook of presenting French art in a dispassionate and yet sympathetic way to English readers, and his monographs on classic, romantic, and realistic painting and on classic and academic sculpture are as careful a presentation of these forms of French art as the most exacting student could demand.

The fact that a new edition of the work has been demanded after nine years is as good a tribute as could be paid to the work. Occasion has been taken in issuing this new edition to add a chapter on Rodin and the Institute, in which the progress of what ten years ago was altogether a new movement in sculpture is further considered. Except in sculpture, and in the sculpture of Rodin and that more or less directly influenced by him, there has been no new phase of French art developed within the decade, and Mr. Brownell has done well to supplement his former discussions with an account of this movement.

Too much can scarcely be said in compliment to the publishers for the elegant dress in which they have reissued the work. The little



EVENING

By Robert C. Minor
Collection of Frederick S. Gibbs, New York





12mo volume of former years, issued without illustrations, appears now as a superb royal octavo with clear-cut type, heavy deckle-edge paper, and upward of fifty full-page half-tone reproductions of representative works of French art. The volume is the equal in point of taste and mechanical excellence of the magnificent art tones issued in Europe, and the best feature of the work is that the subject-matter is worthy of the form in which it is presented.

The latest edition to the Riverside Art Series, issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and prepared by Estelle M. Hurl, is devoted to Landseer, the famous English lover of dogs and horses. The volume contains a portrait of the painter and half-tone reproductions of fifteen of his paintings. Since the death of Landseer, in 1874, two careful biographies of him have been published, those by F. G. Stevens and Cosmo Monkhouse, besides innumerable magazine articles. Miss Hurl has made good use of the material furnished her, and has given a succinct outline of Landseer's career, a list of his contemporaries, and brief appreciations of the pictures she has reproduced. These include such popular works as "Suspense," "Dignity and Impudence," "Jack in Office," and others equally well known, together with a photograph of the less familiar lion of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. The volume is equal to any of its predecessors, which is saying much for its value.

It is the fashion nowadays—and a very commendable one at that—for publishers to make art books out of literary classics. That is what Harper & Brothers have done in issuing a new edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with illustrations by Peter Newell. Lewis Carroll's famous work, as E. S. Martin says in the introduction, passed long ago out of the range of criticism and doubt, and has taken its place in the world of literature as a good book. It is the weird, uncanny product of a unique character who dreamed day-dreams for the delight of children, and it needs the illustrations of a man who dreams just as weirdly and uncannily in art. These Mr. Newell has supplied, forty of them as much in wonderland as Alice herself.

The publishers could not have found an artist more in sympathy with his author. Carroll's genius was unique, and so is Newell's. The author took Alice on her adventures into the realm of fancy, and the artist has followed her in much the spirit that an intelligent child would, and has sought to put in pictorial form the impressions he received.

He presents to us the Rabbit, the Mouse, the Dodo, the Cheshire Cat, the Gryphon, the Mock-turtle, the March Hare, the Hatter, and the other members of a remarkable family, reflected in the mirror of his uncanny and surprising mind. It is a new set of portraits of old

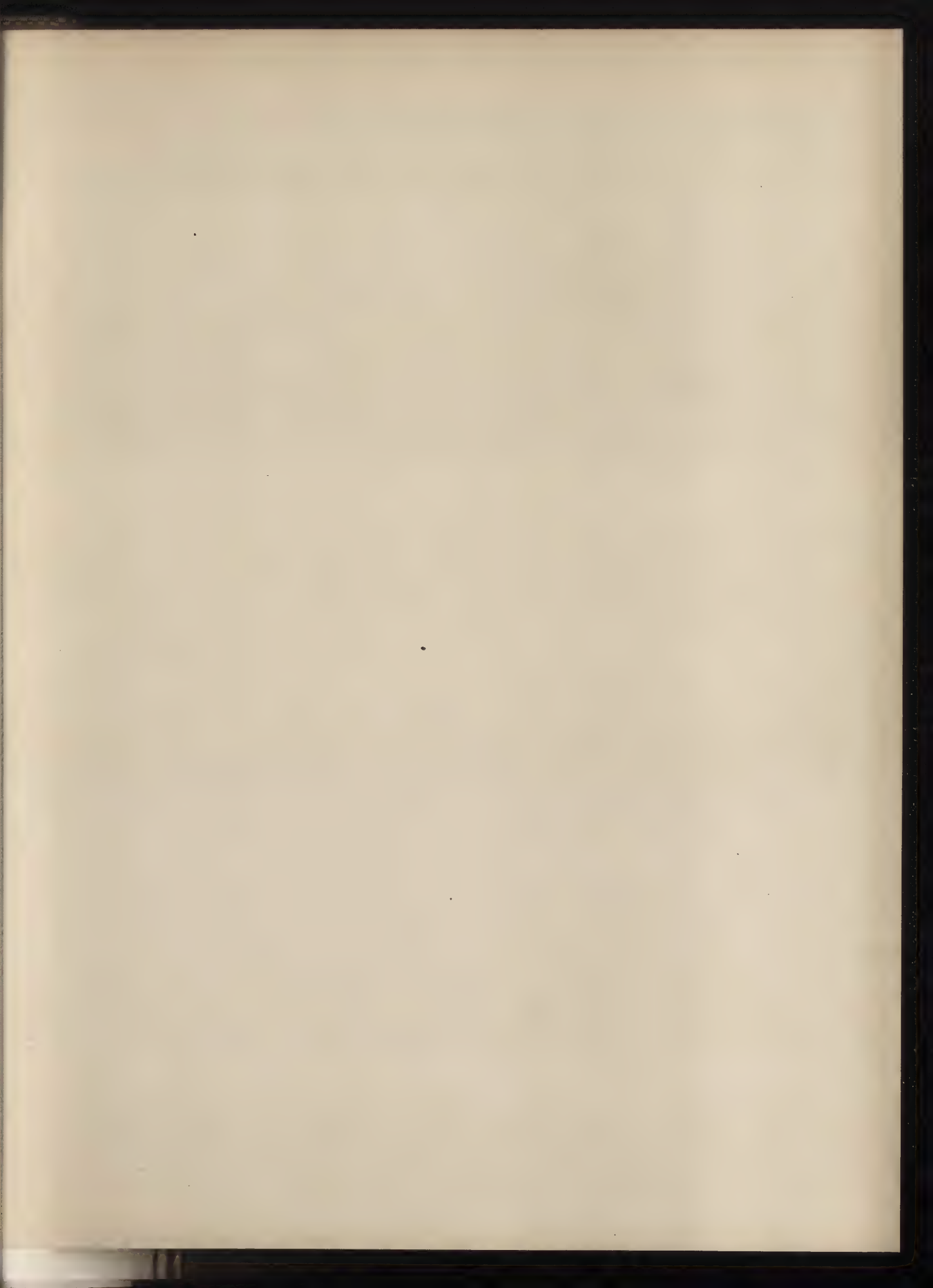
acquaintances, and on viewing the forty full-page plates one doubts if Carroll ever had so sympathetic an illustrator or pictorial interpreter. The pictures are remarkable achievements of imagination vividly portrayed. The fanciful borders executed by Robert Murray Wright and printed in delicate tint around the text are no less unique and pleasing.

In writing a monograph on the great Florentine architect Brunelleschi for the admirable great masters in Painting and Sculpture Series, published by the Macmillan Company, Leader Scott undertook an especially difficult task, but he has executed it in as satisfactory a manner as could be expected from the material with which he had to work. In writing the life of a painter his works are before an author just as he painted them; a sculptor's statues and reliefs also show visibly his own handiwork untouched by any sacrilegious hand; the music of a composer is transmitted to posterity as he conceived it. But in the case of Brunelleschi, his designs were changed even in the hands that continued them on his death, and his buildings were restored by subsequent architects and incongruous bits were inserted in them. Thus the works which should best illustrate the architect's nobility of conception are now more misleading than convincing in their evidence.

Mr. Scott, however, has made careful use of all available data. He gives a readable account of the architect's education and career, discusses his principal works, considers him as city architect, church builder, palace builder, and military engineer, and gives a well-weighted estimate of the heritage he left to the world. As in the case of previous volumes of the series, the book is profusely illustrated, and is supplied with a comprehensive bibliography, a chronology of principal dates, and a list of extant works.

"Margot," by Millicent E. Mann, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is the charming story of a court shoemaker's child in the days of Louis XIV. The thread of the delicately told narrative will be of less interest to the readers of BRUSH AND PENCIL than the remarkably sympathetic and well-executed illustrations supplied by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Some of these were reproduced by special permission in a recent issue of this magazine, and are as fine examples of the illustrator's work as one may see in recent publications. The artists have entered thoroughly into the spirit of the text, and have virtually transported themselves into the times of the story, with the result that a most delightful bit of writing is enforced and vivified with a series of pictures which in grace, charm, and faithfulness to the time and people portrayed are altogether exceptional.

For further Book Reviews, see advertising page II.





HARBOR SCENE — ETCHING
By Maurice Sterne

DUOGRAPH PLATES MADE BY BARNES-CROSBY CO.



BRUSH AND PENCIL

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 5

WORK OF RALPH A. BLAKELOCK

There will soon be held in New York an exhibition of paintings which will be of unusual interest, since it will recite, in terms of weird tonality, one of the saddest romances of American art—the story of a man whose genius and ambition enabled him to master his profession without the aid of instructors, who dreamed strange dreams and told them in remarkable color schemes till the thread of reason broke under the strain, and who now languishes in an asylum, his former art scarcely a recollection. This will be an exhibition of seventy-six canvases by Ralph A. Blakelock, which have been collected by Frederick S. Gibbs, of New York, and which will be displayed by him that the public may see and judge of the work of an artist too little known, and it is to be feared too cheaply estimated.

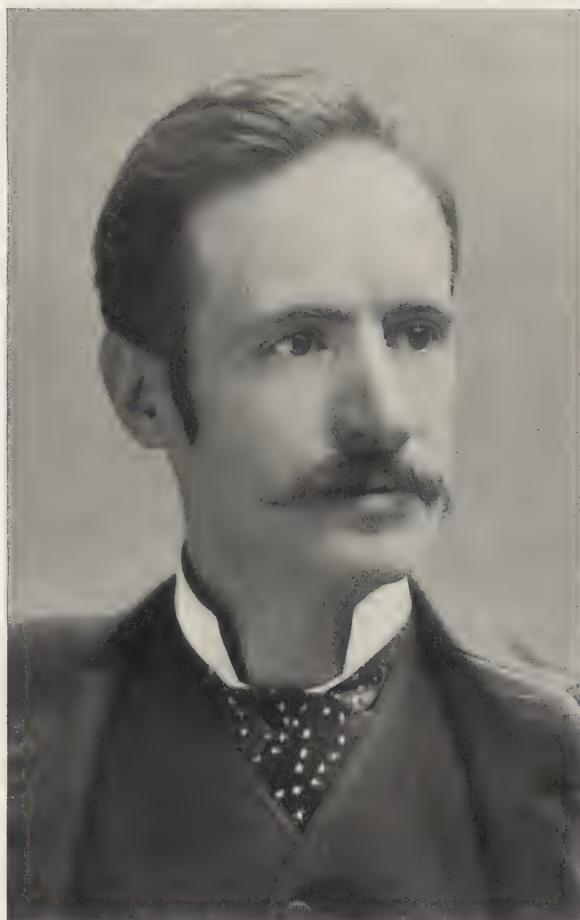
The exhibition will have its pathos. Blakelock will probably never again touch brush to canvas, and the collection, therefore, will practically represent the life work of the man who conceived such strange fancies and expressed them so vividly.

In the days before Blakelock's mental collapse cut short his promising career, the public viewed his productions indifferently, or judged them harshly. Honors and emoluments were not his. Since his hand has been stayed, however, public appreciation has been more



INDIAN GIRL, UINTAH TRIBE
By Ralph A. Blakelock

just, and many who were wont to damn with faint praise have become enthusiastic in their eulogy. Indeed, Blakelock has been ranked by a few critics with Inness, Wyant, and Homer Martin, the great trio



RALPH A. BLAKELOCK
From a photograph

of American landscapists. Others, more conservative in their estimate, recognize his ability, but accord him an inferior place to that enjoyed by these three gifted Americans. There are still others—and there doubtless always will be—who can see in Blakelock's work little more than the evidence of an eccentric colorist. Be that as it may, no one will gainsay that the artist was a genius, and that in his best work he was a colorist second to none that America has produced.

In these days a few years or even a few months of retirement suffice to remove one from public thought or notice, and it may be well at the outset to give an out-

line of the painter's pitiful career, especially in view of the fact that comparatively few art-lovers are familiar with his life.

The son of a physician, he was born in New York City, in 1847, and was educated with a view to adopting his father's profession. The boy, however, had two passions, music and painting, natural gifts which he longed to develop. The science and practice of medicine had no attraction for him, and he rebelled against being forced

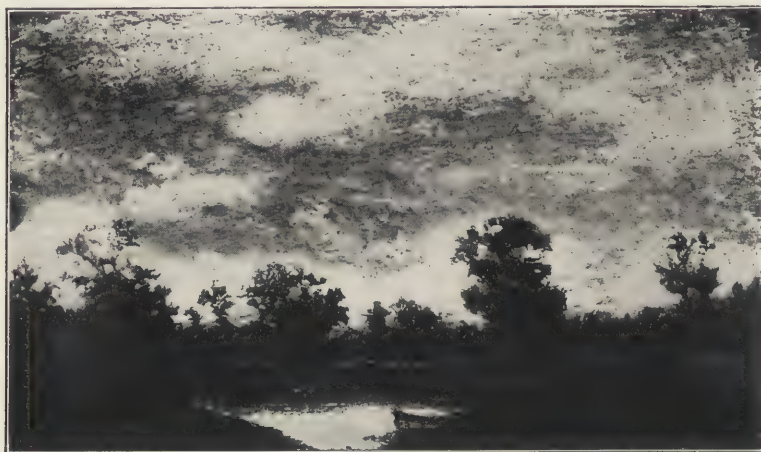


THE CAPTIVE
By Ralph A. Blakelock



to adopt a calling which he knew would be irksome, and in which he had reason to fear he would not be successful.

Fortune denied him the means of securing the necessary instruction in either of the arts toward which his predilections led him, but so repugnant was the thought of the career of a physician that he resolved, whatever might be the cost, to become his own master, and unaided, to seek fame with the brush and palette. When this decision was finally reached, music in a sense became with him a side issue, but he nevertheless never lost his love of or his devotion to it. The sister arts abided with him till the night of madness overtook



MORNING
By Ralph A. Blakelock

him, and one may find evidences in his paintings of that love of harmony which otherwise manifested itself in his musical tastes.

Strange as it may seem, Blakelock's chief preparation for his life work was a short tour of the Far West, in which he studied and zealously sketched landscapes in the territories visited, using Indian groups as episodes and accessories. He was thus in every sense self-taught. His dreamy, mystical, poetic turn of mind prompted his subjects, and gave to his canvases the moody characteristics that mark them, and his fine sense of color and passionate love of harmony imparted to them the rich, vibrant tone noticeable in all his better work and rarely absent from his least interesting pictures.

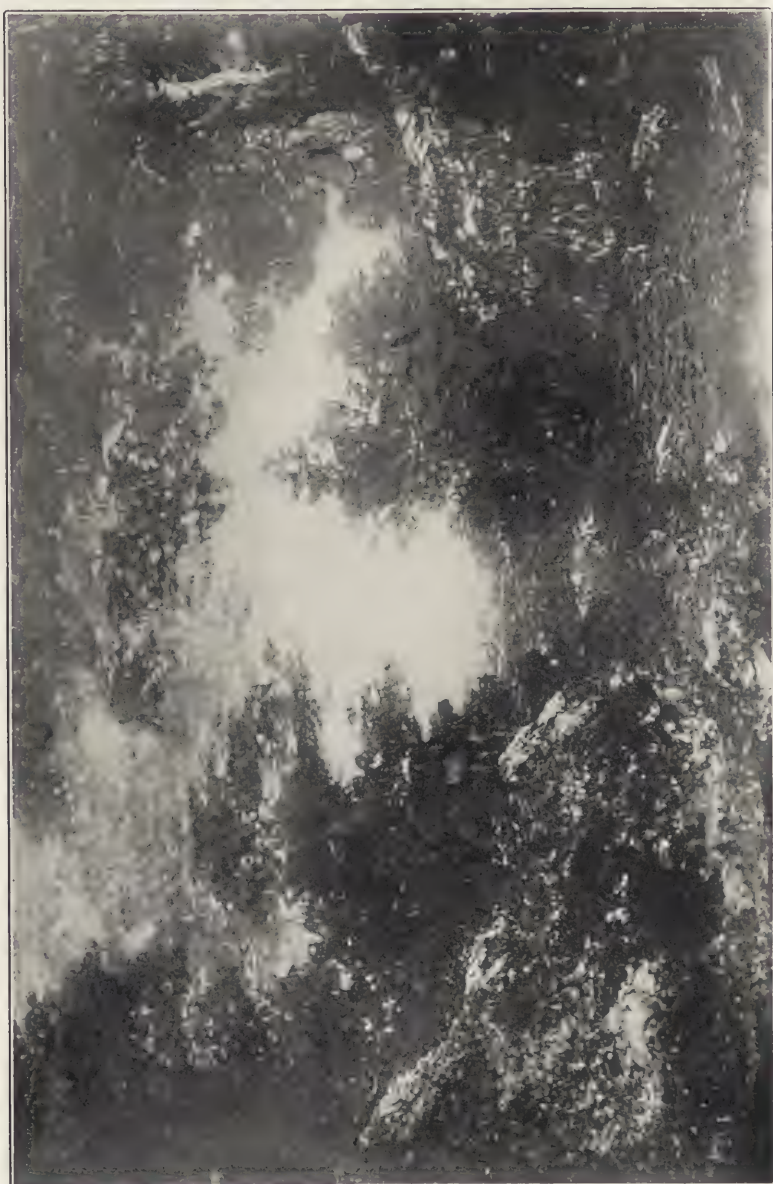
Thus, with no art training whatever, with no means with which to tide over the period during which he was to make his name as a painter, with no friend to offer him guidance or lend him assistance, he settled in New York, opened a studio, and from the outset posed as a professional artist. Many were the hardships and privations he

endured, but he dreamed his rich color dreams, and painted his weird fancies, till intellect lost its balance and incapacity forbade further work.

As an illustration of the stress to which the struggling artist was subjected, one may cite the case of his strong picture, "The Boulder and the Flume," at Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, which is perhaps one of the sanest and most pleasing of Blakelock's canvases. He painted the picture while on his wedding tour, selecting the subject as one suited to his special gifts. Tourists will remember the locality. A huge boulder had become suspended between two precipitous rocks, and had probably hung there for centuries. Blakelock sketched it with absolute fidelity and later developed it into a painting, casting over the picturesque yet bald rocks something of



SUNSET OFF THE COAST
By Ralph A. Blakelock



SUNSET THROUGH THE WOODS
By Ralph A. Blakelock



the witchery of his own genius. He later became hard pressed for money, and pledged the painting with a person in Rhode Island. Mr. Gibbs learned of the circumstance and secured the picture, which will be in the forthcoming exhibition.

In passing, one may note that the boulder and the flume are no more. Some years after Blakelock made his preliminary sketch a furious storm broke over Franconia Notch, during which the boulder was dislodged and taken nearly a thousand feet down the brook.

Throughout his entire career Blakelock was a very uneven painter. His best canvases come very near to being masterpieces, and his poorest are scarcely worthy of the most trivial painter. Indeed, it has



NAVAJO BLANKET MAKERS
By Ralph A. Blakelock

been said that he exhausted himself upon a few pictures, and wasted a large share of his time in perfunctory repetitions of his own work, giving in these latter canvases only the most superficial characteristics of his better productions. In short, in his duller moods he was a mere imitator of himself. He plagiarized his own pictures; and several of his critics have expressed the opinion that it would not be at all strange if some of his inferior works should in future come to be condemned as forgeries.

To this habit of mechanically duplicating his own pictures—and that, too, when the moods that inspired his better works were wanting—is probably due the fact that to Blakelock's work was so long accorded only derision and neglect. To form any just estimate of the artist's efforts, one must view his pictures with the man himself constantly in mind. One would perhaps scarcely hazard the opinion that he was mentally unbalanced during a considerable period of his active professional life, and yet it is essentially true that his moody spirit, his mysticism, his eccentricities, his flights of inspiration, and

his maudling moments are to be detected in almost every picture he produced, just as Poe, the man of gloomy fancies, is an essential part of every tale and poem he wrote.

Possibly a saner genius would never have attempted the glorious color harmonies which were Blakelock's delight, nor would a saner genius have had his efforts as a colorist crowned with such brilliant success. As Taine says, "Under the shell there is an animal, and behind the document there is a man." Behind the Blakelock canvases soon to be exhibited there is Blakelock himself, not the unfortunate of to-day, but one is forced to admit, a man of towering abilities verging toward his own fall.

"That the man was a poet," wrote a careful and sympathetic critic of him some years ago, "no one will doubt who looks at his canvases, and his moods are almost as many as those of nature. He saw with a curious temperament, or let us say, he dreamed rather of nature, and he put his visions down in color with as little form as it was possible to give and carry his tonal schemes. Of realism there is none, nor for that matter, did Blakelock ever try to reproduce faithfully the conventional forms of out-of-doors.

"His trees are seldom botanically correct, and his foreground stuff could never be analyzed, but all served to fill the composition and to help him to express his motive, whatever it was. It is to be presumed that at some earlier time in his career Blakelock drew seriously after nature according to his lights, but although the writer once went over a lot of out-of-door sketches with the artist he was unable to see therein any evidence of a close following of nature's forms, and this preliminary work had just the same vague and visionary aspect as had the finished pictures.

"But the man was a born colorist, and he secured tones and combinations of pigment that few have discovered. His process was slow and laborious; sometimes years would elapse from the beginning to the end of his pictures, and many years at that. He piled on pigment and he scraped, he varnished and he repainted, and he was likely at the last to completely change his theme once he had the proper foundation of paint on the canvas or panel.

"The result was generally a low-keyed fantasy, recalling the tints and the mellowness of some old tapestry or rug, the qualities of a Rembrandt as applied to a landscape or a marine. Again, he would get a brilliancy of sky over sea or earth that was little short of marvelous. It was something he could never by any means repeat once the work was finished, for he least of all knew how the effect was secured. It was feeling, pure and simple, like the improvisations of some gifted musician, who secures the harmonies and sweetness of his instrument unconsciously and intuitively."

I have quoted these words at length because they are the kindly, sympathetic witness of one who knew intimately the man and his



*Red Woods, California.
J. H. Blacklock.*

REDWOODS, CALIFORNIA
By Ralph A. Blakelock





GIPSY ENCAMPMENT
By Ralph A. Blakelock



methods; who has seen him struggle with his tonal vagaries, now despairing, now triumphant; who has beheld the spark of inborn fire burst into a blaze that literally transfigured his canvas, and again flicker and fall even to the point of extinguishing, leaving the canvas soulless and devoid of interest.

Blakelock's canvases are little less than a revelation of his wide range of expression and of his varying moods. The pictures soon to be exhibited, for instance, include peaceful and poetical pastorals, sunsets glowing even to the point of the garish, moonlights suffused with a bewitching silvery sheen, landscapes in which there is no suggestion of human life, Indian groups for which the landscapes serve but as a setting, scenes painted in all the fullness of detail, and sketchy canvases that give but a hint of what the artist doubtless had in mind when he abandoned his work, leaving the sketch to tell the story to the spectator.

Rarely is the minor chord lacking, though this is in many cases subordinated to a free, joyous spirit. The canvases convey the impression of a strong, poetic temperament dominated through some accident of training or bias of mind with a moodiness which struggles with and finally extinguishes free, glad, artistic expression.

Practically throughout his career Blakelock followed the same careful, painstaking mode of work, and his pictures bear the impress of his peculiar methods. Many of them show a refinement of finish quite astonishing. They have been scraped and worked over and varnished till they have a softness of surface and a quality of texture like polished ivory. Yet despite this excess of finish there is no suggestion to the observer of hazardous experiments or excessive labor. One is only conscious of the finished result for which the artist strove and which he succeeded in obtaining.

It must be recognized, however, that Blakelock's method of procedure is one calculated to give the appearance of great unevenness to a collection of his works. Some of his canvases bear unmistakable evidence of the artist's love of his theme, and of his ambition to make the expression of it as perfect in every detail as possible. Other canvases tell the story of wavering purpose, waning interest, or lack of devotion to his subject. Often the artist apparently was attracted by some scene or theme, worked at it assiduously while the spirit moved him, and practically abandoned his first conception or lost the interest necessary to make a finished picture.

Thus while Blakelock's best paintings are little less than ideal bits of tonal work, excellent in draftsmanship, and rich in the harmony of color that few artists could approximate, others are wanting in the elements that go to make a finished work, and are crude and uninteresting. In sunset effects and in night scenes he was singularly successful. The former are vibrant with luminosity and with gorgeous colors borrowed direct from nature. The latter have a genuine



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK
By Ralph A. Blakelock



night effect, showing in a wonderful measure silvery light, subtleness of shadow, and softness of expression. The canvases herewith reproduced give, of course, only a meager idea of the richness and delicacy of the originals.

Another peculiarity of the artist should here be noted. Blake-lock's compositions for the most part are extremely simple. He beheld a scene and received an impression, and his ambition was to record that impression rather than to give an elaborate or full expression of the landscape before him. For the recording of this expression little was needed. He did not require compositions with minute detail, and hence many of his best works are little more than a mere hint of a landscape—a broad stretch of sky with a few trees sharply outlined against it; a stream or a pool of water, with the reflections of the few near-by shrubs or trees; a hill sharply marked or perhaps a mountain in the distance indistinct in the haze of a summer afternoon. These simple elements sufficed for a framework, and his sense of color and his ability to produce tonal effects supplied the rest.

Whatever be the scene, however, or however unfinished be the condition of the picture, one cannot fail to find in Blakelock's canvases the unmistakable quality of a true painter. Earnestness of purpose is ever present and felt, and the adequacy of the result obtained one feels to be dependent more upon the duration of the artist's mood than upon his ability to accomplish what he undertook.

Withal one cannot stand before a Blakelock canvas without in a sense stepping out of the commonplace, the tame, the prosaic, the conventional. These the artist naturally eschewed. It would be wrong to say that he deliberately essayed the unique or unusual for the sake of effect. His purpose was too simple for this. His canvases are unusual, simply because his habits of thought and moods of spirit were unusual. He never indulged in out of the way combinations of shapes in the name of the picturesque. He was essentially a colorist, and the peculiar charm of his work lies in the fact that he had the audacity to attempt and the ability to obtain tonal effects that at once stamped his canvases as remarkable.

It has been said of him, that he stands quite alone among American artists as an original creative genius whose endowment was unusually artistic and whose sense of the beautiful was peculiarly acute. The exhibition of the seventy-six canvases referred to will fully demonstrate this statement. It will also show, if it show anything, that the artist has not been accorded the appreciation that is his due. It is to be hoped that the public display of a comprehensive collection of his canvases may serve to enhance his reputation and give him the rank among American artists that he earned.*

FREDERICK W. MORTON.

*Since the foregoing article was written, forty of the canvases referred to have been exhibited at the Lotus Club, New York.



CERAMICS
By Chicago Artists

DECORATIVE WORK ON CHINA

It has been one of the crying defects of present-day ceramics that the artists have aimed only to be decorative, to give a pleasing effect to bowl, plaque, or vase. It seems to have been assumed that almost any popular picture—originally painted without any thought or expectation that it would one day grace the outside of a bit of pottery—would look well under glaze. It was easier for both amateurs and professionals to be copyists than originators, and the ceramic artists sinned—sinned grievously—in being content to copy instead of trying to work out something original.

There were so many stock conventional patterns to be had for the seeking; so many "suitable" heads—Dutch peasants, court beauties, Indian chiefs, monks more mundane than spiritual, and maidens more spirituelle than real—that could be made to fit a plate bottom or a pitcher side; so many combinations of flowers and fruit procurable as "studies" for a mere pittance at the stores, that even ceramic artists who had it in them to do better, yielded to the temptation of trying to beat Rembrandt and Gainsborough at their own game, and put miniature copies of their masterpieces on mugs and butter-dishes, or undertook to make approved bunches of Jacque roses, tulips, and peonies blush securely under a vitrified surface.

That there is an effort being made on the part of our best china-painters to break away from the leading-strings of mere copyism, and produce something new and unique, is manifest. Every exhibition gives some evidence of this move in the right direction; the only

regret is that the evidence is not more ample. One tires of seeing stock subjects reproduced *ad nauseam* on pottery, and welcomes something, however simple, in the way of decoration that betrays a grain of individuality if not originality on the part of the painter. In the line of ceramics the market has been glutted with things indifferent or things pretty. What we want is work with a dash of life and spirit, conceptions with some force and boldness, designs that disclose some constructive—architectural, it has been called—ability.

All this is apropos of the recent exhibition of the Chicago Ceramic Art Association. It had a wealth of the merely pretty, as all such exhibitions have, and not a little that would meet the requirements of the most rigid stickler for good, strong, individual work. Two hundred and forty-six pieces were shown. It ill behooves one to be censorious, but from the standpoint of an exhibition of representative work perhaps one hundred and forty-six would make a better showing. Despite the excellence of much of the work, doubtless many visitors would be content with the forty-six.

This is not meant to be harsh criticism. I merely wish to suggest the desirability of ceramic associations having a standard of excellence



CERAMICS
By Chicago Artists

and rigidly adhering to it, to the exclusion of much that may be pleasing and fairly well executed, but still lacking in the elements of originality and character. There is need of competent and inexorable juries of admission. In other words, an exhibition should be either a sales show, into which everything is admitted to meet the tastes and purses of possible purchasers, or it should be a display of the most meritorious work. If the former, one had better call them simply



CERAMICS
By Chicago Artists

"sales"; if the latter, one could dispense with everything suggestive of paucity of ideas or deficiency of technique.

As an exponent of the better tendency in ceramics here advocated, one cannot well overpraise D. M. Campana. His figures are admirable, and his draftsmanship, color, texture, give evidence of a true artist well trained. His work is the sort we demand of artists outside the pale of ceramics, and very naturally we find pleasure in it. It is not imitative, but bold, free, with spirit and force. His plaque "Sighs of the Pond," showing a woman's face thrust out from the water and kissing two butterflies, is eminently original in conception.

In sharp contrast with these pieces are the examples of Professor

Franz J. Schwarz's work. These are all exceedingly well done in point of technique, but they are of the sort that attract a casual glance and elicit a word of admiration, but after all do not command close study. Josephine, Titian's daughter, the Madonna, Marie Antoinette, Judith, are all stock subjects, and have not the vital interest of original conceptions.

Between this refinement in working over old ideas or relinishing old faces and the ambitious seeking of expression for new conceptions or ideals, there is in the Chicago Ceramic Association, as evidenced by its exhibitions, the widest possible range of talent and the greatest diversity of aims. Many of the members are to be commended for their successful ventures in design and coloring, which put on their work something of the stamp of individuality. Others seem to be enamored of the merely pretty and hopelessly lacking in personality.

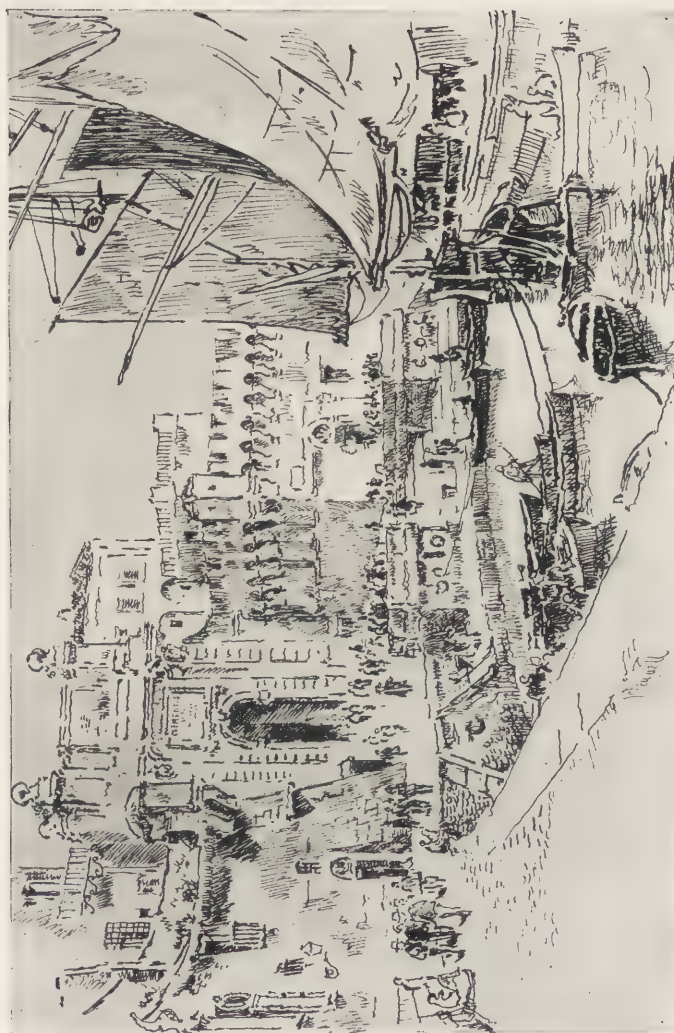
In lieu of more detailed reference to exhibitors and exhibits, one may enumerate the following as among the most important pieces shown by the association, apart from those already mentioned by Campana and Schwarz: Mrs. Clarke, large vase, with asters in tones of purple and white; Mrs. R. M. McCreery, large vase, pink and yellow roses; chocolate pot, conventional blue and gold; toast cup, with portraits; Mrs. E. Beachey, large plaques, conventional, rich in color; Mr. Aulich, large vase, roses; Mrs. H. T. Wright, pitcher, conventional; Miss Iglehart, head, excellently treated; Mrs. Jenkins, jardinière, geraniums in green and red tones; Miss Adelaide L. Lyster, tankard (grapes) and salad bowl, in conventional design; Mr. E. Donath, vase, poppies, red tones; Mrs. A. Frazee, hot-water pot, pomegranate decoration, conventional design, green and red; monk playing guitar; porcelain panel; Mrs. A. B. Crane, jardinière, with sunflower; vase, with storks in violet tones; Mrs. Cross, glass pitcher, blue chrysanthemum decoration; Persian decorated glass vase in transparent deep blue enamel; Miss May Armstrong, flower pot in soft brown tones; Miss Mary Phillips, teapot, conventional pinks and greens; hot water pot, charmingly done.

EDITH PHILLIPS WISEMAN.



RECENT WORK OF ILLUSTRATORS— JOSEPH PENNELL

The following three plates are thoroughly representative of the best of the recent work of Joseph Pennell, whose remarkable pictures of Old World scenery and architecture have placed him in the front rank of illustrators of this class of subject. Their dainty, etching-like effect will be appreciated by the reader.



THE SEA GATE

By Joseph Pennell
From "Italian Journeys"

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AQUEDUCT ON CAMPAGNA
By Joseph Pennell
From "Italian Journeys"
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THE GRAND CANAL

By Joseph Pennell

From "Italian Journeys"

Copyright, 1901, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.





THE CHASE OF "THE PRESIDENT"
By Carlton T. Chapman

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN EXHIBITION

Of the seventy-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, which closes with the date of this issue of *BRUSH AND PENCIL*, one can speak with no stinted measure of praise. Very few of the three hundred and eighty-nine pictures displayed, judged by reasonably strict canons of criticism, are unworthy of the galleries in which they are hung. On the other hand, a larger number of canvases than usual are of a quality that deserves special mention and commendation.

The galleries this year present an unusually attractive appearance in the Fine Arts Building. This is due partly to the character of the works shown, and partly to the fact that all the galleries are used, and the area of wall space thus available precludes the necessity of crowding. The hanging committee was thus enabled to give good position to most of the important pictures.



HACKENSACK MEADOWS
By J. D. Woodward

Few of the artists who sent works to the exhibition have reason to complain of the positions assigned them. In former years the younger exhibiting artists have felt a grievance that the older men

pre-empted the best places, and that the productions of the younger aspirants for fame thus suffered in comparison with those of the academicians. The managing spirits of the exhibition probably have taken cognizance of these oft-repeated complaints, and have generously sought to accord to the newest exhibitors every possible courtesy and advantage.

A close inspection of the canvases convinces one that the various prizes were justly awarded, though possibly there might be a division of opinion as regards Elliott Daingerfield's "The Story of the Madonna," which captured the Thomas B. Clarke prize. This work is dignified and pleas-



THE HILLSIDE
By R. M. Shurtleff

ing, but yet presents a certain incongruity which one would like to see eliminated. The work is interesting, however, from the fact that Mr. Daingerfield has a good conception, and exhibits a fine sense of color and good brush work in its presentation. But one feels a hiatus between the naturalistic and the strictly conventional in his method of treatment. The portraiture in the canvas is essentially modern in its spirit, as is also the rolling landscape which extends beyond the buildings in the design. On the other hand, the architecture depicted and the grouping of the figures would imply that the artist had aimed at a strictly formal arrangement, suggestive of the early Tuscan painters.

There is thus a lack of unity in the picture, which is neither ancient nor modern, but a somewhat unhappy blending of the two. One feels the confused motive, and would prefer to have the story of the Madonna told strictly by old-time conventional methods or wholly in a modern, naturalistic way. When one has said this in criticism of the picture, however, one is forced, in justice to the painter, to admit that the work is strong and meritorious, and is instinct with imaginative reflection which one welcomes, and for which one is inclined to be thankful.

About the placing of the first and second Hallgarten prizes, there can be no doubt—the prizes were earned by the intrinsic merits of the pictures that won them. They went respectively to E. I. Couse for "The Peace Pipe" and to Louis Loeb for "The Mother." Mr. Couse's canvas is an Indian subject, which both in color and in execution is equal to anything that this popular artist has produced in recent years. Not the least of the pleasing qualities about the work is the essential freshness of the conception. One likes to get away from hackneyed subjects or platitudes in paint, and in this picture



SPRING
By Carroll Beckwith



NEAR SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA. By J. C. Nicoll



MAN'S HELPMATES. By L. C. Earle

Mr. Couse has succeeded beyond the usual degree, with the result that we have a picture of beauty and interest.

Mr. Loeb's "The Mother" is a double portrait, depicting a young mother cuddling her baby against her cheek. The pose of the principal figure is graceful, and the lineaments are suggestive of refinement and delicacy. There is thus about the picture the charm of maternal sentiment, the same sentiment that made Sergeant Kendall's "The Close of Day" so popular with the public, and made it a prize-winner with the Pittsburg jury. A single picture of this sort, with good, wholesome sentiment, well expressed, is worth more than a roomful of salon theatricalities, and it is refreshing to note that canvases of this sort are supplanting in American exhibitions those works which savor of the Paris shows.

The third Hallgarten prize went to Will Howe Foote for a dainty decorative figure study which is clever of conception and excellent in execution, but which,



THE ROLL OF THE DEAN
By Thomas Eakins

unfortunately for Mr. Foote, is so suggestive of Alfred H. Maurer's "An Arrangement" as to provoke comparison with that striking canvas. Mr. Maurer, it will be remembered, was a prize-winner at the last Carnegie exhibition, and curiously enough it hangs close by the third Hallgarten prize-winner at the Academy's display. The two artists have essayed to do almost the same identical thing, and one is forced to say that Mr. Maurer's work is superior to Mr. Foote's. Had the hanging committee thought of the possible comparison, it would doubtless have hung Mr. Maurer's picture where the similarity of theme and treatment would not have been so obvious.

Walter Clark's "Gloucester Harbor" won the Inness gold medal for the best landscape. The picture is not an especially notable one, but it is a pleasing bit of out-of-doors, harmonious in color, and virile in its strength of conception. Apropos of the awarding of the Inness prize, landscapists make an especially good showing in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, as, for that matter, they do in all American picture exhibitions. One is reminded of the recent French criticism of our art, that Americans paint nothing but landscapes. This, of course, is a distortion of facts, since our artists are equally capable in portraiture and *genre* subjects. The prominence given to landscapes, however, in our exhibitions lends some excuse for the Frenchman's remark.

In the present Academy exhibition, for instance, there is a wealth of landscape-painting, and much of it is especially interesting. Charles H. Davis's "Summer Clouds" is an eminently effective canvas, characterized by this artist's usual good judgment and deft brush work. It is a fine bit of interpretation, though one is inclined to think it a trifle colder than many of Mr. Davis's less pretentious efforts. Paul Dougherty's "Golden Afternoon" is a bit of poetry in paint, as mellow and pleasing as one could wish, with a certain conservative or old-fashioned air about it that gives it a unique individuality of its own. The artist in this picture has followed the bent of his own fancy, and has been utterly disregarding of modern analyzing methods, and it is due to his ability as an artist to say that he has been eminently successful in the expression of the idea he wished to incorporate.

In "Evening, Belgium," and "Sunset, Holland," Charles Warren Eaton has given the public two pictures luminous in their qualities and rich and pleasing in every sense. It is to be doubted if Mr. Eaton has produced two works more admirable in color than these two simple canvases in which he has undertaken to interpret landscapes of the Old World. As a rule, it is a hazardous venture for an artist to attempt landscape themes with which he is not familiar, since he is very apt to miss the elusive spirit that constitutes the special charm of bits of foreign scenery. That this can be done and be done successfully Mr. Eaton has demonstrated.



IN NEW ENGLAND
By R. Swain Gifford





THE PLANO
By John W. Alexander



"Early Evening," by Henry G. Dearth, is another meritorious landscape, suggestive of a complete reversion by this artist from the essentially unnatural tone in which he has painted many of his recent works. This canvas is eminently natural, and one would wish that Mr. Dearth would henceforth follow more closely the natural key he has adopted and so successfully carried out in "Early Evening." In this picture he discloses the true instinct of a landscape-painter. His other recent works have not been wanting in fine drawing and in a well-balanced conception of the essential elements of a good picture, but they have been somewhat marred by the false color note he has been pleased to introduce. The canvas just referred to, therefore, comes as a refreshing evidence of reform.

Other effective and interesting landscapes are contributed by W. E. Schofield, Gifford Beal, E. W. Redfield, William A. Coffin, H. W. Ranger, Leonard Ochtman, R. C. Minor, G. H. Bogart, Thomas Moran, W. L. Lathrop, E. P. Ullman, Lockwood De Forest, Will S. Robinson, and Charles H. Miller. Mr. Miller's "Autumnal Day" stands out conspicuous as one of the most charming bits of color work in the exhibition, and Mr. Robinson's "Meadow Ponds" is no less engaging, being

marked with the same characteristics. Mr. De Forest's "Late November" carries the analysis of tree forms to excess, but is, nevertheless, one of the distinctive canvases in the galleries, bearing the unmistakable stamp of the individuality of the painter. Mr. Ullman's canvas is but a tiny piece, but it has characteristics that make it one of the most admired landscapes in the display.

In general terms, the landscapes exhibited are fully up to the average of the best Academy exhibition heretofore given, which is saying much for the quality of the work shown. One might not



PEACE
By E. Wood Perry

hazard the statement that every landscape-painter represented is shown at his best, but certainly there is a paucity of pictures of this class that do not reflect high credit on the exhibitors.

Landscape is not a branch of painting in which one would look for striking novelties, and there is nothing in the exhibition either in subjects selected or methods of treatment that would call for special mention on the score of the unusual. The works displayed are for the most part simple in character, and disclose evidences of earnestness of purpose. They are legitimate efforts in the interpretation of commonplace scenes. Many of them have the poetic charm that can only come from a close study of and a hearty delight in the subject treated. There is an absence, moreover, of the conventional type of picture that relies for its interest on cleverness of technique or the individual mannerisms of the artist. On the other hand, work in which the painters rely on straightforward treatment, good draftsmanship, and a natural palette predominates.

In portraiture there are several exceptionally good examples, but upon the whole the exhibition of this class of work is less interesting than that of landscape. One of the best portraits in the galleries is that of "R. F. Wilkinson," by Carroll Beckwith. This, in addition to being an excellent likeness, is an especially strong and vigorous bit of painting, displaying a good use of color. Irving R. Wiles's "Miss Julia Marlowe" is one of the popular pictures of the exhibition, but one suspects that this is due more to the popularity of the subject than to any supreme excellence in the picture. The canvas lacks distinction as regards style, and the colors border so closely on the gorgeous as to suggest the tawdry. The same may be said, though in a more limited measure, of John F. Weir's "The Rest," the rather pleasing portrait of a woman.

Among other examples of excellent portraiture one may find much to praise in William M. Chase's "Miss Lukens," in Mrs. A. B. Sewell's "Portraits of Two Women," in Frank Fowler's "William M. Irvins," and Thomas Eakins's "Louis N. Kenton." Mr. Fromkes has a "Portrait of a Young Man," George Hughes a "Portrait of a Young Woman," and Mr. Isham a "Portrait of John Austin Stevens," all of which display more than ordinary ability.

Portraiture, to be of interest to the exhibition visitor, must have as its subject somebody of special prominence, as in the case of Julia Marlowe, just referred to—in which event the popularity of the subject serves as a foil for no inconsiderable amount of bad work—or it must have such unusual excellence in point of pose, technique, or coloring that one is disposed to transfer his interests from the subject itself to the limner of the lineaments. Of the former class there are few examples in the galleries, while of the latter there are no inconsiderable number.

As regards the figure pieces displayed, one is inclined not to be

over-enthusiastic. There are few canvases that could in any sense be called notable, though there is much work on a level with the less important examples of this kind of picture that inevitably find their way into public exhibitions. There is much, too, that savors of the stock subjects of the Paris Salon, with more theatricality than sincerity, and more cleverness of color and brush work than worthiness of purpose or originality of conception.

C. Hawthorne contributes an open-air subject, "Provincetown Beach," whose intrinsic worth merited a better fate at the hands of the hanging committee, which put it in one of the rooms where lack of necessary light tends to deaden its charms. This canvas is in no sense the work of a master, but it does disclose marked originality and a vigor of treatment quite unusual. By most critics it would most unquestionably be termed, despite its uncertainty of drawing and its lack of purity of color, one of the brightest and best things in the exhibition.

Childe Hassam's well-known "Penelope" is doubtless the best example of American impressionism, while Frank Millett's "Wandering Thought," Will H. Low's "Elysian Lawn," and Mr. Barse's "June" and "Morning Mist" are among the most conspicuous examples of our academic art. Reference has been made to the work that recalls the questionable taste of the Paris Salon. Two canvases that serve as representatives of this type of picture are Charles A. Winter's "Fantaisie Egyptienne" and F. A. Bridgman's "The Secluded Wood." The former is a full-length semi-nude woman with a serpent twined about her neck and shoulders, more refined than the similar pictures with which Frank Stuck has made us familiar, but essentially of the same disagreeable type.

F. S. Church's "Wolves" and "Sea Gulls" are both thoroughly characteristic of this painter of graceful conceits, in which he has eschewed the yellow tones to which he has long been addicted, and substituted a green which one feels he does not handle so skillfully. Frederick B. Williams's "Sea Idyl" and "Summer" are both charming figure studies, and John W. Alexander's interior study, "The Piano," is not without its touch of picturesqueness that appeals to the spectator. One should also mention Carroll Beckwith's "Spring" and Miss McComber's "Memory Comforting Sorrow" as among the most interesting of the figure pieces.

Beyond this meager list of works in figure studies there is little of which one would care to make special mention. This is not saying, of course, that there are not many clever conceits and pretty ideas fairly well expressed. In point of fact, there is no lack of this sort of passable picture, but a passable picture is not a great picture, and scarcely calls for specific mention. The average or the indifferent canvases in the collection may thus be slighted in a brief review like this without intentional slight to the artist.



GLoucester Harbor
By Walter Clark



Of the twelve or fifteen pieces of statuary, one may single out A. P. Proctor's relief of orang-outangs, Mr. French's portrait bust, and Mr. Ezekeil's model for a monument to Jefferson as among the best specimens of the art shown.

HARRISON N. HOWARD.



A GRAY DAY
By H. Bolton Jones

LATTER-DAY DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICAN POTTERY—II

One of the most interesting of recent developments in American pottery is the Teco ware manufactured by the American Terra-Cotta and Ceramic Company of Chicago. This beautiful product has as yet scarcely been introduced to the public, yet one is justified in predicting for it wide popularity. If I mistake not, the intrinsic beauty of the pottery, the variety and fineness of its finish, the richness of its colors, and withal the reasonable price at which the charming pieces can be placed upon the market will make this ware a sharp rival of the older, better known, and more expensive wares that have long met favor in artistic circles.

In saying that Teco pottery is a recent development of the fictile art of this country, scarcely known among collectors, I do not wish to imply that it is a new departure from an older form of manufacture, or that it is a novelty hastily developed under fortuitous circumstances. Really the ware, as it is presented to-day, represents the experiments and efforts of upward of twenty years. It was about 1880 that Wil-



TECO POTTERY
Designed by W. J. Dodd

liam D. Gates, president and general manager of the present company, began the manufacture of brick and terra-cotta, and experimental work in the direction of art pottery has been kept up ever since the parent industry was established.

The growing popularity of terra-cotta for architectural purposes has made a brisk demand for good texture and fine color effects, and the company was not lacking in enterprise to meet the demand. An extensive chemical laboratory was built, which, with the kilns and other necessary equipments, formed a nucleus for the little town of Terra Cotta, Illinois. As the business grew every possible facility for turning out work of the highest character was added, until the plant, as it now exists, probably has no superior in the country.



TECO POTTERY
Designed by F. Albert

The manufacture of artistic ware is with Mr. Gates a matter of love, and there is to-day in this country no more enthusiastic potter than he, and none more ambitious to furnish the public with artistic designs of beautiful finish at a price which will permit people of taste and moderate means to indulge their fancy in the collection of ceramics. Once his attention was turned toward the manufacture of pottery he put his chemical laboratory under the management of graduates from the best schools, furnished unexcelled facilities for test work, and kept his employees as busy in ceramics as the exigencies of the terra-cotta business would permit.

Much of the work done has been conducted under the direction of Elmer Gorton, a graduate of the department of ceramics at the Ohio State University, who has been assisted by the president's two sons, Paul and Ellis, both graduates of the same institution. Thus, from the inception of the enterprise, the Teco pottery works have had plenty of room and the best of workmen, with unlimited kiln facilities and every appliance necessary for the manufacture. Capable artists have been employed as designers, among whom are Fritz Albert, Hugh Garden, Blanche Ostertag, and W. J. Dodd. The work of developing the pottery department has lagged only as activity in the terra-cotta business has precluded the possibility of devoting time to experiments and research.

The Teco pottery is varied in color and finish, and has passed through several stages before reaching its present state. Experiments were first tried in subdued reds of different tones, then in buffs, and then in browns. When a demand was created for architectural terra-cotta with marbled or mottled surface experiments were tried in



TECO POTTERY
Designed by William D. Gates

producing similar effects in artistic pottery. Lastly, the vogue of green in decorative ware gave new direction to the company's efforts, which produced the happiest results. Much of the most recent product of the works is strongly suggestive of Grueby pottery in tone and finish, but this has been a matter of accident, and not of deliberate imitation.

Side by side with these experiments in color, the company has been systematically seeking to perfect its ware by developing distinctive



TECO POTTERY
Designed by W. J. Dodd

surface effects. At first it was content with producing simply a fine glaze. Four years ago, however, a mere chance resulted in the production of a vase with a positive metallic luster. The effect was purely an accident, but its possible beauty in a higher state of perfection was recognized, and much time and expense were devoted to ascertaining the cause of the peculiar surface. Persistency and industry finally disclosed the odd combination of conditions that was responsible for the unique surface, and the company has since succeeded in producing vases so suggestive of the rich luster of metal as to be deceptive.

Later a similar accident resulted in the production of a piece of pottery whose surface was covered with minute crystals, whose effect was little less than iridescent. Again a long investigation was instituted and numberless experiments were tried to find the hidden cause, this time as successfully as before. Once the cause of the peculiarity was discovered, no pains or expense was spared to improve the quality

of the peculiar finish. Latterly the efforts of the company have been directed toward the production of a soft, velvety, glossless surface, and much of the product of the works will bear comparison with the product of the older and better known concerns whose ware is noted for this finish.

The Teco pottery, therefore, has undergone a gradual evolution, and has become by its very development differentiated into distinct types. Being essentially a side issue of an extensive business of an allied but different nature, and having the advantage of all the facilities provided for the parent industry, its production has been a sort of avocation rather than vocation for Mr. Gates and his confrères. The terra-cotta department has resulted in some unusual and strikingly beautiful effects, and it has been a matter of delight for those in charge of the chemical laboratory and the kilns to duplicate in ceramics the best effects produced in the terra-



TECO POTTERY
Designed by F. Albert



TECO POTTERY
Designed by Hugh Garden

cotta branch of the establishment.

As might naturally be expected, therefore, the product of the works shows an utter absence of monotony. Whatever be the color scheme adopted, the tones are so varied that with the different designs employed and the different finishes produced an interesting collection of Teco pottery could be made in which one piece would scarcely suggest the same origin as the other. In this regard the Teco ware is unique. Some of the most highly prized products of the American potter rely for their



TECO POTTERY
Designed by William D. Gates

beauty on a given tone and a given finish, so that a collector having one piece as representative of the make would scarcely want another. No one piece of Teco pottery could be called representative of the company's output, a peculiarity that adds to the interest of the ware.

As regards design, apart from a number of strictly conventional shapes, hints have largely been taken from aquatic plants. For this the location of the establishment is largely responsible. The company has worked on the assumption that beautiful surroundings help to produce beautiful results. It located its factories in a



TECO POTTERY
Designed by F. Albert

picturesque valley beside a little lake, and as a help to its artists cultivated flowers, and particularly aquatic plants, urging the designers to take *motifs* from these forms of nature. Reference to the accompanying illustrations will show that a liberal use has been made of these natural suggestions.

Mr. Gates is an enthusiast and has succeeded in imparting his own enthusiasm to his associates, and every possible encouragement has been given to both designers and chemical experimenters. As regards the mechanical part of the manufacture, different methods are followed. Some of the pieces are molded and others are thrown upon the wheel. Mat glazes have found most favor at the works, since these have been found to give the best crystalline surface, not glossy or refractive, but pleasing and velvety to the eye and to the touch. What is more to the interest of the purchaser, the methods of production are fairly certain, the percentage of defective pieces or failures being so small that the ware can be placed upon the market at a figure to make it popular, while still preserving its artistic quality and elegance.

"In its development Teco ware," said Mr. Gates, "has probably been unique among American pottery. We have not gone to work deliberately to produce an artistic ware for commercial purposes. Indeed, the goods were not offered for sale until within a year. Our business has been to make as fine a grade of terra-cotta as possible, and the pottery department of our business has been a natural but unpremeditated outgrowth of our regular business.

"Personally I simply had a fondness for that sort of art product, and my experiments in the line of pottery have largely been a matter of recreation. When I found that the employees at the works had caught something of my own enthusiasm I sought in every way to stimulate their interest. One little success led to another, until we produced what merited the name of artistic pottery. Having accomplished this, having learned the secret of applying metallic oxides, and



TECO POTTERY
Designed by F. Albert

firing in such a way as to produce a series of beautiful effects, each having a strict individuality of its own, it was but a step for us to place our product before the public.

"The initial hints for our new departures were for the most part



TECO POTTERY
Designed by W. J. Dodd

mere chance incidents, but the best finished effects have been scientifically produced, and our formulas have been so perfected that our products are no longer subject to experiment. They are positive and certain, and be the surface crystalline or metallic or glossless finish, when we have produced one piece we have practical assurance that we can duplicate it.

"We are convinced that there is a large element of the public cultured of taste and in love with the beautiful who cannot afford

to indulge in the luxury of high-price articles of a decorative nature, and hence we feel that in putting the Teco ware upon the market in artistic designs, and with finishes comparable with those of more expensive ware, we will meet a public want. Our methods enable us to do this."

It should be said in conclusion that the manufacturers of Teco ware have eschewed all mere painted decoration—heads, flowers, conventional patterns, and the like—relying for the beauty of their ware on the richness of the color schemes used, on the chasteness, simplicity, and grace of the designs selected, and on the strictly individual and distinctive finishes which their long line of experiments in chemical composition and firing have produced.

WALTER ELLSWORTH GRAY.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

ART GOSSIP OF THE OLD WORLD

London has recently had a wealth of private and public exhibitions, and these for the most part have been more than ordinarily interesting. The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors was especially noteworthy, for instance, in that it displayed an unusual number of studies and sketches by the younger members of the society, and was thus eloquent of promise for the



ANTWERP: RETURNING FROM A WALK IN 1530
By Karel Boon (Antwerp)

future. These new workers are enterprising and progressive, and the indications are that the infusion of new blood into the association will soon radically change the character of the work produced. Edwin Alexander, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, David Murray, J. Walter West, A. E. Emslie, Robert Little, H. M. Marshall, E. A. Waterlow, and Albert Goodwin all contributed pictures of exceptional value. Mr. Waterlow's "Across the Meadows to Christ Church, Hants," was one of the most admired landscapes in the display, while R. Anning Bell's "The Bathers," a figure composition, and Hubert von Herkomer's "The Awakening Conscience," a Bavarian study, were remarkably strong pictures. The black-and-white drawings shown were likewise worthy of careful study.

The oil-paintings and water-colors by members of the Dutch school, exhibited at the Holland Fine Art Gallery, were rich in examples of work by such artists as Roelfs, Apol, Th. de Bock, Bosboom, and James and William Maris. Religious pictures of a high order have been on exhibition at the Dowdeswell Gallery, and excellent specimens of Rembrandt's etchings were shown by Obach & Co.

The exhibition of work at the new gallery was one of the best the Society of Portrait Painters has given. It included contributions by Solomon Speed, Collier, Walton, Brough, Lavery van Lenbach, Sherman, Lézló, Mrs. Jopling, and Whistler. Whistler's work was a



THE GREEN SHUTTER

By Mary Hogarth (New England Art Club)

decorative study in color, entitled "Violet and Blue," and was one of the most admired pieces in the show.

The recent exhibition of the New English Art Club has justified that association's claim to public recognition and praise. Many of its members have been doing excellent work. P. Wilson Steer's "The Rainbow" and "The Mirror" were among the most admired pictures in the display. The former is distinctly reminiscent of Constable in its stretch of beautiful landscape, and the latter, two nude figures with a reflected third, was ample evidence of the artist's versatility and cleverness. Mr. Strang has been not a little criticised for his "Emmaus," which seemed to lack seriousness, and to be perfunctorily

executed. Much can be said in praise of the work of Hugh Carter, Mary Hogarth, D. S. McColl, R. E. Fry, and W. Orpen. Mr. Orpen's "A Window in a London Street," was an especially able presentation of a simple, unpretentious subject.

The annual exhibition of the Glasgow School of Art gave evidence of much cleverness and individuality of thought and feeling on the part of the student exhibitors. This is one of the most interesting of the minor exhibitions, since its display of fine and applied art is the work of the artists of the future, and is regarded more as a promise than as an achievement.

In Antwerp the public has been treated to a number of important exhibitions, among the most interesting of which was that of young artists given in the galleries of the Oud Museum. Karel Collens, E. van Mieghem, Edmond van Offel, Strymans, Armand Maclot, Alois de Lael, and Ernst Naets were among the exhibitors whose names are most familiar to the art-loving public. The artists here specifically mentioned are all men of marked ability, from whom the world has much to expect.

Boudry, the *genre* painter, and Rul, the landscapist, have had exhibitions of their recent work in the Salle Verlat, which attracted much attention, and which showed unmistakable progress in their art. Richard Baseleer and the Arte et Labore Society have likewise had exhibitions, the former of much merit, and the latter suggestive of the need of more stringent rules as to admission to the display.

In Berlin the best productions of the Swedish Association have been shown in the Kunstgewerbe Museum, and also representative



VANITY
By Miss Dewar (Glasgow)

works of various types of design by Herman Obrist. Lesser Ury, the popular Berlin painter, has also given an exhibition of his landscapes, which disclose more brilliancy, if not vagary, of color than correctness of interpretation.

One of the most notable of recent art events in Paris was the exhibition of one hundred and thirty-four paintings by Henry de Groux at the Georges Petit Gallery. In his "Christ Reviled," "Francesca da Rimini," "Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo," "Siegfried Killing the Dragon," and in his remarkable gallery of female faces and figures, this artist shows himself a man of unusual breadth and insight, and one radically opposed to the methods imposed by present-day vogue.

BLANCHE M. RUSSELL.



HAMILTON CLUB SCHLEY MEDAL
Copyright, 1902, by T. A. O'Shaughnessy, Designer

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN

The examples of decoration and design herewith presented are of more than passing interest. In Plate 10, the friezes are by artists noted for their ability to get away from stock or conventional designs. Figure 1 is by M. P. Verneuil; Figure 2, by C. F. A. Voysey; Figure 3, by William Morris; Figure 4, by Hugh Wallis. In Plate 11, Figures 1 and 2 are cigarette-cases of beaten silver by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and Figure 3 is a silver jewel-case by Paul Horti, Budapest. In Plate 12, both cuts are of silver vessels, designed by August Ledru, Jr., and executed by Susse Brothers, Paris.



Figure 1



Figure 2

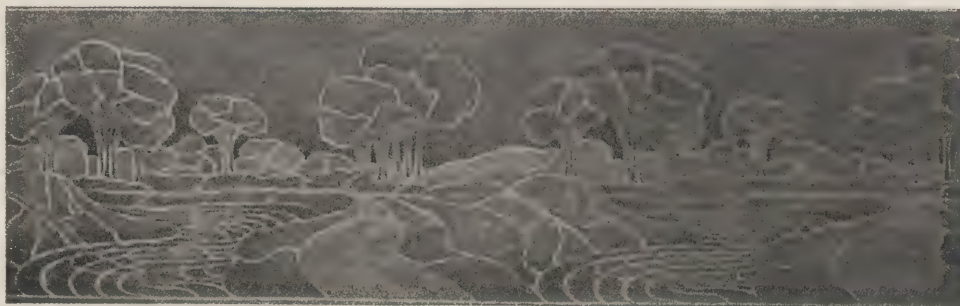


Figure 3



Figure 4
EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 10





Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 11





Figure 1



Figure 2
EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 12



THE FINE ARTS IN PHILADELPHIA

The reputation which the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, has won for itself by its seventy exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, and drawing, given in former years, would lead one to expect much of this its seventy-first annual event, now holding. The display justifies the expectation.

There are only two institutions giving annual exhibitions antedating the Academy—the Royal Academy of England, and the Paris Salon—and the collection shown by these time-honored bodies surpass those of the Philadelphia Academy in extent rather than in general average excellence.

It is a significant fact, that despite the ever-increasing number of artists who turn out acceptable canvases and model meritorious busts and bas-reliefs, the exhibitions of the Academy have not grown

in size proportionately to the number of would-be contributors. This is due to the wise policy of more strict insistence on a high standard of excellence, and a consequent rigorous exclusion of much of the material proffered for the display. It is also an interesting feature—and one possibly more noticeable this year than heretofore—that less effort has been made to secure a large contingent of new work, and a freer admission has obtained of canvases that have been repeatedly exhibited and have stood the test of strict criticism. The aim has been appar-



GRANDMOTHER'S BOA
By Anna Lea Merritt



IN THE REALMS OF GOLD
By Margaret Kendall

consequently the exhibitions of this country have been undergoing a gradual evolution, and even a cursory inspection of the Academy's display reveals certain interesting facts. Religious painting seems to have had its day, and barring one pretentious but disappointing canvas by Dagnan-Bouveret, conspicuously hung, possibly on account of its reputation, the present collection is utterly devoid of

ently to gather together a collection of works representative of the best present-day talent, irrespective of the date of the picture shown, and as might be expected, as the result of this policy the exhibition of 1902 is somewhat lacking in the elements of surprise and novelty.

The art and



EARLY MOONRISE: DECEMBER
By W. Elmer Schofield

works of this character. The historical picture, too, seems to have lost its grip on popularity, and Edwin A. Abbey's oft-shown canvas, "The Penance of Eleanor," is about the only specimen of historical work in the galleries. There is also a surprising lack of canvases whose area in square yards would have to be expressed by two figures, and there is an utter absence of the anecdotal themes once so popular.

People to-day have a livelier, more vital, more up-to-date taste. They want art to give us expressions of the beautiful and do not care to have it invade the province of literature and give us scraps of his-



INNOCENCE ABROAD
By John S. Sargeant

tory in paint or a moment of a story in color. They want these expressions of the beautiful, moreover, in condensed form. The artist classes have long suspected this and they are now planning their pictures according to their perceptions.

As regards the number and source of the exhibits as compared with former years, the management of the Academy has issued some figures which are not devoid of interest. The total number of works shown this year comprises four hundred and twelve oils, three hundred and eleven water-colors, and fifty-nine pieces of sculpture. Seventeen years ago there were shown at the Academy three hundred and eighty-eight oils, two hundred and eighteen water-colors, and forty-four pieces of sculpture—a showing almost equal in point of numbers

to that of this year. Under the influence of more rigorous selection, however, the number of exhibits had sunk in 1892 to two hundred and eighty oils, one hundred and seventy-seven water-colors, and sixteen pieces of sculpture. The increment in numbers from that time to this has been slow but gradual. Thus, in 1897 the total of exhibits was three hundred and fifty-three oils, two hundred and

ninety-eight water-colors, and twenty-six pieces of sculpture—approximately the same as seventeen years ago.

One might naturally suppose that in these days, when through the influence of better educational advantages and ampler opportunities there is a prevalence of high technical ability, such as was not known a decade or two ago, our exhibitions would be out of all keeping in point of numbers with those of former years. One has only to remember, however, that painters like poets are born, and that there are comparatively few in a generation whose talent or



CHILDREN OF PENMARCH
By Elizabeth Nourse

genius enables them to take supreme rank among their confrères and competitors. Hence, while our exhibitions of to-day unquestionably disclose a more general diffusion of technical ability it is to be doubted if they offer us a larger number of masterpieces. The management of the Academy in keeping down the number of its exhibits has sought to include all the masterpieces it could secure and has developed surprising ability in pruning away the mediocre or the merely passable.



WILD GEESE
By Winslow Homer



MOTHERLAND
By Max Böhm



LAST MOMENTS OF SAPPHO
By George Hitchcock



PORTRAIT OF MISS M. P.
By Susan Watkins

I have referred to the fact that the jury of selection has admitted into the display a large number of pictures with which the art-loving public is fairly familiar from former exhibitions. A detailed review, therefore, of the canvases shown would entail a fulsome repetition of much that has already been printed in *BRUSH AND PENCIL*. One sees in the galleries of the Academy, for instance—and takes pleasure in seeing—such well-known pictures as Winslow Homer's fine marine "On the Coast of Maine," Mr. Dewing's panels of exquisite charm, Mr. Abbey's "The Penance of Eleanor," which has repeatedly been noticed and praised, Mr. Ryder's "Siegfried," with its fine touch of originality, Whistler's "The Andalusienne," Sargent's striking sketch of children playing on the seashore, Edward Simmons's well-known "Midsummer Night's Dream," a charming scene instinct with feeling, Gari Melchers's portrait of Donald G. Mitchell, and paintings formerly shown by Kenyon



THE PICTURE HAT
By Edmund C. Tarbell

Cox, John La Farge, Robert Reid, Horatio Walker, and a score of other men equally well known in the art world. In a sense these pictures are old-timers, they make the rounds of the exhibitions, are seen here and there, and are everywhere welcomed. One is glad to find them in the Academy's galleries, and one is impelled to indorse the policy of the Academy in presenting them rather than in filling its walls with a multiplicity of new canvases that would be more suggestive of promise than of high actual achievements.

Of the special features of the display two or three of the most

admired canvases openly lend themselves to criticism. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Consolatrix Afflictorum" is one of the "important" works, celebrated as a "record breaker" in the matter of price. The artist has taken his allegory from Ary Scheffer, has followed the methods prescribed by the Salon, has been guided in the selection of a palette

by the current tendency to the generous use of greens, and despite his reputation as a religious painter, has succeeded in producing a canvas arid and formal, and to most people utterly devoid of religious sentiment. It was declared lacking in sincerity and truth when it was shown at the Paris Exposition, and it will impress all visitors to the Academy's galleries as it then impressed those who beheld it. In a word, the artist has told his story according to rule, and his canvas is empty of spirituality and artistic significance.

George De Forest Brush, who shows his portrait "Mrs. Goodwin and Sister," is another artist who seems to have sacrificed inspiration and the interest that springs from inspiration at the altar of the commonplace. Certainly his contribution this year gives small evidence of the charm that first gave him his popularity. He has spent his energies in an almost



THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH
By Douglas Volk

painful delineation of features and in excessive modeling of draperies. Instead of free, easy grace we have a depressingly mannered style, and instead of the flesh tints of life and health we have a suggestion of inanimation. One would like to see Mr. Brush forget that life is so real, so earnest, so semi-sorrowful, so precise, so formal. His Madonnas of the home are not up-to-date either in spirit or equipments.

George Hitchcock sins from lack of genuine inspiration. His "The Last Moments of Sappho" is not lacking in a certain sort of interest, but there is no more suggestion about the picture of the famous poetess than there would be about the photograph of a present-day belle dressed for a ball. It is simply a fairly acceptable model draped after the manner approved by the schools and posed with evidences of theatricality on an imaginary grassy height. It might just as well be labeled Mr. Hitchcock's idea about Ophelia as his idea about Sappho. The size of the canvas, its fairly acceptable drawing, its dash of color would make it conspicuous in any collection of paintings, but all this would scarcely screen the fact that it lacks truth and sincerity. His Sappho has dressed for the occasion, has posed before a glass or a mentor, has chosen the grassy height, and sprinkled flowers in the right place with the forethought of providing suitable accessories for the picture. One can scarcely suppose that the real Sappho who took the famous leap went to so much trouble.

A word may also be said of another of the feature canvases of the exhibition. Whistler's prize-winning picture, "The Andalusienne," shows the marks of the master, but it also discloses his limitations. It is distinguished, correct, quite re-

markable in its way, but it is not a high achievement as a piece of interpretative painting. It is Whistleresque, an exemplification of the artist's wonderful technical ability, rather than a picture that relies for its interest on a straightforward, direct presentation of the subject. This is not saying that the same subject painted by another artist would have been as good as the picture displayed. It is simply



PORTRAIT
By Carl Newman



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PHELPS STOKES
 By Cecilia Beaux



PORTRAIT OF A. NEWBOLD MORRIS, ESQ.
 By John W. Alexander

saying that the picture is Whistler's and that it is of Whistler's remarkable cleverness and skill rather than of the subject depicted that one thinks on viewing it.

Of the sixty-six Whistler etchings shown, there can be but one opinion. With the needle he is supreme, and all present-day devotees of the art are willing to pay him homage. The collection of plates exhibited is sufficiently varied and extensive to be fairly representative of his achievements as an etcher, and the management of the Academy has conferred a rare favor on the public in securing the loan of the plates for exhibitions.

Reference to Whistler naturally suggests the examples of portraiture in the galleries, and leads one to emphasize the influence he has exerted on many of the portrait-painters who have contributed to the exhibition. William Lockwood's three portraits, of Captain Green, John La Farge, and a young girl, are all distinctly after the models Whistler has given the world. Lockwood, however, has had sufficient individuality to keep his work from being the product of imitation.

As much can scarcely be said of Robert Henri's tall figure subject. This manifestly lacks originality. Even John Lavery, the gifted Scotch painter, pays tribute to Whistler in his "Lady in Black." And so throughout the galleries, in which portraiture plays a conspicuous part, the Whistler style appears as an ever-recurring reminder of that genius's influence.

As regards the other portraitists represented whose work is free



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY
By Herbert Adams

from this influence, there are many strong or especially charming canvases.

W. M. Chase has one standing figure of a young woman which, in simplicity and sincerity, is equal to the best that has come from his studio in recent years. John S. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Williamson, though not a favorite with the visitors, is a picture of wonderful strength. Cecilia Beaux gives ample evidence of her abilities in her



PORTRAIT OF ROSA BONHEUR
By Anna E. Klumpke

treatment of Mrs. Stokes, since she has grappled with present-day costume and succeeded by deftness of arrangement and a fine sense of balance and color in working out something that is charming in its simple organic beauty. John W. Alexander, of whom one might expect something better, has not been so successful in his portrait of A. Newbold Morris. Here the clothes are too self-assertive, and the picture, despite the evidence of Alexander's masterly brush, is too reminiscent of a fashion-plate or the haberdasher's.

Gari Melchers has a portrait of Donald G. Mitchell that expresses much of the character of that kindly sentimentalist, and Miss Klumpke's "Rosa Bonheur," imported from Paris to go the rounds of American exhibitions, is equally good as a portrait, but in its lack of pictorial grace is suggestive of a photograph in paint. Specific reference to portraits may here be limited to Miss Susan Watkins's exceedingly interesting half-length picture and to Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's charming child figure, "Grandmother's Boa," which, in its expression of childish purity, simplicity, and grace, is second to

nothing in the galleries. One regrets that Robert W. Vonnoh's work displayed lacks the interest of former efforts.

Before passing to the landscape features of the exhibition one is impelled to say a kind word for E. C. Tarbell's taking canvas "The Picture Hat." This can scarcely be termed a great work, but it certainly has in unusual degree the element of the pleasing. Its lines are fluent, its conception is essentially decorative, the pose of the figure, a girl just budding into womanhood, is piquant, and while manifestly a conscious effort to be popular and taking, the decorative impulse is so subordinated that the whole is a genuine bit of life replete with human interest—a canvas to elicit one's sympathies.

Of the landscapes no single canvas is of such supreme merit as to outrank its neighbors or to command general attention. There is a wealth of work, however, of a sufficiently high order to make the display of this class of picture unusually attractive. Speaking broadly, the landscapes are more

or less sharply divided into three classes—canvases like those of Winslow Homer and Charles H. Davis, in which the aim has been to give a direct personal expression of a bit of scenery; pictures, of which Henry W. Ranger and D. W. Tryon furnish beautiful examples, in which effort is made to produce fine tonal effects; and work like that of Young, Redfield, and Schofield, in which the landscape is treated with the decorative as the central idea. Of all these types of picture the Academy's galleries offer interesting examples.



HEAD OF YOUNG DUTCH GIRL
By Walter McEwen

The average quality of the landscape pictures is unquestionably higher than of the pictures in which the interest is meant to center about faces and figures. Landscape-painting is a branch of art in which Americans have shown exceptional abilities, and it is noteworthy that in the Academy's galleries the younger men seem to hold their own as against the veterans who have made themselves the center of public attention and commanded the respect and admiration of critics and connoisseurs.

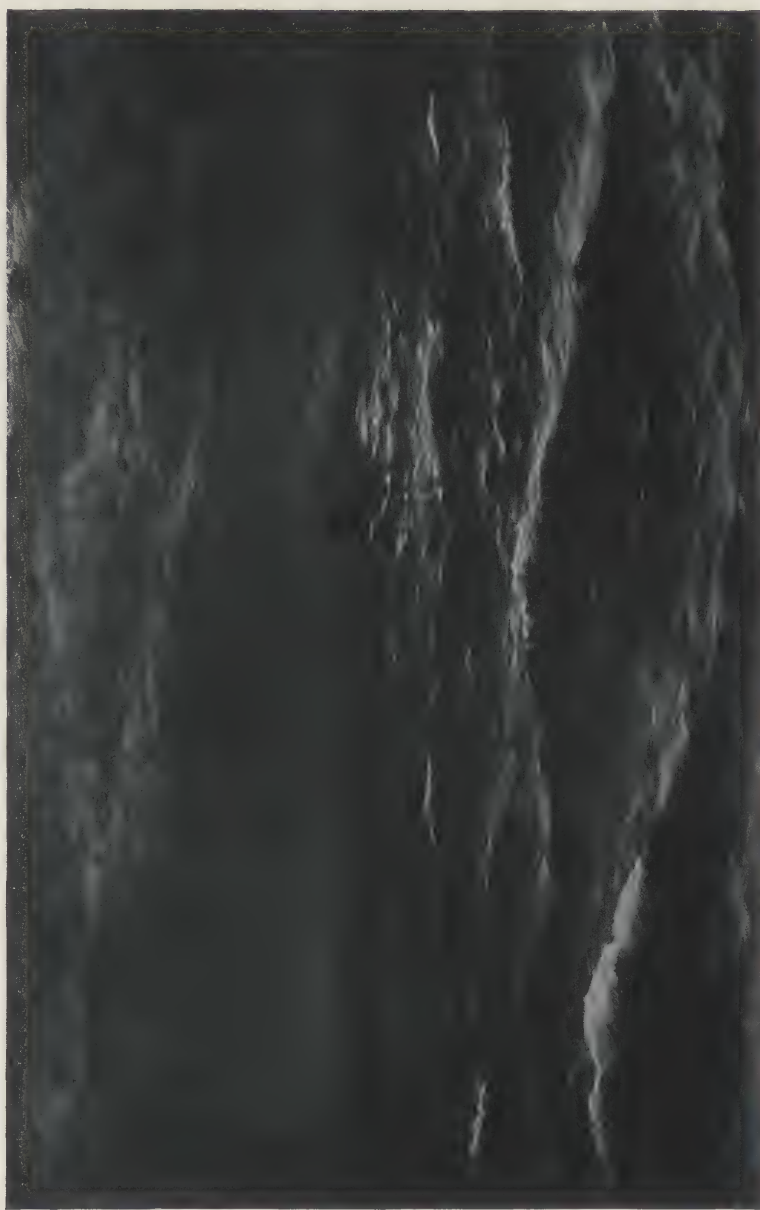
Of the exhibition of sculpture, water-colors, and black-and-white, nothing can here be said further than that the display is fully in keeping with the standard of the rest of the exhibits. The Academy's catalogue contains upward of eleven hundred entries, including all classes of work shown, and there are few names familiar to those interested in the fine arts that are not represented. Naturally Philadelphia artists have met generous recognition at the hands of the selecting committee, about one-fifth of the total display coming from local studios. These home contributions, however, were subjected to the same requirements as those from other cities, and the large local representation speaks well for the art of Philadelphia.

ARTHUR Z. BATEMAN.



CAT-BOATS, NEWPORT
By Childe Hassam





NIGHT ON THE OCEAN
By Edgar S. Cameron

DUOGRAPH PLATES MADE BY BARNES-CROSBY CO



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A FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST, LEON MARIE JOSEPH IWILL

The influence that France and French artists have exercised on the art of America can hardly be estimated, but beyond doubt the teaching of the French studio has been an important factor in developing the characteristics of the American school of painting and also in establishing its methods. The number of American art students resident in Paris each year is far greater than would readily be supposed. It has recently been estimated that from twelve to fifteen hundred are constantly at work there.

You meet these embryo artists everywhere—at the picture galleries, on the streets and boulevards, at the cafés of the Quartier Latin. They come and go. Some stay for a longer, some for a shorter time, but they all attend one or another of the art academies, such as Julien's, Delacluse's, or Carlo-rossi's. The more fortunate study with special masters, and so fall more directly under their influence, while all absorb the art atmosphere with which the French capital is filled. The best known men who have been brought into contact with such surroundings are Whistler and Sargent. The latter, although born of American parents in Italy, was educated, artistically, largely in France, and has lived most of his life abroad; while the former has now practically made Paris his home.

Amongst the French artists who by their works, through their numerous pupils, and by their precept and example, have had a very wide influence upon the art of their day, should be placed Monsieur Iwill. Leon Marie Joseph Iwill, born in Paris, in 1850, was destined by his father, who was treasurer of the Chamber of Deputies, for a



M. J. IWILL
From a Photograph



AFTER THE SQUALL
By M. J. Iwill

civil engineer. He studied with this end in view in the Lycée Bonaparte at Paris, having for his classmate Edouard Détaillé, the now famed military painter. Unfortunately Iwill's delicate health prevented his entering the École Centrale, where engineers complete their education. After finishing his mathematical studies, he was obliged to give up all ideas of taking his degree.

The family circumstances made it necessary for him to earn his living, so he was entered, at the age of eighteen, with a leading jewelry firm and soon showed his artistic leanings and capacity by making many rare and beautiful designs. Bad health still followed him, and he became seriously ill. Just then the war with Germany was declared, and Iwill,

although still weak, and in spite of the refusal on the part of his physicians to grant the necessary certificate, enlisted. He went through that terrible campaign, at first as a private soldier, and later on as a non-commissioned officer.

While at college he had studied drawing with success. He had also always been a lover of nature in her various moods, and now the sight of the superb expanse of country covered with snow, the desolation of the landscape, which he had plenty of opportunity to study during the long winter marches of 1870 and 1871, decided for him his vocation. On peace being declared he at first entered the administration bureau of the National Assembly, sitting at Versailles, of which his father had become the general secretary. He chose this work because it left him free for several hours each day, during which he worked with tremendous energy at his chosen profession, under the direction of that most excellent and well-known marine-painter (since dead), Juglet.

Finding, however, that he did not have time enough to give to



VILLAGE IN BRETAGNE
By M. J. Iwill

his painting, and still being obliged to support himself, he, during the next three years, prepared to pass the examinations for the stenographic secretaryship to the National Assembly. This was a lucrative position, with the additional advantage of giving him three days each week as well as his mornings free. He secured this much coveted



LE CALVAIRE
By M. J. Iwill

post, and the following year was transferred to a more important position in the senate.

In 1872 the French government sent him on a mission to Algiers to study the question of colonization there. His report was very exhaustive, but the questions which such a mission involved did not interest him nearly so much as the beauty of the African scenery. So while he brought back great inspiration for his art he did not further attempt the solution of this important problem.

From this time he determined to give himself up entirely to painting. Following this decision he made a journey to Brittany, where he made the acquaintance of the eminent painter, Lansyer, who became at once interested in his work. A warm friendship, with many years of study under this master, ensued.

In 1875 he offered for exhibition for the first time at the Salon of

the Société des Artistes Français picture, which was accepted by the jury and well hung. This proved a very important event for him, for his painting attracted much attention, as did also the name with which he signed it, viz., "I will." He had always observed that when an Englishman or an American was determined to succeed he usually said "I will," so the young painter, being determined to work faithfully and to accomplish great things in his art, took for his *nom*



NUIT GRISE

From Gallery of the Luxembourg

By M. J. Iwill

de brosse the English words "I will." At first the name was written as two distinct words, but now it is signed Iwill.

It is also a well-known fact that Monsieur Iwill had a double purpose in the choice of his name, for while bent on succeeding as an artist, he was equally bent on securing in marriage the hand of a young lady of high social position. So thinking of her and his art at the same time, he was inspired to select this forceful and picturesque pseudonym. Such is the origin of the name which has become famous, which is now found on so many beautiful works, and which before long was accepted by the young lady who became Madame Iwill.

His picture was well received. All the leading journals spoke of his work enthusiastically, and one of the most eminent writers of the day, Edmond About, devoted a whole page in praise of his methods,

in an influential art review. So, much to his surprise, the young painter found himself suddenly famous.

This first success was but the beginning of his fame. Honor followed honor. He was made Hors Concours, was awarded medals at two French expositions, was elected

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, received the medal of honor at the Lyons Exposition, and was made an officer of the Academy. These are some of the greatest honors France has to bestow on her distinguished citizens.

His pictures are to be found in most of the more important French and foreign galleries. The state has recognized the value of his work, not only by bestowing on him medals, decorations, and other honors, but also by purchasing two of his pictures for the French National Gallery, the Luxembourg—a pastel, "Before the Storm," and an oil, "Grey Evening." He is represented in the collection of the city of Paris by a picture entitled "Under the Snow," and in the Melbourne gallery, Australia, by an English subject, "Banks of the Lyn," while the art collection of Colorado College is enriched by his picture, "The Storm Cloud."

His works have a world-wide reputation, and many are owned in the United States and Canada.

In 1890 Iwill became, after the split in the Société des Artistes Français, sociétaire of the Société Nationale des



VENICE

By M. J. Iwill

Collection of Leslie J. Skelton



BANKS OF THE LYN- DEVONSHIRE

By M. J. Iwill

Beaux Arts. He had just been awarded a silver medal at the Exposition of 1889, and other honors, and it was not without keen regret that he left his friends of the older society. His action quite unexpectedly involved a breaking of the long friendship with his master, Lansyer, who never forgave what he called his desertion, for he looked upon the younger society with much disfavor, and always alluded to it as "the hostile society."

The nomination of the Meissonier committee as sociétaire of



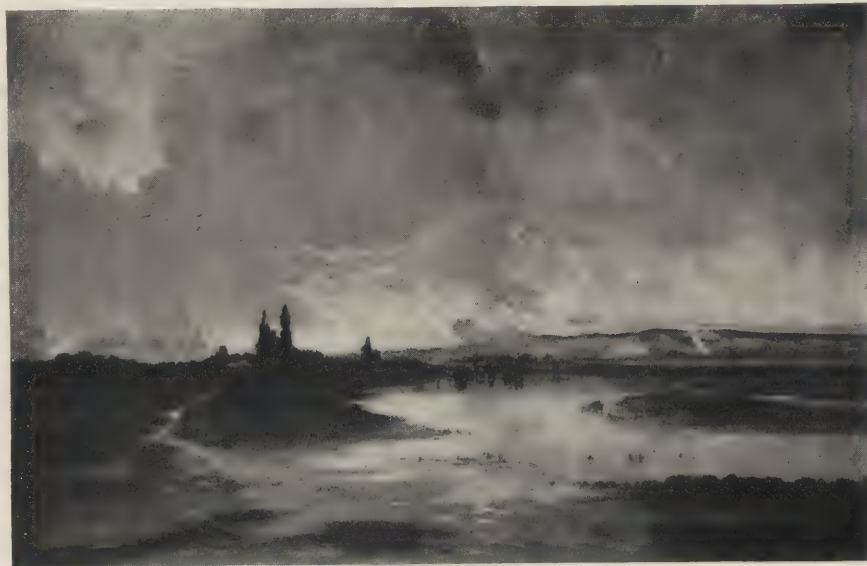
OCTOBER—WESTKAPELLE

By M. J. Iwill

the Société Nationale was, however, too important a thing to be refused, and Iwill felt compelled to separate himself from his many old associations and warm friends of the older society. In the new society Iwill at once took an enviable rank. His pictures have always been amongst the most noteworthy, both for their beauty of color and their effects of light and atmosphere. Every artist or layman who stands before one of his beautiful and vigorous canvases will acknowledge that he has fully mastered that greatest of all artistic difficulties, viz., "How to express his best thought in the way that best expresses it."

In every picture he is sincere and truthful to nature. He speaks his mind clearly in refined color and by correct drawing. Painting is surely as much a mode of expression as speech, and every time an artist takes brush or pencil in hand he records either what he thinks

or what he does not think; if the latter, he states what is not true, and is no more to be trusted than the man whose language is insincere. Iwill is, above all things, sincere, he loves landscape and paints it with a strong poetic sentiment, and he also shows great power in the selection of subjects. His paintings are full of light, and the very remarkable pastel entitled "Le Calvaire," in the last Salon, was the wonder and delight of the artistic world of Paris. The low hills far away, the houses and fishing-boats of the middle distance, the long



THE STORM CLOUD
By M. J. Iwill
Collection of Colorado College

stretch of wet sand in the foreground, the clouds with the gleam of light illuminating the figure of the Christ, the emblem of safety for the fishermen of the port of Etaples, etc.—these have all been carefully thought out and most admirably rendered. As a piece of technical work it is unique. It is a marvellous instance of light in a pastel painting, for it almost contains the strong light of nature.

Millet, the apostle of realism, has shown conclusively that everyday objects, the laborers who work in the fields, are capable of inspiring the most poetical feelings. Iwill, although painting very differently, has demonstrated this anew in his works. He has a refined and poetical mind, which even the most simple fact of nature cannot pass through without being made beautiful. He evidently feels, with



THE WRECKS
By M. J. Iwill
Collection of Leslie J. Skelton

Millet, that whatever appeals to his higher and stronger feelings is a legitimate subject for his brush.

Iwill has had a great many pupils of all nationalities—American, English, Swiss, German, and Russian. For some years, however, he has been obliged to discontinue teaching.

The demand for his pictures has been constantly growing, and pupils occupied too much of his time. He was wonderfully generous in the length of his lessons, and then could not be persuaded to accept a fair remuneration. He has frequently told a student, "Oh! never mind paying, I do not wish to make a commerce of my art."

During the years he did teach he gave much good counsel and advice, some of which has been recorded, and perhaps may explain better than anything else could do some of the underlying principles that govern his work. "Light is contained in the quality of tone more than in the thickness of pigment." "Simplicity is the highest form of art. It requires a highly refined and intelligent mind and a much more cultivated taste." "Every first-class painting will on examination be found to contain a considerable amount of detail. Alas! it is necessary, but it should never be obtrusive." "It is not easy to paint anything, but hardest of all is to give the impression of movement." "Always study your effects from nature. I have the greatest respect for anything, even the smallest sketch, made direct from nature." "Render your impressions of what you see and seek for everything that indicates or



VIEW OF VENICE
By M. J. Iwill



FIN DU JOUR—VENICE
By M. J. Iwill



A POND IN THE DUNES
By M. J. Iwill
Collection of Leslie J. Skelto

suggests the beautiful contrasts of nature." The value of these dicta will be seen by all people of artistic training.

The motto of a great many of the best French landscape-painters has been, "Mettez-vous en face de la nature et puis peignez comme vous sentirez." I will certainly advise his pupils to go to nature. He himself always does so, and he has been known to keep a picture unfinished for two or more years until he could revisit the scene to reconfirm his impressions.

In his own work he practices what he preaches. His palette is simple, and he has acquired by long study and practice a direct and straightforward method of execution. His pictures show great individuality of treatment and color. His wide range of subject is remarkable, for France, England, Holland, Italy, and Sicily are all equally well known to him and in each of these countries he seizes accurately the spirit, local coloring, and character. He is so rapid a worker that he is able to record the passing and transient effects of nature most readily, and he is also endowed with a fine critical sense which enables him to refine and elevate his work, and which also guides him to a noble choice of subject.

New ideas and methods he considers are manifestations to be carefully studied, not heresies to be refuted or condemned, for he is wide and liberal in his views.

LESLIE J. SKELTON.



QUAIS DE LA GUIDECCA—VENICE
By M. J. Iwill

SHORTCOMINGS OF AMERICAN ART EDUCATION

It seems to me that no one could seriously dispute the fact that a great school of art in America is needed, or that such a school would have the very greatest influence in the development both of the spirit and the practice of art. As art is now taught in this country, it is too fragmentary. The pupils are not thoroughly grounded. Any one who wants to study art here can do so. The examinations are too easy. In the foreign schools the examinations are very difficult. The student must know a good deal to pass them. There should be an American school with equally high requirements.

If a young man wants to enter Harvard or Yale, his preparation must be thorough. That is the way it should be with the school of art, for the school of art should really be like a university. The student, before being admitted to the university, should have passed beyond the elemental stage of study which properly belongs to the grammar-school grade. As it is now in America there is no place where parents who think their son is a genius can send that son to find out that he isn't a genius. There are very few people who can't be taught to draw more or less well, but the mere ability to draw does not make an artist.

There seems to be a desire on the part of a very large number of persons either to become professional artists, sculptors, and painters or to acquire some of the principles of decoration. But there is also widespread ignorance that a thorough grounding in certain facts is absolutely essential to the serious student before he is prepared to avail himself of the experience of others.

Those who wish to study art here are admitted to classes far too leniently. In the schools abroad the entrance examinations are very severe, and by a succession of examinations, the less talented are eliminated. This refers, of course, to the great schools—not to the irresponsible studios, where a model or two is hired and a few painters with a present reputation are engaged to call in occasionally to give advice; to such schools anybody, with no experience whatever, can, by paying a small fee, be admitted.

It has been immensely to the advantage of America that there is nothing for architects abroad which corresponds with the irresponsible painting ateliers referred to. The student of architecture going to Paris, for instance—although my remarks do not apply to Paris alone—can only study his profession by going into the "Beaux Arts." The entrance examination is very severe, of course, and should be so, but the effect upon the American student is everywhere

apparent here, and has given the architects of the United States the great position they occupy to-day.

If the money is provided—and one of the things which surprises me on coming back to America is the amount of money there seems to be—there would seem to be no reason why a great American school of art should not be established and be put in working order within a reasonably short time. A building should be furnished, among other things, with copies of the best examples of art in foreign countries in sculpture, painting, and architecture. There would be little difficulty in acquiring these, although it would take time.

The American Art Federation would be the institution which would most naturally father the work of establishing an American school. And the question of a location for the school would have to be answered by circumstances. It should be in a center, some place where it would be to the advantage of both pupils and instructors to live. The location might be a problem. One would name New York as the obvious place for the school, as the National Academy is there, and the various art societies to which most American artists contribute hold their exhibitions there.

The art ability of Americans is not to be belittled. The best American artists can hold their own anywhere. American art as a whole, however, has the tendency to be preoccupied with problems of a technical nature, such as how to put on paint, and things of that sort. The painting of individual pictures is not art in its highest form. Pictures are only fragments. The great things are works which carry an idea through to completion.

I do not think that the great problems of adapting one subject or composition to its environment is sufficiently studied, if it is studied at all. The three great branches of art—painting, sculpture, and architecture—should be independent. Without a knowledge of the other two, each is incomplete. The restraining influence the study of each one has upon the others is of the greatest importance and of the greatest service.

A school should have, first of all, the great artists of the country as overseers. That is the method pursued in Munich, where the great artists are given studios in the school, and the students are allowed, several days in the week, to consult them about ideas. In addition to the influence of American artists of first rank, the American school might also make arrangements to receive the benefit and advice of prominent foreign artists who are visiting this country from time to time. As to the instructors, there should be many of them, and there is no reason why they should not be drawn from the ranks of American artists.

The curriculum of the school should embrace sculpture, painting, and architecture, and every student should be made to learn something about all three branches of art. There are many Americans



THE FIRST SNOW
By Walter L. Palmer





who are quite competent to act as instructors, under the supervision of artists of first rank. And the great thing is that the school should have one inspiring head. The advantage of having great artists on the staff, to whom students can have access, lies in the fact that one can learn much more by working with a man than by simply being told what to do, or what not to do. The establishment of the school would mean, primarily, the sifting out of the incapable. It would push forward those who had real talent, and would discourage those without talent.

An art atmosphere is hardly to be spoken of as something which is created; it is rather something which happens. It is a matter of tradition. A whole country grows up to art, and the atmosphere comes gradually into being, one can hardly explain when or how. And a people who have once developed an art atmosphere may degenerate. Take Italy, for example. The Italy of the past was a paradise of art. Rome is an eternal city because of the handiwork which immortal artists have left there, if for no other reason. But take the Italy of to-day—where is its art atmosphere? The average modern Italian likes the worst pictures and loves noise. It would seem as if all the art air had been breathed over there.

An art atmosphere is not generated entirely by pictures. The kind of houses men build, and what they put into them; the decorations of public buildings; the beautifying of public parks; the care of the streets, all these things play important parts. In this day, it is not so much the love of pictures as care for vital things which needs to be encouraged.

The generating of an art atmosphere requires a great deal of money, as well as a great deal of good taste on the part of a great many people. Public building decorations of the highest order are so expensive as frequently to make them impossible. The artist who does the work, too, must inevitably make sacrifices. But the man who takes up the profession of art must have higher aims than financial considerations. The painting of an important and thoroughly careful work is much more expensive than most people realize.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.



GRAY DAY, SAUGATUCK, MICHIGAN
By Charles Francis Browne

WORK OF CHICAGO ARTISTS

The annual exhibition of works by Chicago artists, which opened on February 4th last at the Art Institute of Chicago, was an eminently creditable display.

One found in it much that was worthy of no stinted measure of praise, and, as might be expected, not a little that lent itself to criticism for its crudity and ineffectiveness.

It is a fact worthy of comment that the exhibition this year was given under the joint management of the Art Institute and the Municipal Art League of Chicago, an innovation that may be significant of much benefit to local artists. The object of the old Art Association of Chicago was so closely allied with that of the Municipal Art League that it was thought that better work in the promotion of art might be accomplished by uniting these two forces. It is the avowed intention of the league henceforth to render every possible assistance to local talent. This is the first year that it has had anything to do with exhibitions, and it signalized its assumption of new duties by the issuance of a circular which may here be quoted as an earnest of its good intentions and of what it hopes to accomplish in its broader field. The circular reads:

"The approaching annual exhibition of the works of artists of Chicago and vicinity, which will open at the Art Institute February

4th, is of special interest this year to members of the Municipal Art League and the people of Chicago. It is the first year that this exhibition is to take place under its auspices. The Municipal Art League took upon itself the work formerly performed with such vigor and enthusiasm by the late Art Association of Chicago, for the sole purpose of encouraging local artists of all kinds; for the encouragement of municipal art implies the necessity for having artists to produce it, and to that end artists must have discriminating patronage and generous support.

"Chicago educates more artists than any other city in America, but it does not encourage them to stay here. As a consequence there is a constant migration of artists, and generally of the best of them, to other localities, where they are better appreciated. The man who is 'not without honor, save in his own country,' soon packs his belongings and flees away to more congenial climes. To prevent this, the annual winter exhibition at the Art Institute should be its greatest center of interest in art attraction. The Municipal Art League wants our citizens not only to go and admire, but to buy these works if they like them. They are sold by the league without commission."



A VENETIAN DAY
By Charles Abel Corwin

To what extent the efforts of the organization will stimulate public interest in local art, or how many of the rising artists of Chicago they will keep from migrating to more appreciative communities and more lucrative scenes of action, is problematical. Certain it is that there is



FLORENCE
By Mrs. Anna L. Stacey

a more or less general and constant exodus of artists from Chicago to other cities, and the experiment of the league in seeking to check the tide is worth the trying.

The exhibition this year represented the work of one hundred and one artists, sixty-one men and forty women, all residing in Chicago, except a very few who are either temporarily absent or so situated

that Chicago is their professional center. The display comprised two hundred and sixty-nine works selected from a total number of six hundred and twenty-nine submitted for examination by the jury, which consisted of J. W. Pattison, Ralph Clarkson, Max Mauch, William Wendt, Oliver Dennett Grover, Carl Mauch, Jules

Mersfelder, and Miss Caroline D. Wade, the first three of whom were nominated by the league.

It is noteworthy that many of the best known artists of Chicago sent nothing to the exhibition. Three of the jurors, for instance—Messrs. Clarkson, Grover, and Pattison—were not represented in the galleries, and one looked in vain in the catalogue for such familiar names as John H. Vanderpoel, Pauline Dohn Rudolph, Bertha Menzler, E. J. Dressler, and Blanche Ostertag. A number of other artists, however—Wendt, Symons, Mrs. Stacey, Schultz, Miss Lacey, Miss Baker, and Browne—swelled the list of exhibits by unusually liberal contributions.

The exhibition of this year was no exception to the average display of purely

American work—landscapes largely predominated in the galleries. By all odds the best representatives of this class of work were William Wendt, Charles Francis Browne, and George Gardner Symons. Browne's twelve canvases constituted the most important exhibition he has yet



FIRST SIGN OF AUTUMN
By William A. Harper



A FISHING-HOUSE
By George F. Schultz

made. They were all pleasing bits of landscape, reminiscent of summer outings at Oregon, Illinois, and Saugatuck, Michigan. The artist seems of late to have developed a special liking for the yellow and russet effects of autumn, and several of the canvases shown displayed these notes of the waning year.

Of the twelve canvases exhibited, probably "The Red Oak" and "The Yellow Hickory," both depicting views at Oregon, were superior to the best work Mr. Browne had previously offered the public. His "The Autumn Meadow," "The Sand Dunes," and "Gray Day" were likewise exceptionally good, being pleasing in tone and instinct with the true spirit of American landscape. His canvases showed a marked contrast from those exhibited a year ago.

The same is true of the nineteen pictures shown by Wendt. For once this artist left the poppy to waste its fragrance on the desert air.

He had but one poppy field in the galleries, a rolling meadow thickly dashed with golden blossoms, in the style of former years. Wendt's canvases this year showed that he has been browsing in new pastures, and most of the pictures spoke unmistakably of the hills and woods of New England.

One rather preferred them to the California scenes in which Wendt has reveled. One almost suspects that he and Browne had been prompted by the same mentor, since Wendt, too, has been successfully trying his hand at the yellows and reds of autumn, as was witnessed by



"HURRY UP, JIM"
By Adam Emory Albright

his "October," "The Red and Gold of October," "The Maple Grove," "Oak and Pine," and a number of his other canvases. It is something of a new departure for Wendt to attempt wood interiors, and his exhibition this year came as a pleasing surprise and as a welcome evidence of the artist's versatility.

Mr. Symons's thirteen canvases were all in evidence of his late sojourn in California. The works were all strikingly individual and full of interest, not less from the pleasing bits of landscape and sea-scape de-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. C. H. BESLEY
By George de Mare

icted than from the masterly way in which the artist has infused a certain poetry into his pictures. His "Coast of San Juan," with its yellowish rolling sea breaking against the cliffs, was perhaps the finest marine in the exhibition; and another marine, "When the Sky is Blue, Laguna," was scarcely less excellent and interesting. Symons's love of ruddy and glowing effects has not forsaken him, and though his canvases were less resplendent than those of a year ago, they betokened the artist's delight in warmth of tone and his ability to throw the charm of richness over his work.

Mrs. Anna L. Stacey came in for more than her share of honors, though it is safe to say that none of the competing artists grudged her her success. Her delightful "Florence," herewith pictured, won the Young Fortnightly prize, and was almost immediately purchased by the Klio Association, and another of her canvases, "When All the World Seems Fair," depicting a girl in white with a touch of red near her throat, sitting in the broad sunlight of a garden, was purchased by the Chicago Woman's Aid.

Of the baker's dozen of pictures shown by Mrs. Stacey, no one was lacking in interest. They showed a wide range of capabilities,



STREET IN GERMANY
By Pauline Palmer

ranging from bits of landscape at Mystic, Connecticut, and river scenes to portraits and ideal figure pieces. Mrs. Stacey was a pupil of Leonard Ochtman, and her work shows the influence of her master, her landscapes having the same subtle charm that Ochtman casts over his. "Florence," the prize-winner, was unquestionably the most charming figure piece in the exhibition, and the honor it conferred upon the artist was well merited. John F. Stacey, her husband, showed three pleasing bits of Mystic, Connecticut, landscape, all happy in conception and well executed.

Miss Jessie P. Lacey, another of the generous contributors, showed much creditable work. Her "Portrait of Mrs. L.," was a bit of straightforward portraiture, and her "Freda," in which the figure is portrayed sitting in the sunlight knitting, was no less direct and effective. "A Hurried Grace," depicting a little girl in a dark frock with a red handkerchief hanging out of her pocket, was an especially charming child study. The rest of her canvases were well executed landscapes and seascapes taken at Etaples, France.

Genre pictures have of late years lost much of their interest to the public, but Adam E. Albright had one, "Hurry Up, Jim," showing two boys sawing wood, which was one of the taking bits at the exhibition. It was fully up to the standard of Mr. Albright's happily

conceived urchin pictures. Warm praise should be accorded to Frank R. Wadsworth for his broadly painted view of the Shinnecock Hills; to William A. Harper for his "First Sign of Autumn" and "The Lake in the Hills," both of which are pleasing landscapes replete with sentiment; to Carl Linden for a small marine, entitled "Where the Waves Break," and a decidedly poetic night scene in which tall trees stand out boldly against a blue-black sky; to Walter M. Clute for a fine interior, in which the accent is unmistakably Dutch; to Karl A. Buehr for a typical Holland kitchen scene, no less pronouncedly Dutch; to D. F. Bigelow for a couple of well-executed landscapes; to Charles A. Corwin for "A Venetian Day," in which this painter of harbor scenes has introduced an acceptable variation from his usual type of pictures; and to Edgar Cameron for his "Summer Sea."

Mr. Cameron's other marine, "Night on the Ocean," reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue of BRUSH AND PENCIL, is less pleasing. This latter picture was selected for color reproduction owing to its peculiar monochromatic tone, which lent itself readily to duograph printing.

A number of the artists contributing portraits and figure pieces also deserve hearty commendation. George de Mare sent an admirable "Portrait of Mrs. E. H. Besley," a pleasing female figure wearing a white blouse shadowed with yellow; John C. Johansen, one of the strongest figure pieces in the exhibition, "As Ye Olden Daye"; Louis W. Wilson, a slender, but vigorous athlete, "In Foot-ball Armor"; Charles E. Hooven, a portrait of "Miss Nellie S.," a striking likeness of a slight blonde-haired girl; Genève Sargeant, a capital head in pastel, "Anita," which was among the best



IN FOOT-BALL ARMOR
By Louis W. Wilson

figure pieces in the collection; Alden S. Brooks, a fine portrait of "Mrs. Paul Richter"; and Robert F. Brown an equally effective portrait in pastel of "Mr. D."

A kind word should also be said of Frederic J. Mulhaupt's portrait of "Miss Stone," which is sincere and well modeled, for Marie E. Blanke's dainty portrait bearing the title of "Theo," and for Mrs.



ART STUDENT
By Martha S. Baker

Cameron's successful study heads. Svend Svensen's three contributions were thoroughly typical of this artist's well-known style, and the same remark may be made of the six pictures sent by Jules R. Mersfelder.

Caroline D. Wade, H. Ivan Swift, Mrs. S. Van D. Shaw, George F. Schultz, William Schmedtgen, Wendell Morseley, Fred T. Larson, James E. Forkner, Mrs. M. M. Chase, Jean Beman Cook, Karl Albert Buehr, Marie Elsa Blanke, Enella Benedict, and Martha S. Baker all sent water-colors, which

varied much in intrinsic interest and also in character and quality of execution. Schmedtgen's pictures were all exceptionally good, as were also many of Schultz's and Morseley's.

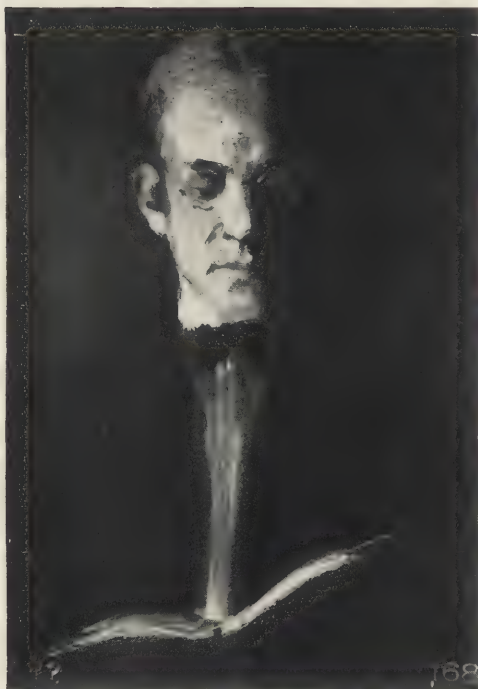
Three pieces of plaster should be accorded specific mention. Lorado Taft again exhibited his fine four-figure group, "The Solitude of the Soul," which was shown at the Pan-American, and which one would like to see put in more enduring material and made a permanent acquisition of the Institute. Charles J. Mulligan's colossal "Flag Boy" was a piece of exceptionally good modeling, and Miss Julia Bracken's portrait of the late Mrs. Leander McCormick was of unusual merit.



"AS YE OLDEN DAVE"
By John C. Johansen



NESTLED IN THE HILLS
By William Wendt



PORTRAIT SKETCH
By Estelle Ray Reid

A collection of forty works by Milwaukee artists was given place in the galleries, but of these pictures little can be said, since for the most part they were not up to the standard of the rest of the exhibition.

Art exhibitions, it may be said in conclusion, wherever held, must of necessity have a business end to them, or there will be little incentive for painters to make a display of their work. It is not one of the functions of art workers to furnish free entertainment to the public, and it is to be hoped that the league will devote its energies, in a practical way, toward inducing lovers of art and buyers of pictures to give substantial encouragement and support to home talent. Be it in Chi-

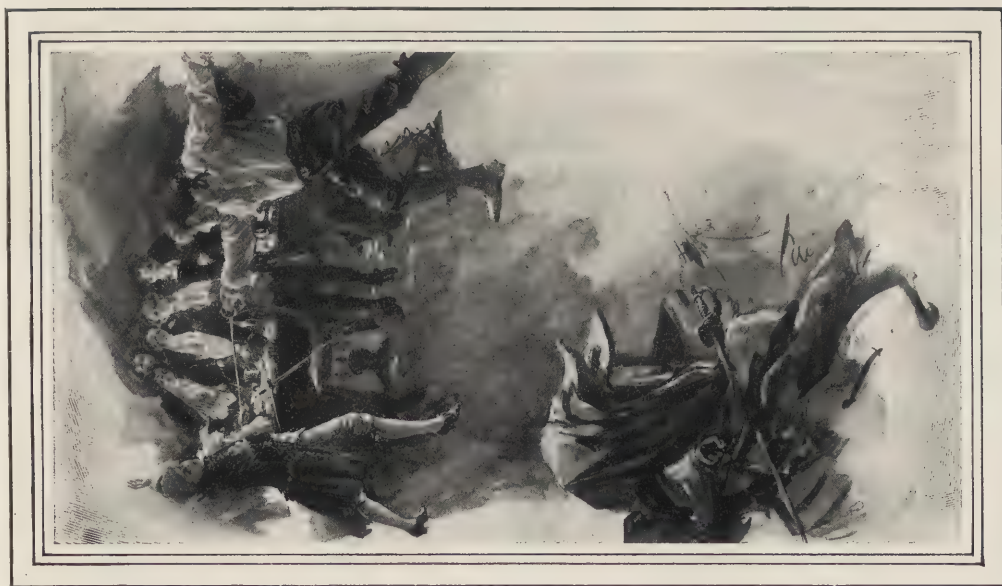
cago or elsewhere, if those who wish to foster art would recognize the fact that artists must live, and would therefore undertake to awaken the purchasing community, the result would soon be felt in a sharper competition and better work.

ARTHUR ANDERSON MERRITT.



RECENT WORK OF ILLUSTRATORS— HARRISON FISHER

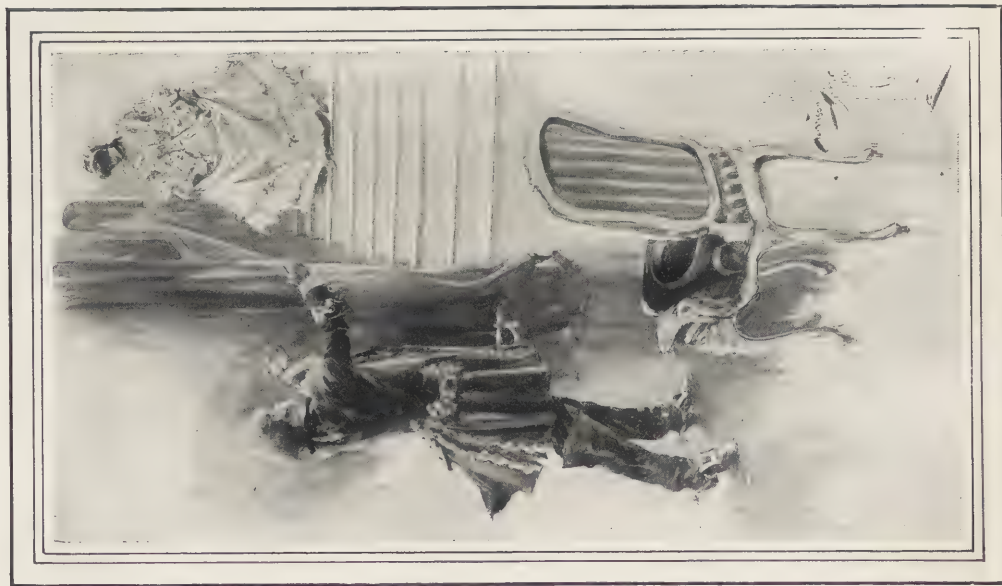
The following plates are fairly representative of the best work of one of our promising illustrators, Harrison Fisher. They are reproduced herewith from "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," by courtesy of the Bowen-Merrill Company, publishers of the book, and serve to show a style of dainty and spirited drawing, in which this artist excels. Mr. Fisher has illustrated several volumes, notably books by Harold Frederic, Jerome K. Jerome, and Hamlin Garland, and has done much work for Eastern magazines. He was born in Brooklyn, in 1875, and was educated in San Francisco, finally drifting to New York, the Mecca of most artists who develop marked ability in the field of illustration.



THE DUEL
By Harrison Fisher
Copyright, 1904, The Bowen-Merrill Company



LADY PEGGY'S FLIGHT
By Harrison Fisher
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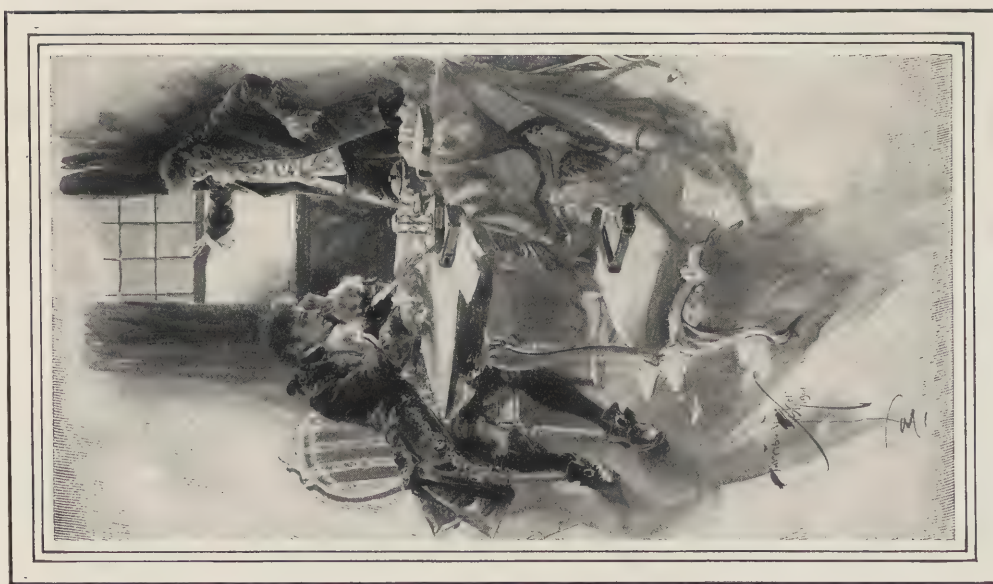
LADY PEGGY TRIPPING DOWN STAIRS



ON BEAU BRUMMEL'S ARM



THE PROPOSAL
By Harrison Fisher
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SCRIBBLING WITH INKY FINGERS
By Harrison Fisher
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PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN
By Jan Toorop

ART GOSSIP OF THE OLD WORLD

Two art events of recent occurrence in Paris will be of especial interest to American readers. These were the winter show of the American Art Association, at Quai Conti, and the annual picture show of the American Woman's Art Association, which was held in the American Girls' Club Rooms in the Rue Chevreuse.

The former of these exhibitions contained about two hundred works by Americans, many of them notable productions. Brisbing sent a couple of capital cattle pieces, and Eugene Vail a typical Venetian street and also an admirable marine, showing sail-boats returning to port. John Humphreys Johnston contributed a fine study of the neck and shoulders of a young woman, and Charles Sprague Pearce a taking female profile. Among the other pictures of which mention may be made were a nude boy standing ankle deep in the sea, by Alexander Harrison; some decorative and scriptural pieces by Daupheny Tanner; and a number of admirable landscapes, principally snow-covered mountains, by Weeks.

The women's exhibition was thoroughly characteristic of the work being done by American students in Paris. Its two hundred paint-

ings, pastels, water-colors, and miniatures constituted the most important exhibition thus far made by this organization. Landscapes and figures in the open air were in the ascendant. As a whole, the display was characterized by a judicious selection of subjects and by intelligent treatment.

Creditable canvases were shown by Mrs. Frederick Macmonnies, president of the association; Miss May Past, a scholarship girl of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; Mrs. Inez Addams, one of Whistler's pupils; Mrs. Elizabeth Nourse; Elizabeth Van Elten; May Perkins; Eleanor Greatorex; Kathleen Greatorex; and Blanche Dillaye. Other canvases worthy of special commendation were by Lucy B. Robbins, Bertha Waters, Miss Haigh, Miss MacArthur, Rebecca Jones, Della Garretson, Miss Packard, Ella Thomas, Miss Churchhill, Louisa Wood, and Miss Qualy. The pictures by Mrs. Addams, Miss Past, and a number of the other exhibitors, showed unmistakably the influence of the teachers under whom they have worked. The landscapes for the most part had the genuine landscape spirit, and the figure pieces showed an almost utter absence of conventional styles and poses.

One of the notable features of the month in London was the exhi-



HOAR-FROST
By G. A. Fjalstad

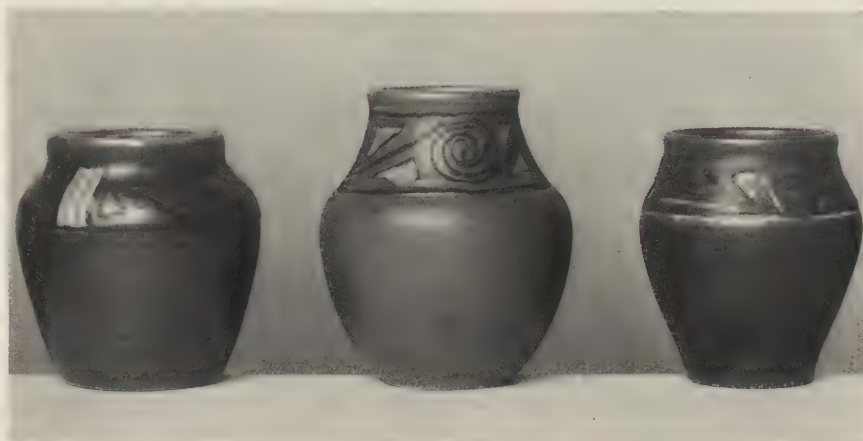
bition of water-colors recently held at the Agnew galleries. This was by all odds the best water-color exhibition of the winter. It included fine specimens of work by Turner, DeWint, Cox, Fielding, Prout, Hunt, Burne-Jones, Muller, Cotman, Bonington, and other masters of English art in water-color. It is a curious fact that while Turner water-colors are steadily rising in value, pictures by such masters as Bonington, Cox, Fielding, and DeWint are practically stationary, remaining where they have been for the last quarter of a century.

A word should also here be said of the winter exhibition of the Secession, especially in view of the fact that I send herewith a couple of photographs of works shown. It was in every sense a joint display of the productions of the northern continental countries, and it served to emphasize the value of northern painting.

Both in selection of subjects and manner of treatment, the work of these northern artists, such as Werenskiold, Jansson, G. A. Fjalstad, Christian Krogh, Axel Gallen, Jarneveltdt, and Jan Toorop, was unique. England and the southern continental countries have a civilization and an art of their own, and so have these painters of the north, one full of strength and original talent. These workers seem to stand close to nature and to paint with a more naïve impulse than the men of southern latitudes.

Among them are some portraitists of exceptional ability, as for instance, the Norwegian Werenskiold and Jan Toorop, the work of the former being characterized by a sturdy realism, which is often nothing less than harsh, and that of the latter by a tenderness and grace rarely seen in portraiture. The landscapes and seascapes of these northern artists have, as might be expected, an individuality of their own, savoring of the steppes, virginal forests, snow-covered plains, and ice-bound watercourses whose austere beauty has not wooed the painters of the south. The "Hoar Frost," by Fjalstad, of which I send a photograph for reproduction, is unlike anything one sees emanating from a southern studio.

BLANCHE M. RUSSELL.



JARS
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

LATTER-DAY DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICAN POTTERY—III

Reference was made in the first article of this series to the fact that but a comparatively few years ago it was fatal for an American potter to let the public know that his ware was a home product. The legend "Made in America" was regarded by connoisseurs and collectors as a published advertisement of lack of value. It was the Rookwood pottery that first demonstrated in this country that a purely American art product, characterized by originality and conscientious purpose, and above all, kept free from the taint of mere commercialism, could command the appreciation and hold the patronage of the American public.

As early as 1893 Edwin Atlee Barber, in his comprehensive history of American pottery and porcelain, said that it was safe to assert that no ceramic establishment which had existed in the United States up to that time, had come nearer fulfilling the requirements of a distinctive American institution than the Rookwood pottery of Cincinnati. The words were not ill-advisedly spoken, and it should be said, to the credit of the leading spirits in the establishment, that the prestige which its ware had then acquired has been fully maintained during the last decade.

The managers of the enterprise have ever essayed to be leaders in the development of native fictile art, having shown commendable taste in devising new and graceful forms of decoration, and in modifying and perfecting the colorings and glazes used. Any account, therefore, of latter-day developments in American pottery must of

necessity include the story and achievements of the Rookwood pottery, which are of more than passing interest.

Really, this establishment cannot be classed with those of recent origin, since it dates back to 1880, when Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols (afterwards Mrs. Bellamy Storer), inspired by the remarkable ceramic display of Japan at the Centennial Exposition, decided to build a pottery of her own, and do what she could toward bringing American ware to something approximating the standard of the beautiful products she had seen at Philadelphia. A woman of refined taste, an ardent experimentalist, and a most enthusiastic potter, and what was no less to the purpose, a person possessed of ample means, she began her work in Cincinnati, in an establishment which she called Rookwood, borrowing the name from her childhood home, and soon gathered about herself a body of able artists and skilled workmen. Her first kiln of ware was fired in November of 1880.

It was perhaps only natural that her first efforts should have been directed toward improving the ordinary ware of commerce, such as breakfast and dinner services, pitchers, wine-coolers, and so forth, quantities of which were turned out, some in ivory finish and some daintily decorated with underglaze prints of birds, fishes, and animal subjects. These first products are now scarce and are eagerly sought for by collectors.



VASE
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

As might naturally be expected, a person as earnest and enthusiastic as Mrs. Nichols could not long remain content to devote her energies to the ordinary ware of commerce. Scarcely had she gotten the manufacture of commercial ware under way than she began the work of producing pieces of pottery whose specific function was designed to be decorative, following closely the unique designs fur-

nished her by the Japanese workers. In these efforts she was ably seconded by a number of clever artists, and especially by W. W. Taylor, who became a partner with her in the enterprise in 1883 and has since remained as its active manager.

It was but a short and natural step from putting blue and brown prints of birds, fishes, and animals under the glaze to means of decoration more artistic and individual. Gradually the use of printing processes was abandoned, and the decorations were done by hand. Then



VASES

By the Rookwood Pottery Company

the practice of the copyist was discountenanced, and Mrs. Nichols and her associates essayed boldly to make their own designs and elaborate their own artistic schemes of decoration. The workers thus early recognized the truth of the dictum that it is the presence of qualities, not the absence of faults, that gives value to a work of art, and they endeavored to impart to their ware a character of its own. One of the Rookwood potters has explained the policy pursued as follows:

"The seed germ was simple and primitive, free from tendency to follow established types of pottery. It was the primeval clay-working instinct to make pottery—but not this ware or that ware. Kiln after kiln brought experiences, and with them knowledge of the possibilities of the materials at hand. Little by little the capabilities



PITCHERS
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

of American clays were in part mastered, and the limitations of the process of slip decoration on the raw clay were ascertained. Gradually one aim and then another was dropped, and the main tendency of Rookwood asserted itself.

"The plant strove upward, gaining strength from concentration upon the 'blind purpose'—felt rather than known.

Finally came the perfect fruit, fresh and new to the world's ceramics. And the key to its peculiar success lies in this development by growth. We may get a technically perfect and very interesting result by a combination of beautiful qualities selected from various wares, but there will be no artistic vitality without the presence somewhere of a character germ to fuse all together. Thus, imitation, no matter how close, fails. Rookwood has met its own problems from the beginning, taking all the help it could from previous experience, but growing from its own root, nourished in our native soil."

The words just quoted express succinctly and clearly the whole principle involved in the development of the Rookwood pottery. The value of hand-work in artistic productions was emphasized, and the use of molds was, for the most part, early put under ban. The clay, of course, is prepared by machinery, but beyond this, no machinery is admitted into the establishment. The workmen of the factory are all specially trained, and every piece of pottery turned out is thrown upon the wheel, since this form of production gives more freedom and results in greater variety as regards the outlines of the vessels. One exception, indeed, should be mentioned, for in the production of certain standard forms such as pitchers, tea-pots, and the like, the same casting method is followed that was discovered at Tournay, France, in 1784. In the manufacture of these pieces, the liquid clay or slip is poured into a mold, where it is allowed to remain a few minutes, until the plaster has absorbed the moisture from the

parts in contact. A thin shell of uniform thickness is thus made which adheres to the mold after the liquid clay has been poured out, thus forming the basis of the article.

Side by side with these efforts to produce individual shapes and styles of decoration, costly experiments were made with the different bodies or clays that lent themselves to the potter's use. It is a well-known fact that vitrification in the process of firing tends to injure the quality of the underglaze colors, and that the resulting impairment of beauty varies greatly with the different clays employed. The Rookwood workers sought to discover a medium that could be fired with the least possible damage to the painted decoration.

Clays of various colors and clays artificially tinted were tried, and finally different bodies were secured that would give satisfactory results. The clays used by the concern are found mainly in the Ohio Valley. A red variety is secured from Buena Vista, Ohio, a yellow material from Hanging Rock, Ohio, and a white or cream-colored clay from Chattanooga, Tennessee.

By the employment of these different bodies variety has been secured, and these rich native clays have rather tended to influence the schemes of decoration. The materials themselves being inclined toward yellows, browns, and reds, the decorative medium lent itself to a rather luxuriant style of ornament in rich arrangements of warm color. The potter's art has been directed toward merging the color of the native clays and the tints of the underglazed painting in a rich mellow tone. To quote again from a Rookwood potter, whose enthusiasm and pride are doubtless warranted by the quality of the output:

"As the command of material has strengthened,



VASES
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

the beauty of the ware has steadily gained in a harmony of all the elements which compose it until form, color, decoration, and glaze combine to produce those things of beauty which are Rookwood in its vital being. Just what is that spark of life evades analysis. It is that in art which one feels without defining. It would be an error to infer that Rookwood is limited to a warm yellow or red tone, for even dark pieces have often been relieved with deep rich greens and blues, and there has latterly developed an important series of light arrangements in pale blue and translucent greens and some fiery single color

reds. But in each of these we find the same mellow tone, the same brilliant glaze, as pleasant to the touch as to the eye."

The Rookwood workers long since abandoned overglaze decorations and now adhere strictly to underglaze painting. The artists employed for this work are, for the most part, people who have been carefully educated at the art schools of Cincinnati. The original founder of the enterprise long since withdrew from the pottery, but the spirit that animated her during the early years of the Rookwood ware has abided with those who remained in the establishment. For the first nine years of its existence the pottery was run at a financial loss, but in 1889 the last indebtedness was paid off and the business was recognized as a financial success. There being no longer need of bolstering



VASE
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

by pecuniary aid, the original founder turned the pottery over to Mr. Taylor and left him to continue the work which she had begun.

Under his skilful management a number of especially beautiful finishes have been developed, as for instance, "Tiger Eye," which takes its name from a strange luminosity of the glaze; "Goldstone," an effect resembling the glistening of golden particles in aventurine, but rather more limpid by reason of the glaze; "Aerial Blue," a delicate monochromatic ware with a quiet decoration in celestial blue on a cool grayish white ground; "Iris," a class of effects with a considerable range of color—pinks, blues, greens, creamy whites, and yellows—based upon a warm gray tone; and "Sea Green," a light-colored decoration varying from a mellow opalescent sea-green relieved by a few glowing warm touches, to a cooler green with bluish accents.

In addition to these is the wide range of solid color pieces which have likewise undergone a gradual improvement. Some of these are of the richest and deepest reds and browns. Others are covered with feathery mottlings, one color playing through another. Some are combinations of gray-greens and browns, and some are of brilliant red.

One radical departure is the development of a dull finish or matt glaze in place of the brilliant glazes which formerly were regarded as the distinguishing and most characteristic feature of the Rookwood pottery. Many lovers of artistic ware dislike brilliant glazes and successful efforts were made by the Rookwood workers to meet popular taste and produce a soft lusterless surface delicate of texture and velvety to the touch. This innovation, to many connoisseurs, greatly enhances the artistic beauty of the product. Another novelty of recent introduction is the use of metal mountings in bronze or silver in such a way that these mountings are thoroughly incorporated with the body of the ware and thus present more the appearance of metallic glaze over protecting portions of the design than the incorporation of the foreign substance. The metal used is always in harmony with the spirit of the piece decorated, and the work is done on the theory that metal mountings, if used at all, should be an essential part of the article and should conform in every particular to the design of the piece.



VASE
By the Rookwood Pottery Company

The Rookwood pottery has not been without its honors and its eulogists, nor has it been overlooked by the world's great collectors of ceramics. It has won prizes and medals, and is to-day represented in many of the great fictile art collections in this country and the Old World. As voicing the eulogy commanded by the ware, one may quote in conclusion a few words from Charles Dudley Warner:

"The Rookwood pottery," said he, "is the only pottery in this country in which the instinct of beauty is paramount to the desire of profit. Here (in Cincinnati), for a series of years experiments have been going on with clays and glazing, in regard to form and color,

and in decoration purely for effect, which have resulted in pieces of marvelous interest and beauty. The effort has always been to satisfy a refined sense rather than to cater to a vicious taste, or one for startling effects already formed. I mean, that the effort has not been to suit the taste of the market, but to raise that taste. The result is some of the most exquisite work in texture and color anywhere to be found."

Many another tribute to the beauty and high quality of the ware might be cited, but these few words from Warner will suffice. Comment on the ware is practically unanimous in praise of its finish and decorative schemes, and one commendation is as good as many.

WALTER ELLSWORTH GRAY.



ON THE GREAT ROAD—THE RETREAT
By Vassili Verestchagin

AN APPRECIATION OF VERESTCHAGIN'S ART

There is but one Verestchagin. He is one of the greatest and bravest artists of the world. His genius has rendered obsolete all the battle scenes ever painted by his predecessors, and his genius in this direction lies partly in the ethical insight that enables him to see things as they are on the battle-field, and partly in the integrity as an artist that gives him courage to paint things as he sees them.

To those who were permitted to study the marvelous exhibit Verestchagin made in America in 1889, there is necessarily something of an anticlimax in the exhibit he makes this year. We miss the shock, the surprise, the startling revelation that comes to the soul

when it is introduced to a new and striking genius, when it is confronted for the first time with unexpected originality and power. This can come but once in the presence of the same genius. We miss the cumulative power that came with the first exhibit and belonged to the vastness of that display. The number, size, and marvelous range of subjects of that exhibit left an ineffaceable impression, and the marvel that one mind could conceive and one pair of hands could execute such works has never passed away.



THE ROAD AT INKERMEN
By Vassili Verestchagin

But after all, the disappointment is but passing. The pleasure in the pictures of Verestchagin is partly regained, and now, as then, the pleasure soon gives way to something more profound. The power of the artist strikes deeper into the soul than joy can go and finds the habitation of anguish which is always the witness to the godlike in mind, a hint of the deathless element in man.

This present exhibition not only contains all the elements necessary to make it a notable event in the art history of the United States, but it ought to mark a great epoch in the ethical life and moral consciousness of thousands of its citizens. To those of us who came under the spell of the first exhibit, this has its elements of delightful surprise, the first of which is, that that life which twelve years ago seemed to have accomplished the maximum of life's possibilities has still gone on creating and triumphing, conquering new worlds in the

realms of most difficult and dangerous art. The second surprise is that the master's hand has lost none of its cunning.

This present exhibit is inferior to the old only in extent of canvas and variety of themes. Here is the same relish of sunshine, the same revel in light, the same heroic painting of out-of-doors, a disregard of conventional shadows and groupings in the masterly confidence that reality is beautiful enough for art. It is delightful to realize that this greatest of living artists still worships devoutly at the shrine of the "God of things as they are." We rejoice also that fame has not dulled the ethical insight of our artist, that this student of war is still the great prophet of peace, that the trustees of the Nobel prize left by the great Swede made no mistake when they recognized in Verestchagin the man who deserved the honor, and the awards that belong to the man who through art had made the greatest contribution to peace during the year in which he was honored.

Verestchagin comes from the land of ice and snow, the country that seems to be the battle-ground between the old and the new; despotic, cruel, martial Russia on the one hand, and the Russia that emancipated its serfs with bloodshed, that gave birth and nurture to Pushkin, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, and Verestchagin on the other hand, these men who have lent their genius to the service of the poor and the enslaved, who have enlisted art in the interest of morals and religion, notwithstanding the old proverb, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." We find in these Russians the disciples of science and the friends of humanity. Russia is the land of paradoxes. Its czar arrogates more imperial power than any crowned head in Europe. He is the head of the largest standing army of the world. And here is Verestchagin, not only the greatest artist in Russia, but as it seems to us, the greatest artist in the world, using his genius for the purpose of dismantling the forts of the world, compelling the nations to ground arms.

Verestchagin is a Russian; we wish we might say he is a typical Russian, but of that we are not competent to speak. His father, a land-owner, had conventional ambitions for his son. He must study at a naval academy, fit himself for his majesty's employ, and perchance in due time win renown on land or sea. But there was a fire in the boy which the father could not control; a passion that turned all material into fuel. It was the Academy of Design across the way that absorbed the enthusiasm and contributed most to the culture of the cadet at the Naval School.

At seventeen he abandoned naval studies altogether and gave himself wholly to art. At twenty-two he was at Paris studying under Gérôme. At twenty-seven he was following the Russian army into the heart of Asia, carrying paint-tubes, not bullets, in his pouch. But he drops his brushes and picks up a musket to defend the fortress of Samarkand. At thirty-two he is painting at Munich. Then he



GENERAL MACARTHUR AT THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN
By Vassili Verestchagin



takes himself off with a young wife into British India, wades through the dangerous snows of the upper Himalayas, scorches himself with the blistering sun, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Later we find him attached as an artist to the army of the czar in the Turko-Russian war; anon, he penetrates the valleys and climbs



THE PARTISANS
By Vassili Verestchagin

the heights of Palestine in search of more material for his brush. And still young in spirit and full of vitality, he goes from country to country and from war to war, making not only picture after picture that commands the study of artists, but he creates art gallery after art gallery that challenges the attention of the common people and compels the admiration of the competent.

It is hazardous for us to venture an art estimate of this man's work. It is safe to say in this direction that his pictures are unlike anything we have seen before. Artistically speaking,

they are unconventional. They show the minimum of the tricks of the trade, the maximum of the frankness of nature and life. They are flooded with sunlight. There is generous space. Even the ghastly corpse of the soldier on the battle-field is overarched with the hospitable blue sky.

I remember how his Jewish pilgrims wailed at Solomon's wall, crowded and pinched by human prejudices, imprisoned by the social barriers of centuries. Even these children of gloom were given abundance of light, and if they dared but lift their eyes, their wailings would be rebuked by glorious glimpses of cloud-land, unmeasured



BATTLE OF SANTA ANA
By Vassili Vereschagin





depths of atmosphere. This artist evidently thinks that if he can do as well for his figures as nature does he will do well enough for them. So he has no artificial points of light. He has taken the old artist's advice to the young sculptor who asked how he could get the best light on his statue. "Put it," said the master, "in the public square."

One other significant general fact presses us in this study. This artist not only paints things as they are, but he is content to confine himself to things that are. His canvases are alive with nineteenth-century life. He has wasted none of his splendid energy in painting nude Dianas or muscular Herculeses clad in meager goatskins. He has not tried to paint saints who, as he himself says, "Sit on clouds as on arm-chairs and sofas or are surrounded with the luxuries that were distasteful to them in life." His figures have clothes on. But the artist has a right to speak

for himself, and each artist speaks in his own language. Verestchagin's chosen language is the language of the brush, and his primal appeal is to the eye.

The first and most commanding pictures in the exhibition of this year are the Napoleon series. Verestchagin, like his great contemporary Lyof Tolstoy, after a lapse of over three-quarters of a century, is avenging in a high fashion the awful indignity which that deluded captain of war visited not only upon the Russians, but upon humanity in the wicked march to Moscow. The blood of the unnumbered thousands who fell on both sides, the bones of the unburied rise



BAD NEWS FROM FRANCE
By Vassili Verestchagin



AT THE HEIGHTS OF BORODINO, MOSCOW
By Vassili Verestchagin

again under the touch of art, not so much to protest against the wrong done as to plead with a still halting and confused humanity to avoid similar mistakes in the future.

These twenty-one pictures are *pictures*, and can stand criticism as such. If there be any stickler for "art for art's sake" who resents the intrusion of the moralist in the study of the same, to such I would say: "Very well, go study them as such. Note the clear outline, the natural poise, the wonderful handling of color, and the ever-bewitching setting of cloud-land and horizon line. Go to, and make the most of the horses and the epaulets, the swords, sashes, bayonets, and all that. Make the most of the beautiful you find there. Still I insist that in justice to the picture you must feel what the artist evidently felt, and know something of what the artist knew by careful study of the forces that made history which he has tried to interpret."

So the best help to appreciate these pictures at hand is the clarifying letter text which the artist has furnished in his catalogue. Read there the story which he has summarized in these twenty-one canvases and then come back to the pictures to find new meaning and the power that goes behind the canvases. These pictures of Napoleon in Russia imply a knowledge of the twenty years of Napoleon's career that ended in this campaign. Heretofore he has struggled with men and conquered. Now, in the audacity that follows continuous victory, he undertakes to fight the climate and the world, and is beaten.

See in succeeding pictures how pillage and war ever go hand in hand; see the vandalism that stables the horses under the vaulted arch of the cathedral, uses the prayer places for the council chambers of war; see the mockery of military grandeur, as the emperor and his gilded staff come down the desolate street lined with smoking embers and paved with cinders. Look into the hut of Jorodnia and see the great emperor at bay with his map before him fighting destiny; study the face of him who thought he held Europe in his hand in "Bad News from France"; see the huddled misery of the army sleeping in the snow drift; see the wild-eyed, inspired faces of the citizen guerillas lurking in the snow-garlanded forests as they avenge themselves on the flanks of the disheartened, fugitive army; see the army freezing, as the result of its own vandalism, the advance burning in wild frenzy the houses and the timbers that might save from freezing the rear when it arrives. What terrible irony is that which compels the proud emperor to trudge with his birchen stick along the drifted road lined with the frozen carcasses of horses and men, broken gun carriages, naked feet and hands sticking out through the frozen snow crust, taunting his pride and mocking his greatness as he passes.

Plunder, starvation, murder, without the glory of the battle-field. These are the things brought home to us by the power of the artist. Beautiful are they? Yes, if power, if truth, reality, the providence



BLOWN FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH
By Vassili Verestchagin

of God set over against the weakness of man, if these things are beautiful, then these pictures are beautiful. But I look for indisputable adjectives. I call them terrible, profound, biblical, revelation.

Let not the big canvases rob us of the pleasure of studying Verestchagin's wonderful collection of faces—he calls them "Russian Types." Let us not omit to mention, moreover, that sermon in color for the American public, "Scenes in the Philippine War," eleven

pictures. To describe these latter pictures in detail, however, would be too painful. Turn rather to the ameliorating bits of landscape, "The Sketches" of field and mountain, of architecture, of storm and shade, of summer and winter in Russia and Manila, and



HORSES STABLED IN THE CATHEDRAL
By Vassili Verestchagin

to his pictures of Palestine shown in the many photographs exhibited.

How these photographs help us to recall the sunny skies of Palestine, the blue waters of Tiberias, the auburn-haired Jew, the son of Mary and Joseph. I love these Palestine pictures, not because they satisfy—nothing satisfies but the absolute of facts, and these are beyond our reach—but because they are Jesus studies from a neglected, and to most people an entirely new, angle of vision.

These pictures of Jesus are related to the main theme and the primal contention of our artist. How the fighting Christians of our boasted civilization deride their professed leader. What is to bring about the era of liberty, equality, and fraternity that he prophesied? If I may venture to interpret our artist through his pictures I hail him as a prophet of the better way, a preacher of the righteous that must obtain. This better time will not come until the arm refuses to shoot at its own kind, when the emptiness and artificiality of the

church as it now exists will be recognized as emptiness and artificiality, when religion will join hands with morals and demand that art shall make common cause with science and literature in the interests of peace, the freedom of intelligence, the nobility of character as opposed to and independent of the nobility of wealth and birth.

Verestchagin has done much toward bringing about the time when his own pictures will be recognized as the indisputable monuments of barbarism, which they really are. To him art is no mere toy, still less a luxury of the rich. He has told us that "pictures are no mere furniture to fill vacant spaces on our walls." Their real purpose is to keep the central fires of the spirit burning. In the presence of these pictures I dare believe that out of the vigorous life of Russia, the raw material of America, there are yet to be



YOUNG RUSSIAN WOMEN
By Vassili Verestchagin

born other Raphaels whose brushes will glorify the new motherhood, transfigure morality, elevate again the present, the truth-seeking, the man-loving Jesus as the king among men. There is to come another Angelo who will call forth from the marble a stronger than Moses, a new law giver more in league with nature, the legislator of the new gospel, the method of which will be simplicity, and the end of which will be peace.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

A MINOR ART EXHIBITION

One of the most successful and interesting of the smaller exhibitions of the year was that of the work of American artists recently held in the galleries of the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence. The School of Design is an institution that numbers at present, in its day and evening classes, five hundred and seventy-three students and co-operates in its work with the schools of the city of Providence, and state of Rhode Island, and with Brown University.

The trustees are anxious to get together in the museum a permanent collection of works of art that will not only give pleasure to the public, but will be a help and incentive to the students. The aims which they wished to carry out in the autumn exhibition were two in number: First, to show to the people of Providence the best contemporary work of American artists; and, second, to get together a collection from which a painting might be selected to be added to the permanent collection in the museum. The school has come into possession of a fund of fifty thousand dollars, the gift of Jesse Metcalf, the income of which is to be used to purchase works of art.

The artists who were invited to send pictures were carefully chosen by a special committee, and a small exhibition of twenty-four paintings of fine quality was shown. These paintings were by Frank W. Benson, Edwin H. Blashfield, George H. Bogert, Mrs. Adelaide Cole Chase, William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Charles C. Curran, Charles F. Davis, Frank V. Dumond, Ben Foster, R. Swain Gifford, Child Hassam, Winslow Homer, Sergeant Kendall, John La Farge, Robert Reid, Will S. Robinson, and Edmund C. Tarbell.

The painting selected by the jury for the museum was "On a Lee Shore," by Winslow Homer. E. C. H.



EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN

The following examples of decoration and design offer some pleasing ideas successfully worked out. In Plate 13 all the cuts are of silverware executed by the Gorham Manufacturing Company. In Plate 14 the cuts are of plates done in beaten copper, after designs by H. E. von Berlepsch. In Plate 15, Figure 1 is a textile pattern produced by Jolly Fils et Sauvage, Paris; Figures 2 and 3 are designs by E. Gaillard and G. de Feure, respectively; and Figure 4 is a design produced by Rottman & Co., London.



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4

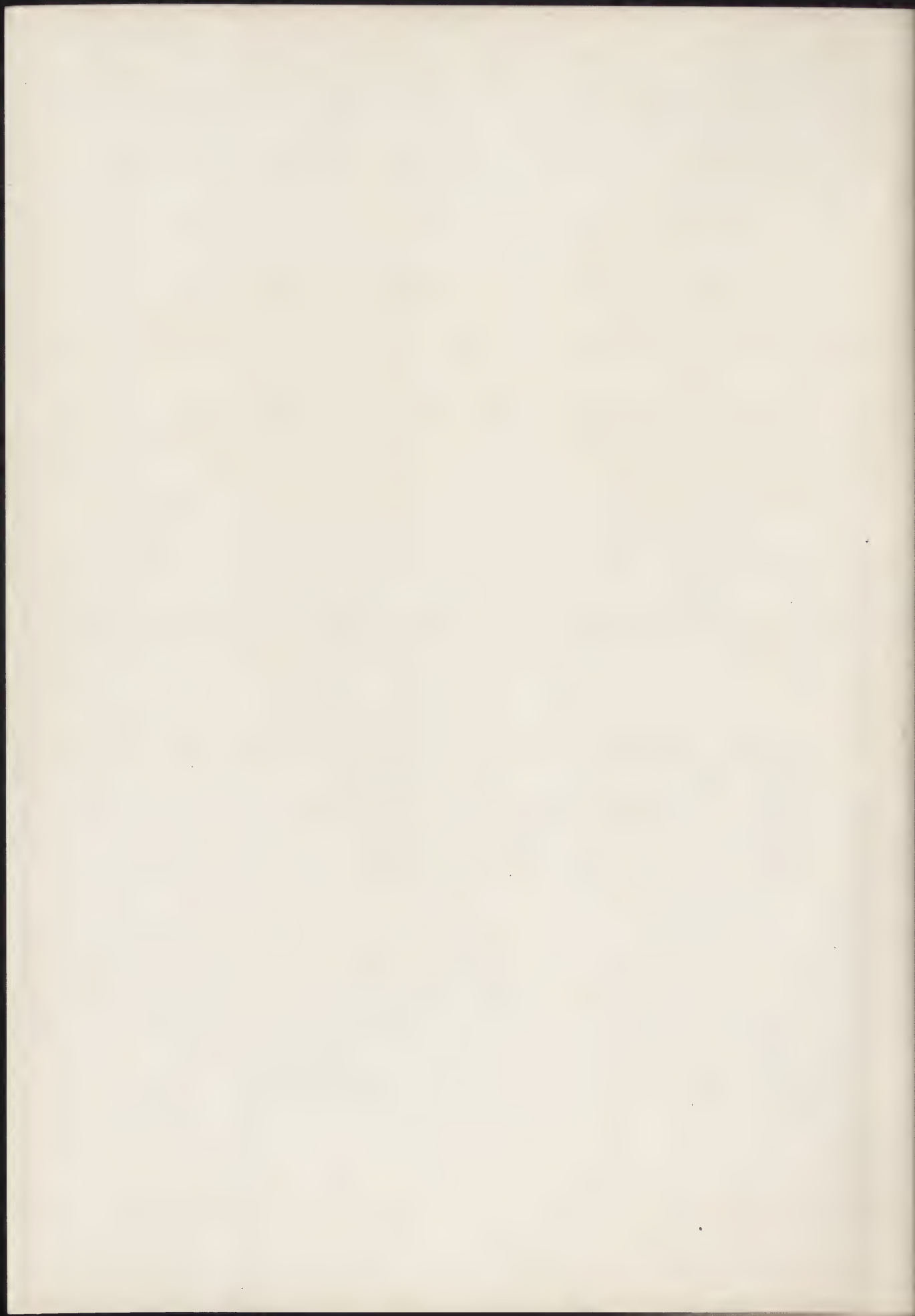




Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4

EXAMPLES OF DECORATION AND DESIGN. Plate 14

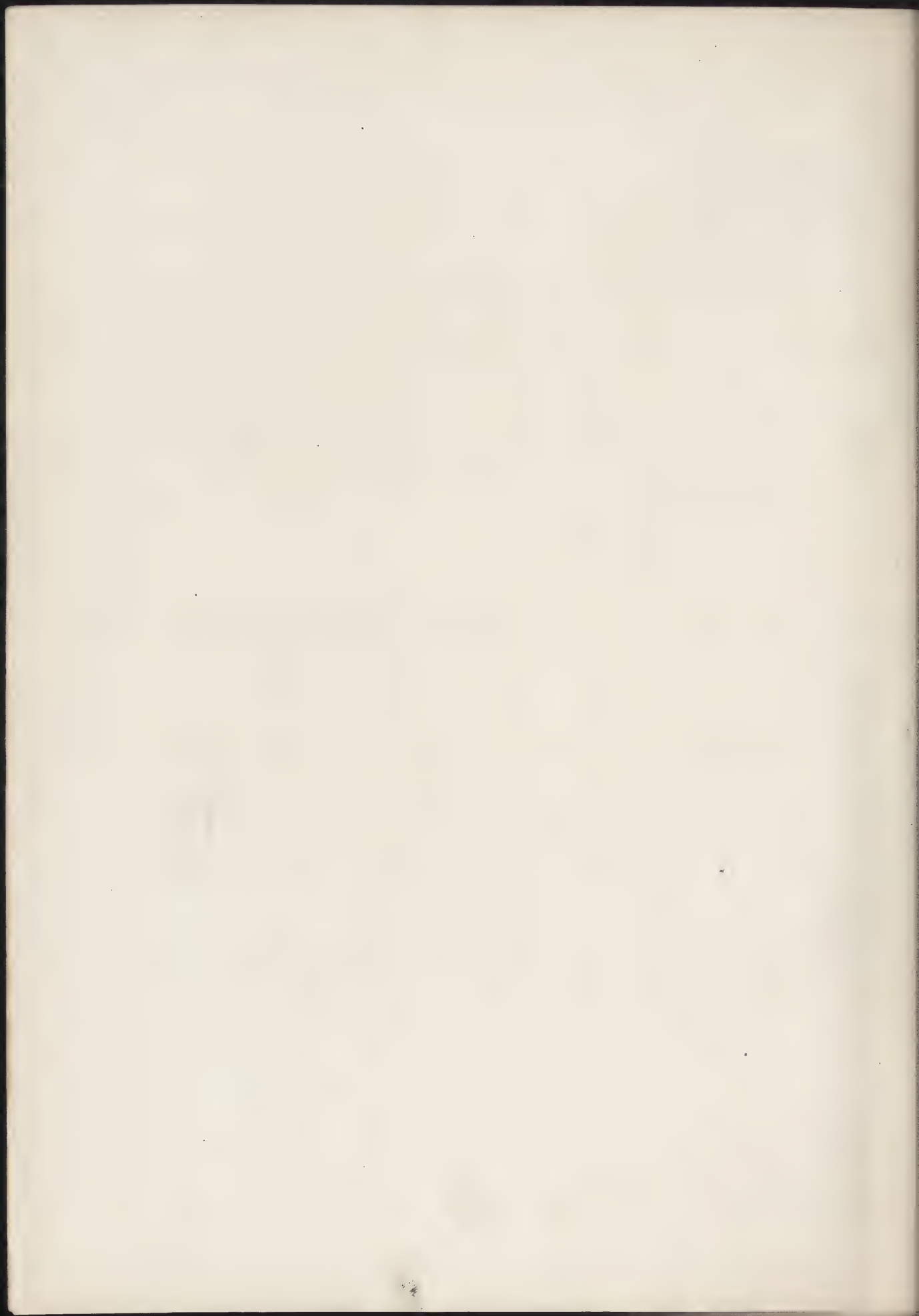




Figure 1

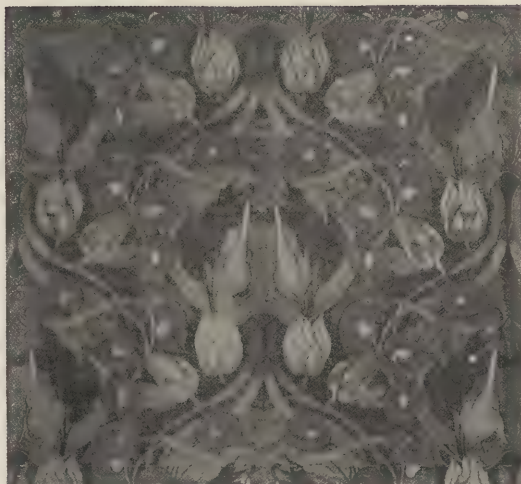


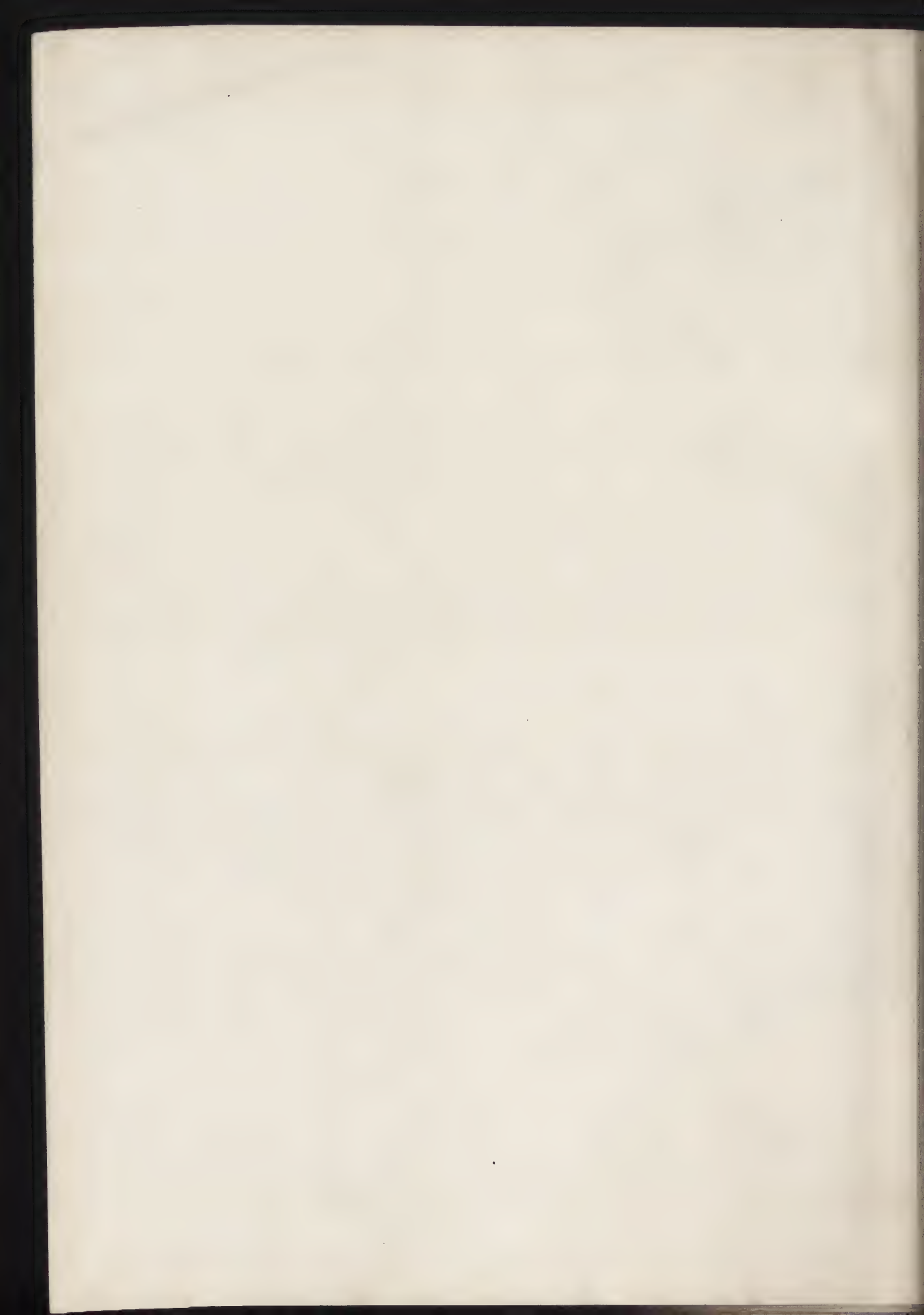
Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4



REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

To those interested in the changes of styles designed to meet the requirements of an ever-shifting taste, the sumptuous volume by Lady Dilke, "French Furniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century," published by the Macmillan Company, will be of exceptional interest and value. When the author wrote her "French Painters" and "French Architects and Sculptors," she separated works of decoration from architecture and painting in order to group them as a necessary background to furniture, since she rightly held that a cabinet or a table demands, if it have character, the accessories which determine that character, and in the absence of these becomes a mere curiosity. In the present volume she presents furniture and decoration, both in text and picture, in such a way that the reader may clearly see their relation and form an adequate idea of the decorative schemes carried out by the famous French artists and artisans.

The chief beauty of costly furniture does not lie in the glitter of gold, in microscopic finish, or in unfading brilliance. These are worthless unless sustained by sense of style and respect for the laws of construction. These virtues, as the author rightly contends, predominant in all periods of great and noble art, are singularly obvious in the work of the earlier masters of the eighteenth century in France, and although their force may be sadly diminished it is nevertheless due to some hint of their presence that we recognize excellence in the craft of later years. Whether in things great or small, sense of style and respect for the laws of construction are the two tests by which we may measure the claims of any work of art to our respect and admiration. It is these two tests that Lady Dilke undertakes to apply in her discussion of the work of the French masters.

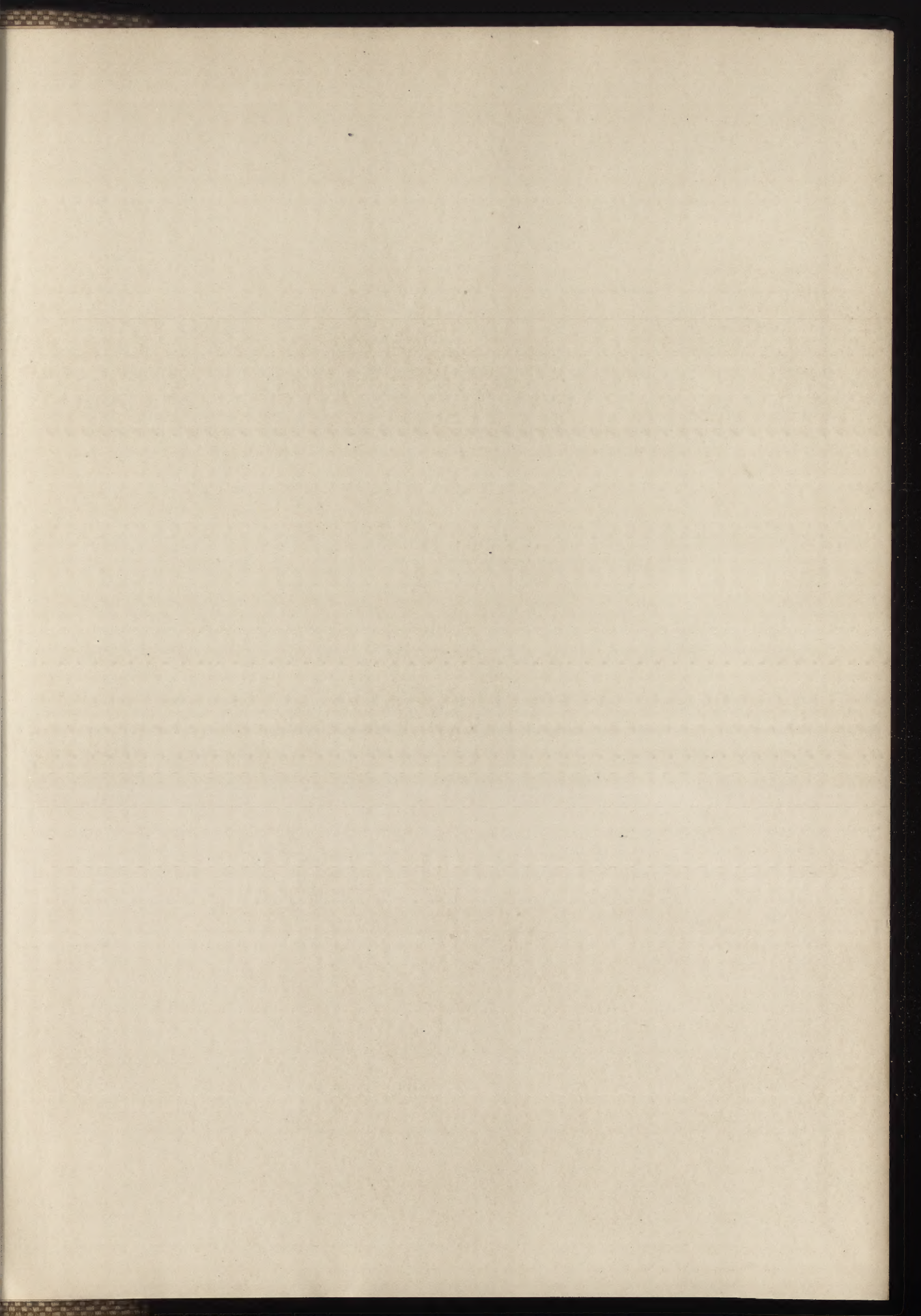
She comprehensively surveys the century that was noted for the magnificence of its furniture and decoration, and discusses in detail the work of Nicolas Pineau and his school, of Jacques Verberckt, Jules-Antoine Rousseau, Jean Lamour, Jacques Caffaeri, Charles Cressent, and the other famous craftsmen and designers who made the royal palaces of France, in a sense, the pride of the world. She seeks the germs of the new ideas which then became manifest in palatial furnishings, and traces the shaping influences that gave direction to the craftsmen of the day, describing the finished results with adequate fullness for the student and in a way sufficiently entertaining to hold the interest of the casual reader.

The volume, moreover, is timely. The chronicles of the auction-room of the present day show that the arts of the eighteenth century inspire the keenest competition among those who look on the posses-

sion of costly furniture as one of the most expressive signs of wealth, and yet it is impossible not to observe how small an element of just appreciation mingles with the passion which devotes to their purchase the vast fortunes of our day. In this, and in other respects, the millionaires who now seek after these things present a strong contrast to those for whom they were originally designed. Lady Dilke's book is well calculated to supply collectors and connoisseurs with the basis of a just appreciation, and therefore, both as a history and as a critique of the times considered, the book is doubtless superior to any work accessible to the general public.

"A Masque of Days," words from the Last Essays of Elia, newly dressed and decorated by Walter Crane, and published by Cassell & Company, is another of those charming picture-books in color with which that artist's name has long been associated. Unique in conception, admirable in drawing, and subdued but rich in coloring, the fanciful designs are a pictorial commentary on the slender thread of text that invades the pages. In a word, it is a few lines of Elia translated into the language of line and color as perhaps no other artist could have translated them. One can scarcely say that Crane undertakes to interpret his author; rather he takes an old-time classic and makes it an excuse for a series of highly decorative inventions which would be equally beautiful and enjoyable without the text. In cleverness of design, however, and in grace of drawing, one is inclined to rank "A Masque of Days" as inferior to the same artist's two picture-books of last year, "Queen Summer" and "Flora's Feast."

"Photograms of the Year 1901," published in this country by Tennant & Ward, is an interesting and valuable résumé of the best photographic work of the year. It comprises carefully prepared essays by a number of experts in photography, and is illuminated with an unusually interesting collection of reproductions of prints. Robert Demachy furnishes a brief account of artistic photography in France. A. J. Hill Griffiths does the same service for Australia, and Ernest Juhl for Germany. Various exhibitions are given ample space, that at Glasgow being briefly discussed, and the two great English salons being more fully treated by A. C. R. Carter. In addition there is an avowedly fragmentary retrospect of the work of the year and a short professional section. In a work of this class much of the interest attaches to the reproductions of work by different artists, and one regrets that many of the plates given are not of a standard that does justice to the photographs from which they were made. The book, however, is a satisfactory chronicle of the world's doings in artistic photography, and as such will be welcomed by all interested in the camera.



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